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Through the Sub-Arctics of Canada

ROD and GUN IN CANADA

A Sporting Trip on the British Columbia Coast

Exploring Northern Ontario—A Wild Goose Chase

Photo R. R. Sallows, Goderich, Ont

The First Rise

MAY 1909

15c a Copy

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VITRIFIED HOTEL WARE
WITH WELDED EDGE

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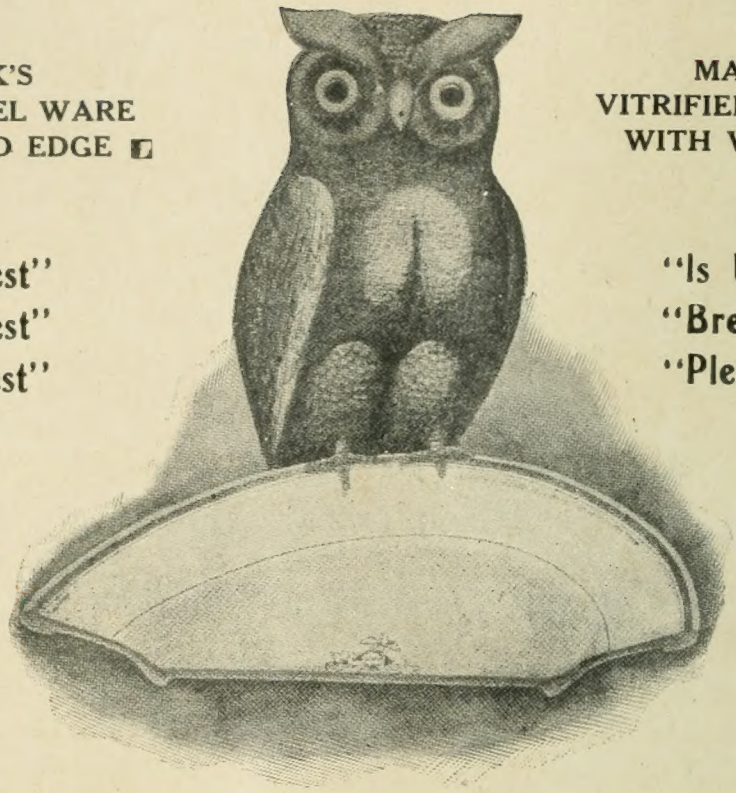
"And is the Best"



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VITRIFIED HOTEL WARE
WITH WELDED EDGE

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"Pleases Everyone"

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IT PAYS

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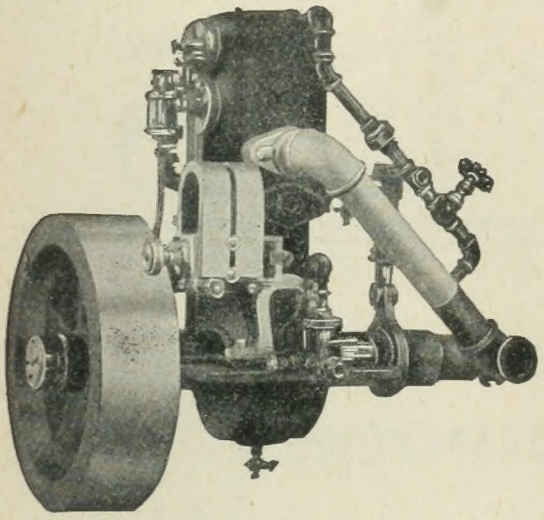

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ROSS RIFLE COMPANY
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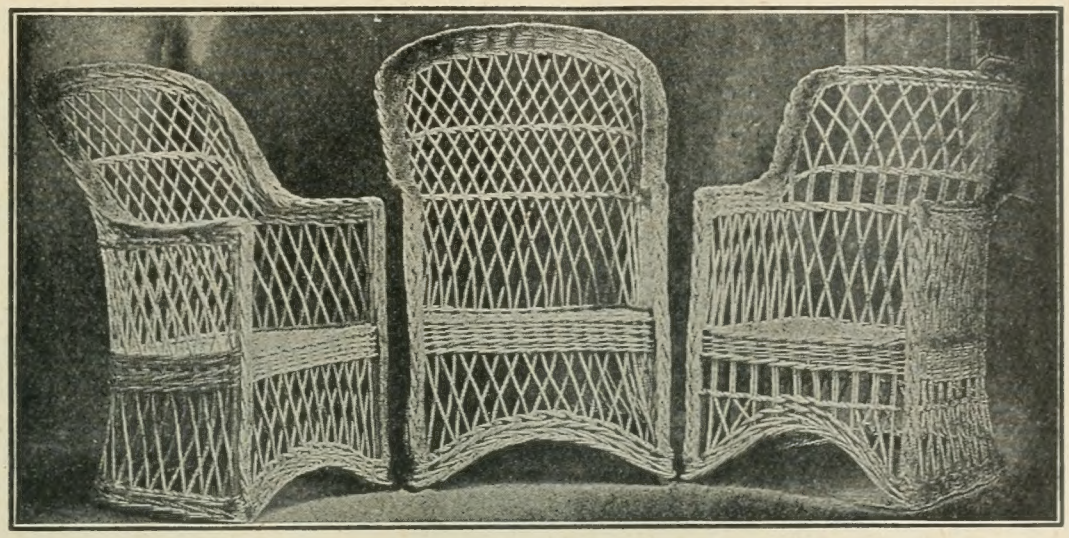

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Size of seat	16x1	19x19	18x17
Height of back from seat	23 in.	26 in.	24 in.
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THE distinctive feature about my Willow Furniture is not the price, but the quality--lots of Art Furniture is sold at less, but you would not want it at any price when placed alongside of YOUNGER'S WILLOW FURNITURE. I grow my own willow. I supervise personally the workmanship. I guarantee strength and durability of every article. As to BEAUTY of this furniture, it speaks for itself. The handsome set, illustrated above, sells for $12.50. It comprises three comfortable arm chairs, made of Willow. That means coolness and comfort. There is no reason in the world why you should sit in an unventilated and unhealthy upholstered chair when you can buy these artistic chairs at prices from $3.50 to $10.

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The well known morning bracer.
Sweetens a sour stomach.

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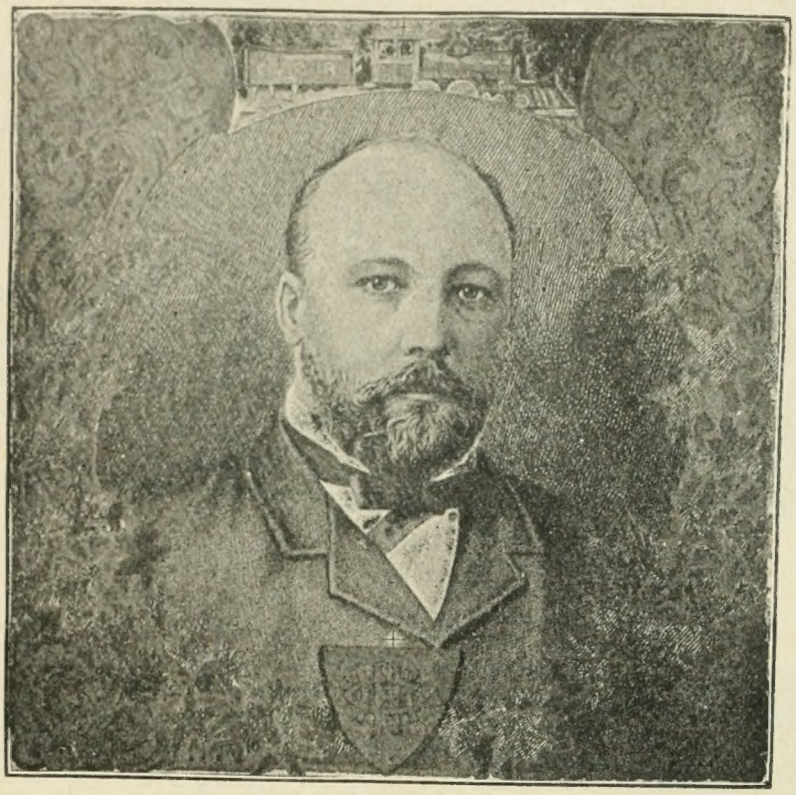

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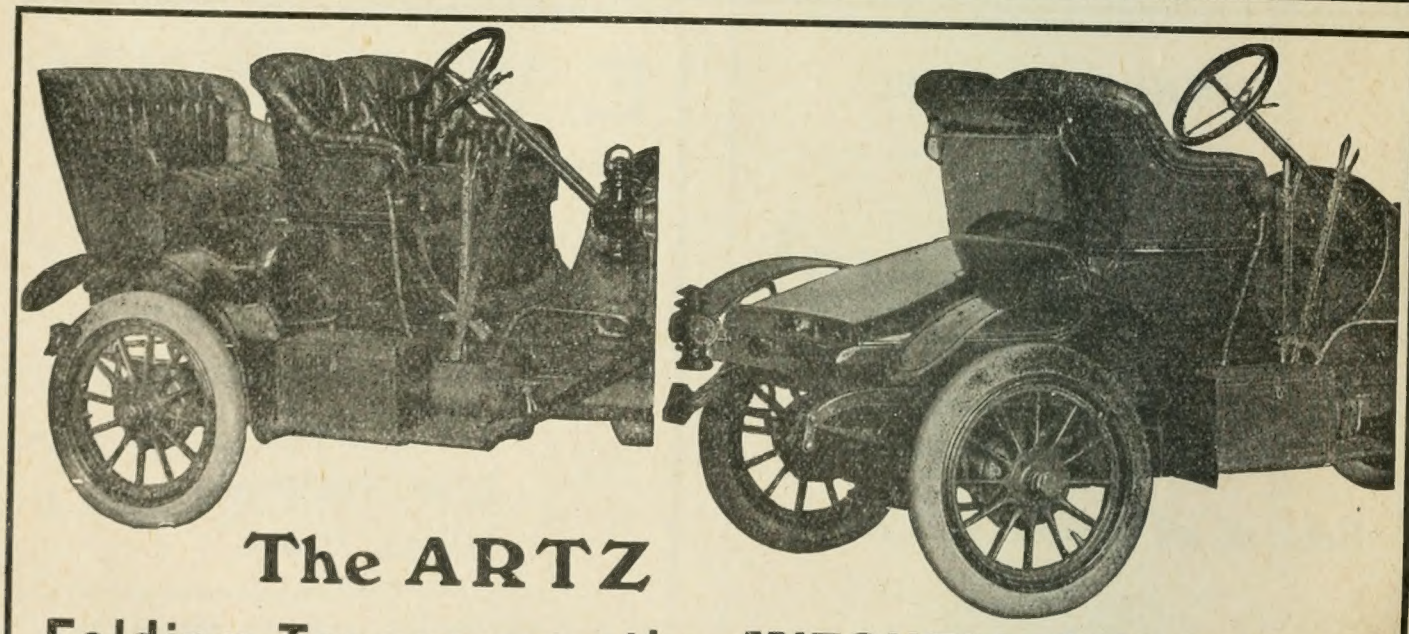
The highest grade 10 cent cigar in Canada.

Sold at 10 cents and—by comparison—worth more.

Harris, Harkness & Co., Makers, Montreal, Que.



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Also made for Fords, Cadillacs, Buicks and many others.

Write for full description and prices to

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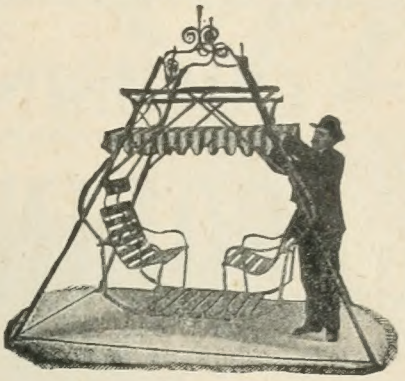

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Swings as easy as a feather, perfectly safe for baby, and the old folks enjoy it.

PROTECTED WITH AWNING, and it is neat and ornamental and will last a lifetime. Can be taken apart in fall, folded and put away.

THE ONLY STEEL SWING ON THE MARKET.

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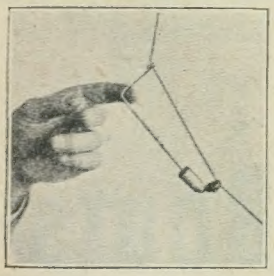
break and lose several feet of line, and experience the inconvenience of refitting your line with hooks, sinkers, etc,



Prevent this loss of valuable time by using

Immell's Snagged Hook Releaser.

It positively releases snagged hooks. No extra line required—simply place the releaser on your line and let it go, it comes back to you with the hook. Can be carried in vest pocket.

Price:

Trout and Bass size **25c.**
Pike and Pickerel size **35c**

At your dealers, or sent direct on receipt of price and 4c. postage.

IMMELL MFG. CO. BLAIR, WIS

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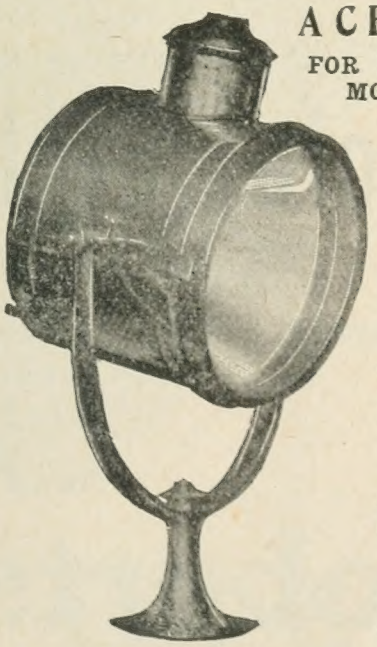
FOR LAUNCHES AND MOTOR BOATS



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$12.00

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Write for catalogue describing other styles in brass and other finishes.

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Ideal Hunter's Axe

with leather sheath, which can be attached to waist belt, manufactured by **H. WALTERS & SON,** *the celebrated Axe manufacturers, Hull, Que.*

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Exquisite situation; air, water, site unexcelled; good fishing, canoeing and camping; good society. Reference:

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Hulls furnished, caulked, puttied and painted ready for interior fittings.
Knock Down Frames, Frame and Plank Patterns.
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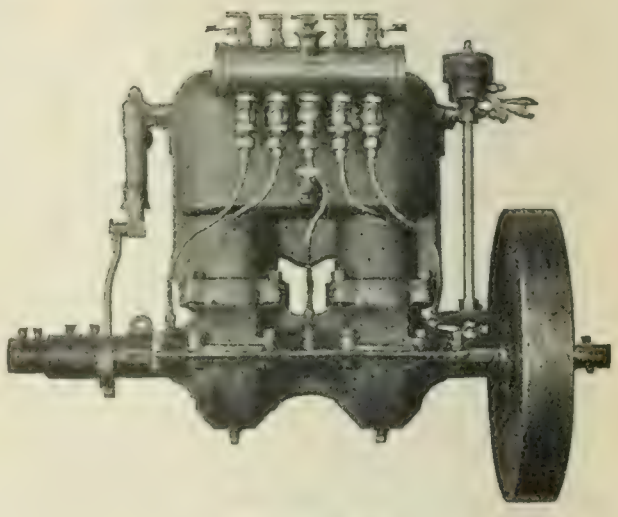
Marine Motors

Unsurpassed for simplicity, reliability, durability. Few parts. Easily understood and most reasonable in cost.

Here is Model A

2 cylinder—2 cycle; built with the cylinder and head in one piece; no joints to leak. Cylinders quickly removeable. Ignition is jump spark. Plunger pump insures perfect circulation of water in cylinder—can be fitted to use as bilge pump. Can be reversed instantly while running, and runs with equal power in either direction. Equipped with *Schebler Carburetor* and rotary timer and multiple sight feed oiler. Designed for all types of pleasure and commercial boats. Many of these Model A motors have records of 5 years' actual service without calling for one cent for repairs.



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6-8 H. P. 150 pounds **10-12 H. P. 200 pounds**

Actual power, not "motor power"

The best motor ever built, quality, equipment and price considered. Every one fully and specifically tested before shipment Send for **Catalogue A** and learn fully about this dependable motor.

Make a Motor Boat of any Boat in 5 Minutes

And it's no experiment—there's no guesswork about it—neither is there disappointment—simply can't be because the little motor "motes." It is not a toy but a dependable motor. If you've a skiff, row or sailboat, or dinghy, you ought to have one.

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THE GREATEST NOVELTY IN FISHING RODS

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Real Spark Plug satisfaction and at the price you ought to pay.

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NEVER MISS SPARK PLUG CO.
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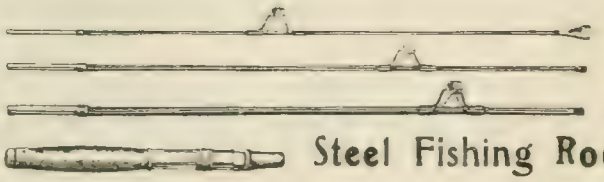

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FLY RODS, 8½ or 9½ feet	$ 1.00
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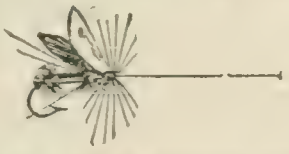

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OLDTOWN CANOES

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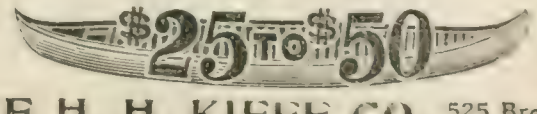

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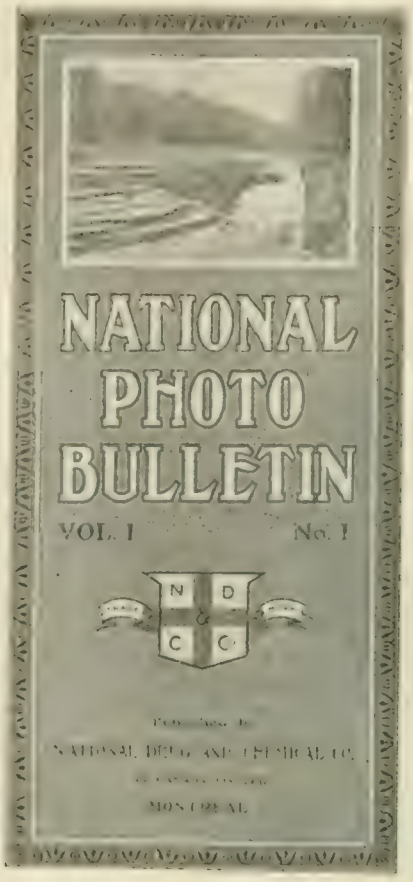

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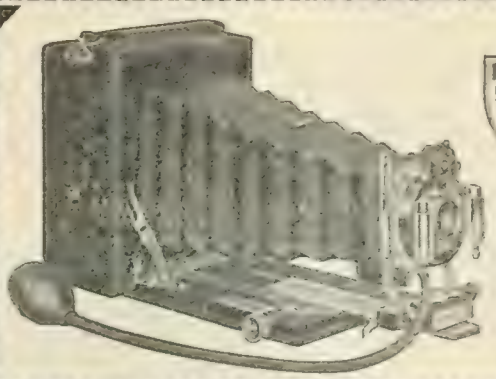

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Answer: RELIABILITY.

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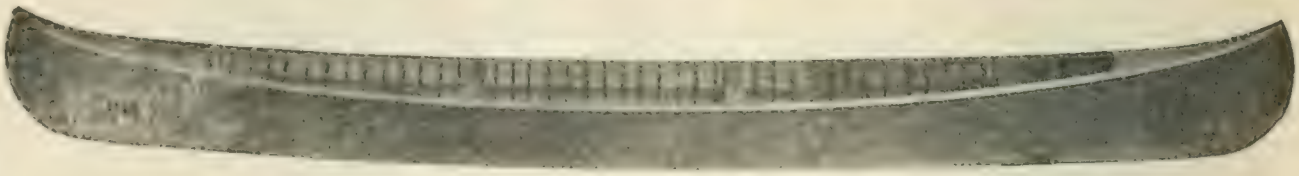
ROSS CANOES



Now is the time to buy a canoe and the canoe to buy is a Ross Canoe. When you purchase from us you get the benefit of years of experience, and the very best material and workmanship, stability and strength have been given careful consideration in the construction of these canoes. They are graceful in design, easy to paddle, light and durable—the ideal canoe.

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Elevator—Steam Heat
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Many with Private Baths

Rates American Plan, $2.00 up
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It's Solid and Stiff when in use—collapsible and quickly made portable. Carried by hand or in a buggy. Tempered, galvanized, light steel ribs give both strength and lightness. Is a revelation in boat construction. Non-sinkable. Puncture proof. No repairs. No cost for storage. Wears longer than a wooden boat. We make all sizes and styles for every purpose. Our catalogue—100 engravings—sent on receipt of 6 cents.

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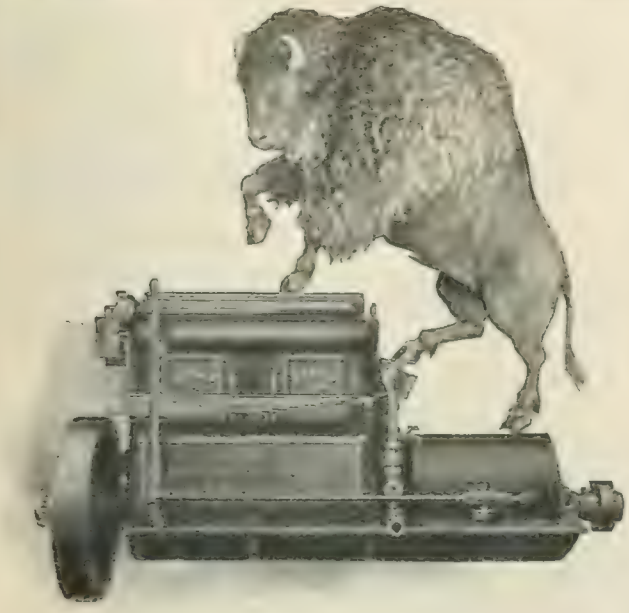
formerly Kalamazoo.



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"Personification of Completeness in Progressive Marine Engine Construction."

This is the comment of a prominent boating authority after looking over the "BUFFALO" 1909 line, which now includes engines for any type of boat for any class of work.

Regular Type Medium Weight Engines—Sizes, 2 to 100 H.P., 2 to 6 cylinder.

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Important and distinct improvements, both in construction and equipment and "BUFFALO QUALITY" throughout, which means highest grade in every detail of workmanship and material, go to make our 1909 Models world beaters.

1909 Catalogue, giving full information, sent free on request. INVESTIGATION NOW MAY SAVE YOU REGRET LATER.

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Guaranteed for Six Months

Easy to Clean

Made of heavy Brass fitted with blue Porcelain cap and pure Nickel Electrode

Working equally well with Magneto and Batteries

Made with Metric and Standard Thread.

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With Electra Ebonite Terminal, **$2.00**

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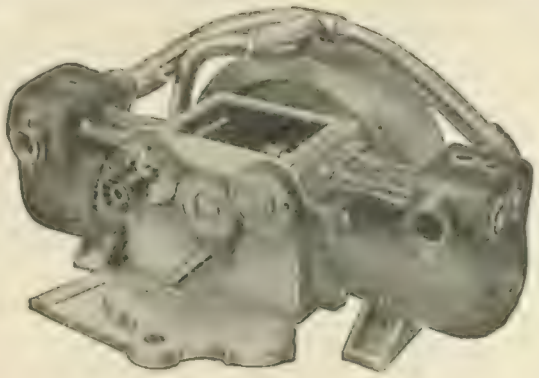

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Brennan Standard Motors are Powerful, Free from Vibration and Economical.

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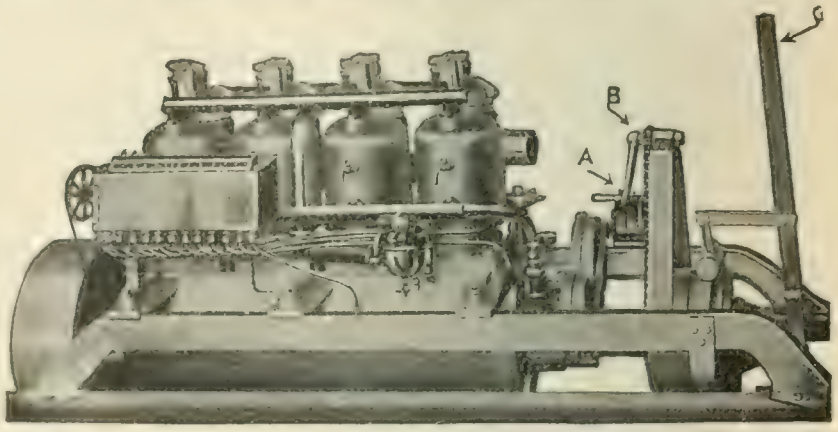

Brennan Motor Manufacturing Co.
Syracuse, N.Y.

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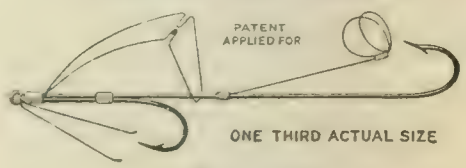

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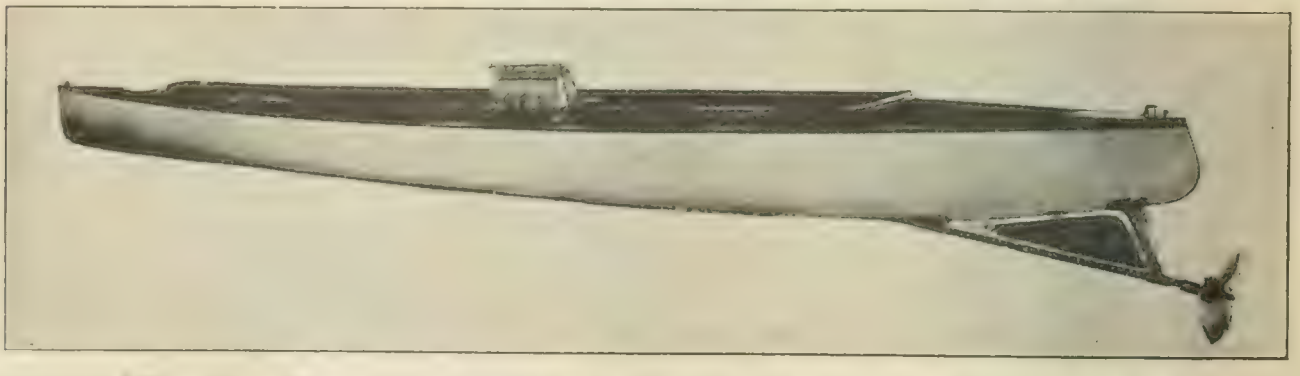

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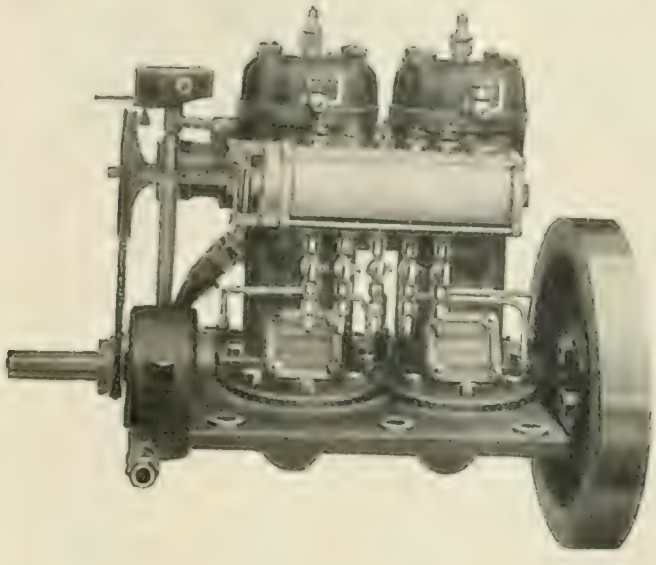

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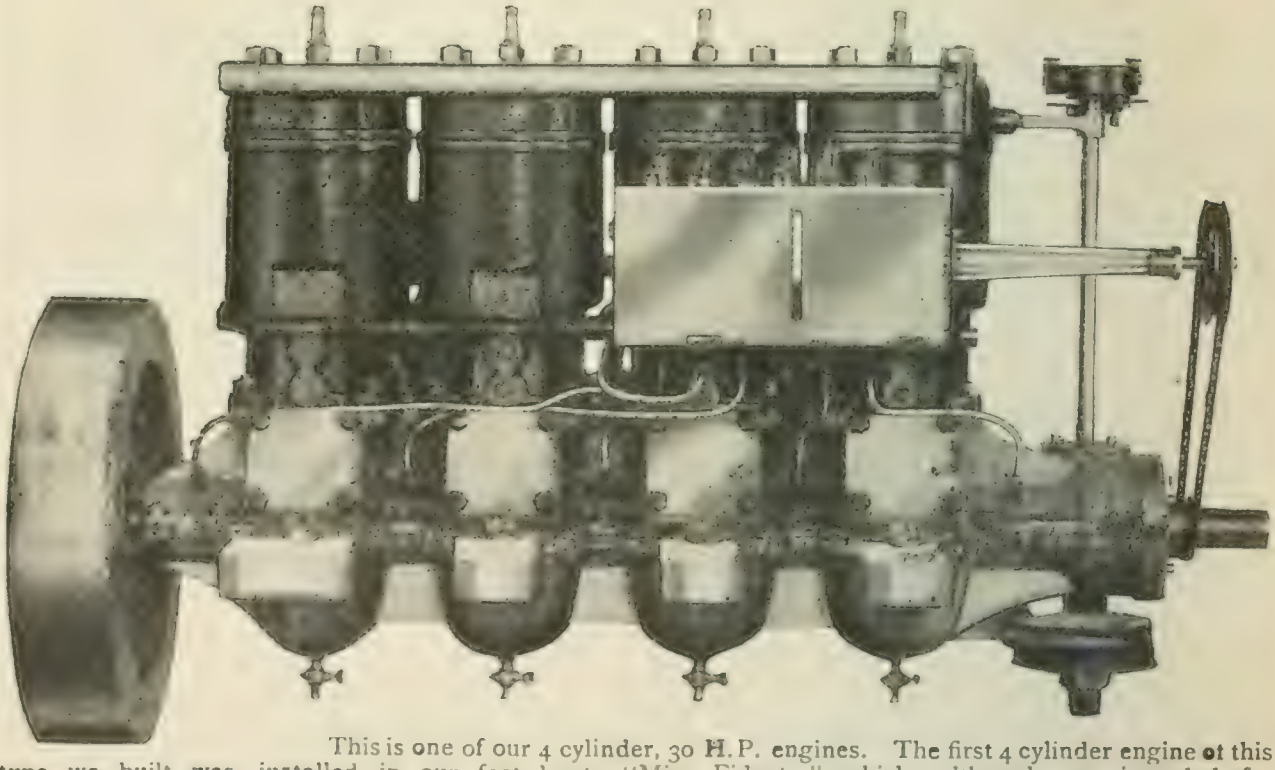

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VOL. X No. 12

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

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When Sending Change of Address Subscribers are Requested to Give the Old Address as Well as the New.

Communications on all topics pertaining to fishing, shooting, canoeing, yachting, the kennel, amateur photography and trapshooting will be welcomed and published if possible. All communications must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publicaiton, however.

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ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

VOL. 10 MAY, 1909 NO. 12

The Delights of Georgian Bay Fishing.

An Interesting Experience.

BY DR. FREDERICK F. HOYER.

LOOKING back over eighty-seven (87) years of life, and more than (60) sixty years of professional work, one of the most successful prescriptions I have ever used is to send my patients back to Mother Earth, (I do not mean six feet below the surface) to sit on the rocks, ride on the water, and live the out of doors life which brings health to worn out nerves and tired bodies. It is from personal experience I speak, for many, many summers I have spent on Georgian Bay, making my headquarters at Archie Campbell's fishing lodge on Copperhead Island, where hospitality and good cheer greet the guest on approaching the landing.

Last summer the fishing was "unco guid." I fished early and late, (four o'clock in the morning is none too early for a start, if the wind is right) trying for the mate of a muscalonge I lost the season before,—now all you boys, old, young, and gay, stop laughing and listen to what I say ! *I said the mate to one I lost !* I had caught all kinds of fish that day but it was muscalonge I was after and when I finally hooked one, I worked to land him. He also did considerable work at his end of the line with the result—he went off with eight feet of my line and my spoon and hooks. Great was my disappointment for it was the end of the season for me.

All winter I thought of the big fellow. Next year, my first day out I directed my guide to the spot where the fish disappeared, and remarked I had lost a muscalonge there the year before. He immediately said a muscalonge weighing over forty pounds came ashore with a line and spoon, the date coinciding with that of my loss.

ON THE PORCH, COPPERHEAD ISLAND. DR. AND MRS. HOYER WHO HAVE BEEN MARRIED SIXTY-TWO YEARS SPEND THEIR SUMMERS IN THE GEORGIAN BAY DISTRICT.

The next

ONE DAY'S SPORT NEAR COPPERHEAD ISLAND, GEORGIAN BAY. DR. F. F. HOYER, AGED 87, AND DAUGHTER.

PETER MONAGUE.
CHIPPEWA INDIAN GUIDE.

THE OLD DOCTOR'S PRIZE

day he brought me the spoon and line. *They were mine!* The fish was so large that a caretaker of the Island, and brother of my guide, boiled it up and fed it to his sledge dogs—my beautiful fish literally went to the dogs, instead of coming in the boat with me where he would have received the honor justly his due. This is one of the vicissitudes of fishing.

When I go out for the day with my faithful Indian guide, Peter Monague, (who has all the virtues and none of the vices, of a thorough bred Chippewa Indian) we are always sure of enough bass for our shore dinner. I wish I had space to describe the delights of one of these shore dinners —but that is another story—the bass fried to a crisp brown, served with the Georgian Bay appetite for sauce, which goes with the outing. This is pleasant medicine for the over-wrought brain workers. The accompanying pictures tell their own story.

CAMPBELL'S FISHING LODGE, COPPERHEAD ISLAND, GEORGIAN BAY.

ISLAND OF NIAGARA, OPPOSITE COPPERHEAD ISLAND
PETER MONAGUE, GUIDE. THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER. THE DOCTOR.

Not all of my fish run away with the spoon. After a long day spent in fishing coming home weary with the day's trophies, one still has the beautiful stars to look at. They seem to hang low in the heavens, and sometimes the northern lights are visible, called by some the "merrie dancers." Could Izaak Walton, himself wish for more?

Best of all are the health giving qualities of the peaceful occupation indulged in amid such pleasant surroundings. The days are days of quiet contemplation, varied by successes and failures and the nights those of calm repose, While the Georgian Bay provides a splendid field for those who fish for the fish, it is also a fine place for those with whom the fishing means more than the fish. Altogether the summers on the Georgian Bay are unsurpassed and doubtless many thousands will in the future follow the example of those who now enjoy them.

The Philosophy of Life.

BY O. E. MOREHOUSE, M. D.

THROUGHOUT all our lives there runs a streak of something that makes for trouble, and is for the most part difficult or even impossible of explanation.

An inborn cussedness keeps continually cropping to the surface and making things unplesant for us and we don't know the reason why; a certain perverseness seems to exist and to meet us at every turn until we get accustomed to have things go wrong and are surprised if they do not, and a life time of combating adverse circumstances or conditions tends to make one cynical and doubtful of things in general. Theoretically it would seem just as easy to go right as wrong but it is not. Why?

To go way back to our boyhood days who does not remember running about the back yard, perhaps ragged and barefooted, with our piece of bread and butter in our hand for lunch, and who does not remember dropping that bread in the dirt and seeing it always fall butter side down and becoming destroyed? Why? We all know it is true and that the bread always did fall that way and that there is a 'cussedness' about it that we can't explain.

Who does not know how impossible it is to light a fire or a pipe when we have only one match in our possession, while if we had a pocket full one would do the trick? This may be due to over anxiety on our part, for fear we will lose the only match and we take too great a precaution for its safety, and thereby defeat the end desired; then on the other hand, if we have a supply of matches no matter how careless we are with the first one it will succeed even in a gale of wind and under the most adverse circumstances. Why?

A man will forsake his father and his mother and the pomps and vanities of this wicked world to go fishing and will spend a few days in pursuit of that elusive fish and with varying success and on coming home was never known to tell the truth about his catch. Why? That is pure 'Devilishness' on the part of the man and seems to go naturally with fishing the world over. Then again why do all the big fish escape and all the little ones have to be destroyed to get them off our hook?

What amateur photographer is there who has not at different times got everything ready to take a snap of some fine bit of out-door scenery and just as everything was ready have the sun dodge behind a cloud and remain there until his patience was exhausted and the chance of the picture gone? Why? 'Cussedness' or what?

I had a fine opportunity to shoot a deer once—took correct aim—pulled the trigger—and the only cartridge I ever saw fail to explode was in that gun—and the deer got away. That same cartridge was good and went off easily enough when fired at a mark. Cussedness again, or was that deer fated not to be killed at that time?

In travelling through the woods with a gun on our shoulder we suddenly come to where the road divides on a branch leading home or to the camp and the other going to—God knows where—; both look alike so far as we can judge and it is just as reasonable to take one as the other—then why is it we always take the wrong one and are compelled to walk five or six times as far as we should to get home? Why?

Such things or occurrences might be multiplied without number, but these few are sufficient to set one thinking, but we can think and think and what will it avail? The fact remains that a perversity exists and that we meet it at every turn. It is useless to fight against it, much better to float with the tide and take things as they come and make believe we are satisfied, so that we can say with James Whitcomb Riley:

It a'int no use to grumble nor complain
'Tis just as cheap and easy to rejoice,
And when God sorts out the weather and sends rain
W'y rain's my choice.

Through the Sub Arctics of Canada.

THE wide interest aroused in the nothern regions of Canada, and the demand for definite information concerning them, has led to the publication of a new edition of Mr. Tyrrell's book entitled "Through the Sub Arctics of Canada." The publisher is Mr. W. Biggs, of Toronto, who has done his share of the work, equally as well as the author. The joint results are the production of a book likely to live as long as interest in Canadian exploration remains a feature of our public life. Through the courtesy of the publisher we are able to present the cuts used in this article, thus adding materially to the written description of the book.

Mr. Tyrrell, accompanied by his brother, Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, C. E., D. L. S., of the Canadian Geological Survey, left Ottawa a few years ago to explore what has been known as the Barren Lands of the North West.

They had two fine Peterborough cedar canoes, eighteen feet long and capable of carrying two thousand pounds each, while weighing only one hundred and twenty pounds. Arrangements had been made to have a nineteen foot basswood canoe, used during the previous summer, and two men in readiness at Fort McMurray on the Athabasca River. Four canoemen, three being Iroquois from Caughnawaga, Que., and the fourth, John Flett, from Prince Albert, Sask., were engaged. Two other men, half breeds, were to meet the party at Fort McMurray. It was intended by these arrangements to include good canoemen and portagers.

Great care was taken over the outfit, including a complete set of portable mathematical instruments. Supplies were ordered from the Hudson Bay Company at Edmonton with instructions to have them freighted down the Athabasca River to Fort Chipewyan on Lake Athabasca as early as possible.

Finally a start was made on May sixteenth from North Bay and on arrival at Winnipeg it was found that the canoes had not gone through. This caused further delay, but at length Edmonton was reached, and with their provisions, which had not been forwarded, the northern trail was taken on May twenty-nineth, the provisions having been sent on two days ahead.

The first camp was made on the Height of Land between the Saskatchewan and

STARTING OFF ON THE TRAIL.

the Athabasca, the yells of the prairie wolves preventing much sleep. It was late in the evening of the following day when Athabasca Landing was reached, the supplies having got in safely a few hours before.

Athabasca Landing is a great supply and trading centre for the Hudson Bay Company "From this place up-stream for about one hundred miles and down for fifteen hundred miles to the Arctic Ocean, this great waterway, excepting at two rapids, is regularly navigated by large river steamers, owned by the Hudson Bay Company and employed in carrying supplies for their Posts and the furs which are secured in trade. Because of these two impassable rapids the river is divided into three sections, necessitating

A FOREST OF ANTLERS.

the use of three steamers, one for each section. Goods are transported from one boat to the other over the greater part of the rapids by means of scows, but for a short distance, at the Grand Rapid, by means of a tramway built for the purpose." Advantage was taken of one of these steamers to ship the bulk of the supplies to Fort Chipewyan and the canoe journey commenced

Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, with two of the Iroquois, Pierre and Michael, had the first canoe and the author with the third Iroquois, Louis, and Flett took the second. No great progress was made the first day, but sixty miles were gone over on the second.

On the third a moose was obtained and the same evening the Grand Rapid was reached. A detachment of the North-West Mounted Police were in camp and a pleasant stay was made till the arrival of the steamer and the tranference of the baggage. In the meantime the Indians took the canoes down the rapids safely though against the strong advice of the local men.

Many other rapids were run and at the third one an accident almost filled the canoe and wetted all within it. At one place they took a rapid at the worst point with the result that they were carried down a fall. Fortunately the canoes were light and they had a lucky escape. "Without a guide such mistakes will sometimes occur in spite of every precaution." After that, one small rapid completed the series and calm water was enjoyed till Fort McMurray was reached. Here they were met by two men, Jim Corrigal and Francois Maurice, with the third canoe.

The entire population at the Fort were in a state of starvation at the time owing to the delay in the arrival of supplies. These were expected every hour but five days passed before they came. This long delay was caused by the grounding of some of the boats in one of the rapids

necessitating the removal of the cargoes which had to be carried on shore, the boats freed, lowered past the obstruction and reloaded.

With eight men and three canoes the expedition was complete, and obtaining their supplies they left the Fort the following morning, and two days afterwards reached Fort Chipewyan. The following quotation of one side of life at this point will prove of interest:

"The staple food for both men and dogs (which latter are important members of the community) is fish, several varieties of which are caught in abundance in the lake close at hand. One or two whitefish, according to size, is the usual allowance for a dog. In the north the dog takes the place which the horse occupies in the south, and it is a very interesting sight to see the canine population of the town, perhaps thirty or forty in all, receiving their daily meal. They are called together by the ringing of a large bell, erected for the purpose at all Hudson Bay Company's Posts. At the first stroke all dogs within reach spring to their feet and scamper off to the feeding place, where they find a man in charge of their rations. Forming round in a circle, each dog waits for the portion thrown to him, which he at once trots away with to enjoy in some quiet retreat. Occasional snarls and fights take place, but it is astonishing to see how orderly Chipewyan dogs are able to conduct themselves at a common mess."

THE AUTHOR IN ESKIMO COSTUME.

When they left the Fort a guide named Moberly accompanied them. In repacking they found the only article which had suffered from frequent trans-shipment was a chest of tea. This had been broken open and a few pounds lost, but the balance—about sixty pounds—had been gathered up and put in a flour bag. Although the total outfit amounted to about four thousand pounds it was found that all could be nicely carried in the canoes. On the way to Black Lake, Moberly deserted, having obtained board for himself and a month's payment in advance for guiding work he failed to perform. There were some difficult portages in the trip and the men did hard work in getting the outfit across. So far they had had

some hints of the way they had travelled but from this point all was unknown.

"On Saturday morning the 8th of July, without guide or map, we commenced our journey into great untravelled wilderness." There was a good breaking in for a beginning—a portage two miles long, through the thickets and swamps and over rocky hills. That week the men carried the entire outfit a distance of eight miles over the roughest kind of country, representing a total transport of fifty-six miles or a walk of one hundred and four miles for each man. Six little lakes and as many short portages, were crossed in the next couple of days. Wolverine Lake was discovered and its geographical position determined. Birch Lake was reached and then "Big" Lake, as the Indians called it, but which the explorers named Selwyn Lake and which was carefully surveyed. At this camp some Indians attempted to frighten the men with the possible dangers to be found on the route they were following. From this lake they reached the Height of Land, over a portage a mile and a quarter long, the northern end terminating on the shore of another large lake, the level of which was ascertained to be fifteen feet lower than Selwyn Lake. On this portage, the summit of the continent, the flag of Canada was securely affixed to the top of a tall, straight tamarack.

A PIONEER OF THE NORTH.
(Drawn from life by Arthur Heming.)

Easier canoeing was now the rule as the course was with the current. Daly Lake was crossed, after a delay of a day and and a half by a severe storm, and the Dubawnt (broad, shallow) River was reached. "Eskers," or high sand ridges, sixty or seventy feet in height were observed. These trended in a north easterly and south westerly direction, were quite narrow on top, and "so level and uniform that they might well be taken to be the remains of the embankments of ancient railways. Geologists, however, have another theory accounting for their origin, namely that they were formed by fissures or splits in the ancient glaciers." Many rapids were run on this river, the veteran Pierre guiding them in safety, though the third canoe on one occasion received injury.

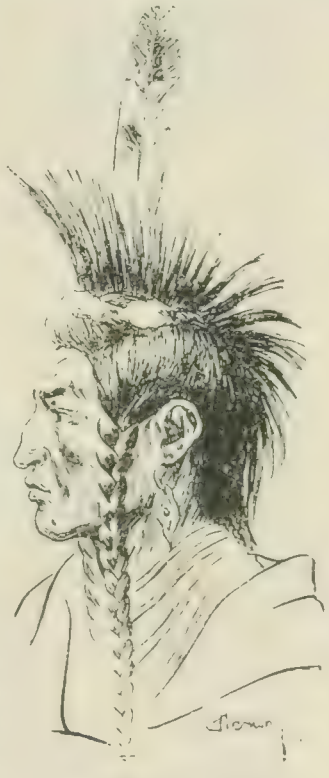
They now passed beyond the timber belt to a vast rolling, treeless wilderness. While on Barlow Lake, an expansion of the river, they found their meat running low. Just at camping time a moving object was noticed on a little island out in the lake. Finding it to be a caribou a canoe was manned and a hard chase ensued when the animal took to the water, the explorers eventually winning, their first meal of venison on the trip being enjoyed that night. The following day they saw immense bands of caribou, the numbers being impossible to estimate as "they could only be reckoned in acres or square miles." They obtained a good

supply before the animals scattered and several days were spent in preparing and drying the meat. In the meantime Mr. Tyrrell and his brother roamed the hills and viewed and photographed the deer. They "walked to and fro through the herds causing little more alarm than one would by walking through a herd of cattle in a field. The experience was delightful, one never-to-be-forgotten!"

At length "Caribou Camp" was left and at Markham Lake a decided change in the climate was noticed. Snow banks were seen on the hills and wet and cold weather experienced although it was only August. Finding a few stunted trees and enjoying a camp fire was now a luxury. Good catches of fish were obtained. A great frozen lake was encountered and for several days they were storm bound. Three deer were obtained with which to replenish the larder. Observations from a hill-top showed open water to the north but not much progress was made before another block occurred.

During the night of August eleventh the ice moved off the shore leaving an open channel and on the twelfth the journey was resumed without much obstruction. Several white wolves were seen and numerous little ermines. When landing at nightfall for the purpose of making camp the party were attacked by a pack of huge gray wolves. The leader was shot and the others fled, though they continued howling all night long from the surrounding hills. It was not till the eighteenth, after days of storm, that they were able to launch on the Lower Dubawnt and that day they saw two musk oxen.

The first Eskimo family was met on the nineteenth, and some information as to the route obtained from them. A few reindeer were seen and shot and the sorely depleted larder again replenished. The men finding an Eskimo cache were about to break up a Kometic for the purpose of boiling the kettle but fortunately Mr. Tyrrell saved it, and after repairs it was left where it had been found with a plug of tobacco as a peace offering upon it.



SARCEE BRAVE.

Continuing down the river they came to an abundance of drift wood which told them, after some consideration, that they must be near the confluence of some stream flowing through a wooded country. On the twenty-sixth they reached Aberdeen Lake, a fine body of water about forty miles in length. Two days were spent in exploration and Eskimo cairns, raised for no apparent object, were viewed.

Nine musk oxen were found late at night and the whole of them were shot. Mr. Tyrrell does not justify this action, of which he confesses he is ashamed and gives the details to show some of the characteristics of these animals. "I might add that although many other opportunities were afforded me during the continuance of my journey, no recurrence was perpetrated or permitted, knowing that I had already overstepped the bounds of true sportsmanship." A battle between two of these animals, with a third as referee, is most interestingly described.

A way was found out of Aberdeen Lake and Schultz Lake reached when the search for an outlet was renewed. Dreary weather followed, the discomforts increased by the impossibility of making a fire. At an Eskimo encampment they were told they were near the mouth of the river and later on another Eskimo village was visited. Baker Lake is seventy miles in length and half that in breadth and the remainder of the road was to some extent known to them.

They calculated that they had seven hundred and fifty miles to cover before the close of navigation in order to reach Fort Churchill, a Hudson Bay Company's Post and the nearest habitation of white men. The situation was explained to the men and every effort made to accelerate the speed but bad weather caused great delays. The exit from Baker Lake was by means of a big river in which at first no current could be observed. Two miles further on they encountered a cur-

THE CREE HUNTER'S PRIZE.

rent almost approaching a rapid and they concluded that they had reached tide water though much sooner than they expected. Before long they witnessed the strange phenomenon of a river changing its direction of flow.

The following day they were on Chesterfield Inlet and after paddling for several days down this arm of the bay they reached the open sea. The start southward down the coast of Hudson Bay was made on September 13th and that night they camped twelve miles north of Marble Island—an Island whose round, glaciated, rocky hills bear a very close resemblance to white marble and is a well-known wintering station for New England whalers. As there were no whalers at the island the party had to stick to the canoes. In three days they made one hundred miles which upon such an exposed coast they considered good progress. This meant two weeks to reach Churchill, and by carefully rationing themselves they had only meat enough to last five or six days.

A gale sprang up on the night of the fifteenth, and they were imprisoned on a little sand island, in the mouth of Corbet's Inlet, for a day without fresh water. On leaving the island they had a narrow escape from drowning and for two days were stormbound, the hunting only supplying a small duck and two gulls. The weather continued bad and the provisions became exhausted. A hare and a ptarmigan were procured by Mr. Tyrrell and his brother and several of both by the

THE MOOSE CALF AND ITS CAPTORS.

other men. A bouillon was made and greatly aided the men. Next day being still storm bound they only obtained five marmots. The gale still continued and finding that if they stayed where they were they would be starved they made a start. Seeing some deer on the shore they had a long and unsuccessful hunt and on their return found that with the rapidly falling tide the men had been unable to keep the canoes afloat. The water of the bay was barely visible in the distance—such was the extremely low and flat character of the coast. As it was necessary to await the return of the tide the men were sent off and Louis succeeded in shooting a bear. Although the carcass was poor and the flesh of the polar bear is famed for its rankness "we would not have exchanged it at that time for its weight in silver." Moss was found and a good deal of bear meat boiled. Five days they were stormbound, during which time, in addition to other discomforts, Mr. Tyrrell suffered from poisoning by partaking too freely of fried liver —polar bear's liver being considered poisonous by both the Eskimos and the northern whalers.

When travel was resumed on October fourth, winter had set in. After a long portage to meet the tide and with the most strenuous exertions no more than ten miles were made that day. On the following day it was noon before the canoes could be floated and then ice and a strong head wind forced them to shore after making a mile or two. They had been three weeks on the coast and were at least two hundred and fifty miles from Fort Churchill. It was decided to abandon everything except notebooks photographs, plant collection, rifles, blankets and two light canoes, "and with the increased force in them to travel for our lives."

The cache was made and eight dreary days passed, six in battling with the elements and two in lying stormbound in the tents. Cold, lack of food and dysentry caused the explorers much suffering. On October fourteenth, in order to clear the ice, they had to go so far out as to lose sight of land. With the canoes leaking badly and the weather bitterly cold they had to remain out all night. It was thirty hours before they effected a landing. Fortunately they found some drift wood with which they soon made a fire and prepared a hot meal. On the previous day a seal, the only one procured on the trip, was shot. They noticed dark clumps of spruce trees and knew they must be near Churchill.

Walking overland was now the only alternative and Jim and John, who volunteered, set out to the Fort with the idea of bringing back a relief party. Camp was made in a thick grove of spruce trees and a much needed rest taken. The two men on foot reached the Fort after a hard two day's tramp, the distance being about thirty miles, and with a rescue party, with dog teams and provisions the whole of the men were transferred to the Fort, though several were quite done up,

and Michel, whose feet had been badly frozen, was in a particularly bad state.

After thorough discussion with those in charge of the Fort and the mission it was decided to proceed southward on foot, and on November sixth, after a stay of seventeen days at the Fort, a start was made. A sled, twelve feet long and a foot and a half wide with a team of Eskimo dogs, carried the outfit. The party consisted of ten persons. Three flat sleds or toboggans hauled by the men carried their own dunnage. Michel was carried on one of the Hudson Bay Company's sleds. About twenty-one miles was made the first day though Mr. Tyrrell suffered much from lameness. On the second day out the guide shot a deer and the third day no less than eight were taken. Several of the best haunches were taken and the rest of the meat was cached in order that the Compan'y servants might take it back to the Fort on their return. Three more deer were shot, making a total of twelve for the trip, most of them falling to the Indian guide.

On November eleventh the parties separated, the Company's servants going to the east while the explorers kept south. On the Nelson river the provisions were again exhausted and ten dreary days of waiting would have caused much suffering had it not been for the success of the Indian guide in securing a deer. A fox was trapped and devoured. At length, after almost superhuman exertions and many failures, the Nelson was crossed by means of a large boat which had been left on the river, and nineteen days after leaving Churchill the party arrived at York.

The next stage was Oxford House and after four days of preparation a start was made on this twelve day trip. Very cold weather was experienced. "Our meals, after being prepared, were served upon the hot pan to keep them warm while eating, but even so they were sometimes frozen to the pan before they could be disposed of." On the last few miles Mr. Tyrrell's brother fell behind owing to lameness and the author keeping him company they had a bad experience. Darkness had fallen but the guides knew they were near and kept on. Fearful of losing the trail the brothers only kept upon it by going down on their hands and knees. Fortunately this was not prolonged and passing through a narrow strip of woods they saw the lights of Oxford House.

Six days' further tramp, with the thermometer in the neghborhood of forty below zero brought the party to Norway House, situated at the northern extremity of Lake Winnipeg. From this point the brothers travelled in carryalls, drawn by teams of strong dogs, to West Selkirk, four hundred miles. The western men were sent home, Michel had been left at York Factory and only the two Iroquois, Pierre and Louis still accompanied the explorers. An average of forty miles per day was made with these good dogs. The two Iroquois gave out before the journey was over but arrangements were made to procure them positions on sleighs.

The notable canoe and snowshoe journey of three thousand, two hundred miles finished on the evening of January first, 1904, and thirteen hundred miles more of journey by rail ended an expedition which took eight months.

In a concluding chapter, Hudson Bay, a National Asset, is discussed and its value and advantages pointed out. There are many historical and personal touches throughout the book, largely increasing its value, and to those fond of travel narrative, told in a plain and unassuming style but with a directness all its own, the book must appeal. As a record of Canadian exploration, undertaken and carried through under difficulties sufficient to appal the stoutest hearts, the record will long remain as a testimony to the daring, resourcefulness, and stamina of Canadian explorers.

At the present time when surveys for a railway to Hudson Bay are being made and an additional outlet thus secured for our western crop, Mr. Tynell's forecast of this developement, made as the result of knowledge and careful study, is full of interest. Two appendices—one containing a classified list of plants and the second an Eskimo vocabulary of words and phrases, together with an index, maps and fine illustrations, made the book a valuable one to students, as well as interesting to the general reader.

A Cattle Ranch Tragedy

BY. A. D. CONGER

A Canadian Cattle King once imported a Mexican bull to breed up his herds. The animal looked gigantic among the steers and other bulls which grazed over the forest range, and it soon developed that his superior implements of bull warfare won for him not only a clean sweep of his own range but also free intruding privileges into all adjoining territory. Every cow-puncher in the country watched the big brute's sovereignty expand with growing interest. At the end of a month he was lord of all he surveyed, which, because of the untiring spirit of his wanderlust, embodied a stretch of land comprising some five different ranges. He seemed to divide his time equally among these, his five subjected states, and as he had fought victoriously each of the male proprietors native to the different ranches, his wanderings were unmolested.

But the owner of the Mexican bull did not import that animal as a knight-errant, nor did he care to use him in the arena! So to curb the brute's insatiable beliggerence he had him rounded up one day,—and it took every cow-puncher on the range to saw off his formidable instruments of warfare. Pictures wherein fire is represented to be emanating from a bull's nostrils, are popularly believed to be mythological, but if it wasn't fire which blew from that creature's nose when they were doing the job, then that animal must have been a sight ventriloquist. It was the nearest approximation to the bulls of Hades one would care particularly about seeing.

When he was liberated again, we still unanimously conceded his sovereignty by generously keeping our distance and he plunged off, with head lowered, bellowing loudly into the woods. I was interested in that Mexican, and, waving farewell to the bunch, hit the breeze down the trail in the direction the bull had taken. My pinto was fast and soon overtook him. He had stopped running and was striding along at a nervous rate, his head still way down and a low, grumbling sound emanating from his throat. Somehow my imagination said there was a tragedy approaching; and I followed on, expectant, half-fearful.

It came abruptly. Through the woods I heard an answering bellow. The Mexican's fur rose straight on his spine, as he renewed and renewed again the challenge, and his roar fairly rent the earth. "Good Lord," I ejaculated, confiding to my pinto, "he doesn't know what we did to him, he thinks he still has his horns".

The other bull came slowly through the woods towards the challenging Mexican. At sight I recognised him a Texan, and one of the Mexican's oldest and most formidable enemies. In the accustomed way they went through the preliminaries of battle, and my pony trembled from nose to tail as the terrible thundering curdled from their throats. Their tails switched the air, their huge hoofs hurled quantities of dust and earth upon their backs. Slowly, with a sluggish reserve of brute passion, they drew near one another,—the Mexican with the same old self confidence and careless bravado instilled in him from never having known defeat, the Texan, careful, full of nervous virility, yet agressive and angered to a horrible rage by his old-time enemy.

Within eight feet of each other they charged. There was a dull thud only as their heads met: no clash of antlers, no boxing, no feigning, or pinning of horns to the earth,—only the impact of two massive heads, temple to temple, eyes to eyes. Without sound the long prongs of the Texan had buried deep into the thick virile neck of the Mexican. For an instant the latter stood tense, motionless. Then his whole, huge frame seemed to quiver violently, as slowly he withdrew from the charge. Stabbed, bleeding and terror-stricken, he backed cautiously away,—tail between his legs and neck muscles lax in token of defeat. The Texan did not flank him as he turned and strode slouchingly into the cover of the forest.

A week later we ran across him. The

fight had all gone out of him and he wandered about alone in the recesses of the woods. It was like the case of a monarch who had been bereft of his crown. The bull fully realized his impotency with the loss of his horns.

Avian Migrants

It is estimated that thirty million Canadian-born birds of all kinds fly to the South in Autumn and twelve million return each Spring. Over eight million perish annually on the route.

BY CHARLES EVERETT COLGROVE

In the South the assembly call
Echoes like trump in Burgher's hall.
At limpid stream and sapling tall
The Avian's voices rise and fall
Like hearts with tempests tossed.

With pinions wide the myriads ride,
Swarm and swirl and dart and glide,
Crested lord and downy bride,
Sailing in space, a living tide,
Bound for their land of birth.

Up, up into the blue they fly.
Testing the scent of northern buds,
Reeling in dreams of pleasures to come,
Planning a trail o'er forest and floods—
Up in the sky so high.

Meeting their friends and neighbors too,
Trying their wings and tendons true,
Warbling their song in sun and dew,
Feathers of bright and dusky hue
Gathering for love's long trail.

Lost is their memory of leagues and leagues
Flown in dark nights of storm and hail
On the line from the land of love,
O'er mast and sea and spire and dale
Where danger and death abound.

Gather the bands, gather the clans,
Twitter and sing and honk and cry,
From Castro's land to the border line,
From hill and stream to the North they hie,—
'T is Spring! They are coming now.

Losing A Moose-head After a Hard Trail.

BY NIMROD THE TRAPPER

SOME years ago I made a trip through the Caribou district of British Columbia and incidentally had a grand moose hunt on the famous Fraser River. I travelled from Ashcroft, a town on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, to Barkersville, a distance of two hundred and sixty miles. This was then the end of the stage road to the once noted placer diggings. So far I had saddle and pack horses. At Barkersville I found old timers, left from the rush in the early sixties, who could not be induced to leave that place, which, so far as they are concerned, means their world.

After resting there for a few days I started to make my way to the Fraser River over what is called the Goat River trail. The first day's travel, about twenty miles, to Bear Lake, was very fair, but after that I had to chop the greater portion of the way, as there had not been a horse over the trail for twenty-eight years. Cutting through fallen timber, bridging swollen streams and corduroy mud-holes took up fifteen days to make the eighty miles.

Some readers living in the east may form a small idea from this short description of the difficulties and trials we have to undergo in prospecting. After looking over the country and seeing lots of game such as bear, caribou, deer, moose and smaller game I ran across the largest moose track I had ever seen.

As the track was fresh I decided to follow it. The first day's travel was in a circle from where I started and then the animal swam the Fraser River. Next morning bright and early I followed it over, crossing in my canvass canoe. With enough grub on my back for a week, and with my two little companions, I started again, following the tracks through swamps and mire, over rocky ridges, through underbrush and across small streams aud other difficulties. At times the tracks were undecipherable and then I had to depend on the scent of my two little dogs.

For three long days I followed up those tracks without catching sight of the moose. Just before sunset on the third day I managed, with the aid of my glass, to get a good view of him. At the time I caught sight of him he was on a bold ridge about a mile away. He appeared all uncouscious of danger, not knowing that old "death shot" was on his trail,

That night I camped under a spruce tree and not daring to make a fire, dined on cold bannocks, washing them down with cold water. I was up and doing with the first streak of light, and working my way round the ridge I speedily discovered his tracks leading down to the Smokey River. By making a circle I came upon him feeding in a small swamp about six hundred yards from me.

As after all my trouble I dared not risk disturbing him by getting any nearer I took a long chance of hitting him at that distance. Gauging my sight as well as I could I took careful aim, trying to hit him just behind the fore leg. At the first shot he gave a jump showing he was hit, and starting off broadside to me. Although I sent four more shots after him he got out of sight in the thick bush.

Going down to where he had disappeared I found it easy to trace him. Blood was flowing freely and it was not long before I came upon him dead. I found that four bullets out of the five had taken effect upon him. I felt very proud of these results, seeing the distances from which the bullets had been fired.

The moose was a monster and appeared to be as old as the hills. After skinning the head and taking off the meat ready to send it away, I built a raft out of some dry cedar, with the intention of rafting down the Smokey River to where it enters the Fraser, from which point it was not far to my camp.

I did not know what the river was like but took chances, as about four hours on the river would save me three days

walking. Placing the moose head on the raft and then my dogs I stepped aboard.

For the first two hours all went well.

Then we got into some rapids which proved a little too swift for us.

The raft ran on a rock and then over we went into the ice cold stream. By great good luck I got ashore with my rifle, my two dogs managing to scramble out ahead of me.

As for the moosehead that I had travelled four days to obtain, it went on down the river, and for all I know it may be going yet.

SOME OF OUR TROPHIES.

Wolf Hunting in Manitoba.

WOLF hunting is a fine winter sport in Manitoba and a number of sportsmen indulge in this healthy and vigorous pastime. The above illustration shows only a portion of the results of a three week's hunting trip in the Riding mountains by a party of Winnipeg sportsmen. The two hounds "Diana" and "Tony," are old hunters and caught several wolves, tearing the skins so badly as to ruin them before they could be called off. Thirteen wolves, nine foxes and one otter were killed on the whole trip. The "Teddy bear" seen in the picture was also captured in the same district.

The hunters who achieved these successes are F. M. Conerston, manager Pigott's livery, owner of the dogs and trophies, in the centre ; W. Alexander to the left and J. McLeod Holiday to the right; all of Winnipeg.

ALONG OUR ROUTE, B. C. COAST.

A Sporting Trip on the British Columbia Coast.

BY R. K. SCARLETT.

IN all this wide world I doubt if you will find a more ideal country to hunt in than our far-famed Province of British Columbia. I was born and raised in the Highlands of Ontario, the Muskoka district, in the thriving town of Huntsville, which I believe is considered by many the central point of as good hunting grounds as can be found in Eastern Canada. I have also hunted game in Cape Breton, but for real sport and plenty of it there is to my mind one place far superior to all others, and that is in this western province of British Columbia. There may be at some points more game than at others but you are sure to be well rewarded for time spent no matter where you make camp. To be sure you will meet with many obstacles such as mountainous territory and thick underbrush but these are only to be expected in good game countries. One can alight at any point along the Canadian Pacific Railway through this Province and find himself in close proximity to big and small game and thrown in with this are game fish of many species.

I have had but little time for hunting expeditions on the coast but being fortunate enough to be the owner of a good, comfortable yacht have laid work aside on several occasions long enough to take a run up the coast a short distance to spend a day or two shooting and fishing.

On November 21st last, along with Messrs. Herb Edwards, Arthur Edwards, Max Le Cappellain, Frank Lalonde, Howard Montellius and R. F. Ohlin, all of Vancouver, I made a trip two hundred miles up the coast of British Columbia in the good, staunch launch Beaver, which is named after the first steam-propelled vessel to ply on the Pacific Ocean. Captain Fraser, well known in these parts, was in command and W. Burmister was our engineer, and a good, jolly, interesting team of officers they were.

Our trip lasted eight days and to say we had a good time is putting it very mildly. We wanted an outing and we had it. There was no necessity for steaming so far, but as our launch was fast and more comfortable than most of its kind we did not mind. There is just as good hunting to be found within a few hours of Vancouver.

All was rustle and bustle on the day

set for our departure. Express wagons were arriving every hour at the dock where the Beaver was moored with provisions, arms and all the equipment necessary for a trip such as that in view. The only excitement of our preparation dav was over our "medicine" chest. This very necessary item had been placed in the hands of "Montey," (H. Montellius) but some misunderstanding as to the place our remedies were to be delivered caused a lot of anxiety. With this aboard all hands heaved a sigh of relief. With everything apparently in order the party dispersed till the starting hour, which was set for seven p. m. Promptly at the appointed time all were aboard. A stiff wind was blowing which kicked up a big sea and the skipper ordered our stores stowed more compact while he went on deck and lashed the canoes, of which we carried three and a life-boat, to make sure these would not be washed overboard when we got outside the harbor.

With the booming of the nine o'clock gun, which is stationed on Brocton Point at the entrance to the harbor, we cast off. We made excellent time with a fair wind and following sea until we commenced to cross the mouth of Hoe Sound. The tide running out and the sea rolling in made it very interesting, tossing us about in no mild manner. Owing to the dense darkness o the night, which prevented our skipper from seeing any distance ahead, and our several narrow escapes from striking logs, of which there were quite a numbe adrift, he decided to anchor till daylight at Snug Cove, about fifteen miles from Vancouver. Two of our company did not take very kindly to the first part of our voyage but managed to keep their last meal eaten ashore down with difficulty, and once in smooth water they soon recovered. All hands were tired and as the time was ten-fifteen, it was decided to turn in. After a heated discussion it was agreed to match for the choice of berths. "Herb" handled the coin and of course won the best. This over, blankets were spread and after Frank poured tea, lights were ordered out and in a very short time a snoring chorus was in full swing—at least that is what the Captain said for I was accompanying the rest.

HEAD OF LOUGHBOROUGH INLET, B. C. COAST

The vibration of the engines woke us next morning, the skipper having weighed anchor at six thirty-five and proceeded on our way. The wind of the night before was still blowing a good pace

and the water was very rough. The Beaver was directed to the most sheltered course but it was only a short time before we had to run right out into the open Gulf of Georgia. The heavy swell made it interesting for the cooks (Max assisted by "Herb") getting breakfast. Howard, Frank and friend Ohlin were making faces at each other and smiling in a sickly manner at the rest of the bunch. But they were game and everybody partook of the bacon and eggs and slap jacks with the exception of Montey. Poor boy he was even compelled to loosen his hold on the big supper of the evening before. On several occasions the dishes on the table came near being strewn on the cabin floor.

A good run was made all day heading about due north and many other craft were passed. Two mountain goats and one deer were sighted during the day. The Euclataw Rapids were reached aboat seven p. m. and it was so dark one could hardly see the bow of the boat. But as it was about low tide the captain decided to venture through. It was my first trip through this dangerous passage and my only regret was that it was not daylight. I expected an exciting trip and was not disappointed. The distance through is about four miles and we shot along at full speed at a rate of eighteen or twenty miles an hour. First it was starboard and then it would be hard-a-port and vice versa. Pitching and plunging and swaying on our beam ends we were swept along. The phosphorous spray flew out for yards on either side and sparkling brilliantly were the lights from the cabin windows as they shone on the waters. It reminded one very much of some fire-work displays. Never in my life had I seen so much phosphorous in the water. About half way through to add to our excitement we hit a big log which shook the staunch craft from stem to stern. A short distance below this the engine signal "full speed astern" brought us to attention and another bump told us we in trouble again. The Beaver was in the midst of a field of drifting timber and was being carried round and round in an eddy, which in the terrible darkness was very trying. Captain, however, managed to work out, and the balance of the trip through the rapids was made under slow bell. By this time we had sufficient of the perils of travelling on a dark night through a dangerous rapid which was hemmed on both sides by huge mountains, thousands of feet high, and when it was announced we were through and going to tie up for the night at Shoal Bay a sigh of relief was heard.

NEAR HEAD OF LOUGHBOROUGH INLET. GLACIER IN THE DISTANCE.

Our skipper informed me he would never venture through the Euclataw with the tide running the opposite way, at night, but as it was near low and the tide running out it was not quite so dangerous

as when the tide was flooding. The captain on another occasion when we were discussing this passage, informed me that he had passed through the rapid on large vessels and had seen huge logs and timbers swirling about in the eddies, stand right on end and sucked down by the current to come up no one knew where.

The Beaver tied up about eight o'clock alongside a float at Shoal Bay, which is one of the largest logging camps in British Columbia. After a smoke and a chat, centering principally upon the doings of the morrow, which was to be our first day of shooting, we turned to for another snooze.

November twenty-third, our second day out, was not very promising. A heavy rain was falling and a nasty east wind blowing. The evening before we had decided to run into Jackson's Bay, which lay about twenty miles further north, for a day's shoot with the ducks and geese. It was eight o'clock by the time we left Shoal Bay. Breakfast over, the guns were looked after, waders, oilskins and sou-westers were donned and every preparation made for the bombardment of the flats at the head of Jackson's Bay. Those first to get into their hunting togs went on deck and plugged away at every duck which came within range and a lot that did not get within range. Max winged one duck which was passing over us and it had no sooner dropped in the water in our wake than a large white-headed eagle, which are very numerous in these parts, swooped down, picked up the crippled bird and flew off to the mountains.

We arrived at Jackson's Bay about ten forty-five and anchored well out towards the mouth. From the Beaver we could see hundreds of duck and all were anxious to get away. The canoes were launched and a quick start made. Arthur and Max formed partners while Herb and Frank decided to paddle together Bill, the engineer and myself had become rather chummy and took the other canoe. Howard and friend Ohlin took the boat and went ashore with the rifles for deer, but the underbrush was so dense they had to return to the Beaver.

The three canoes spread out and started for the head of the Bay. The ducks took to flight passing well over head as we worked towards them. We all managed to get some. With all hands aboard again about two-thirty the different bags were counted and it was found Bill and myself had made the record for the first shoot. Our luck for the remainder of the day was not up to expectations. Herb and Arthur, who had paddled about three miles around to another bay, ran into a flock of mallards which placed them in the lead for the best luck of the day. It was decided to remain another day here but this was a mistake as our bombardment of the first day had frightened most of the ducks from these grounds.

After lunch on the third day, upon Bill's recommendation, we decided to run to the head of Loughborough Inlet, which was about fifty miles further on. Bill assured us we would get plenty of geese and duck, and for our two big game hunters, Howard and Ohlin, plenty of bear. Owing to our late start and the dense blackness of the night we only got as far as Beaver Creek about twenty miles from our goal. Here we had some trouble getting good anchorage. A handlogger, an old timer on the coast, who lived here, came aboard and enlivened the evening's program. With Frank picking away on a mandolin and others in the party singing many a happy hour was passed. The music was interspersed with reminisences of other days. Among those related our skipper's were the most interesting. But our guest, the handlogger, James Hasam by name, who hails from Waterloo, Ontario, not very far distant from the home of "Rod and Gun," ran him a close second. Jim had just returned from his annual trip to Vancouver a few days before and had not fully recovered from the effects of his stay in civilization. After our physician had perscribed for him several times Jim broke out and I regret very much that space is too limited to give some of his experiences, for they certainly were both interesting and very amusing. Perhaps I may be able at some future time to give some of them in readable form. It was late when our guest had departed and we quickly rolled in our blankets and went to sleep.

Our fourth day out broke beautiful and

A GOOD BAG, BUT WHEN SHARED WITH RELATIVES AND FRIENDS, NOT MANY LEFT FOR THE HUNTERS.

clear and at sunrise we left Beaver Creek for the head of Loughborough Inlet. The sky was as clear and blue as ever it was and the sun shone brilliantly. Hemmed in as we were on all sides by high snow-capped peaks the scenery was sublime. It would be simply impossible to attempt to describe its beauties. Every reader knows of the grandeur of British Columbia's scenery but this inlet seemed on this occasion to be the grandest of the grand. We arrived at the head of the inlet about nine-fifteen and were soon matched for the day and a start made. Bill and I stuck together and lead the others on the way to a marsh at the extreme head where quite a large stream emptied into the inlet. Bill and I got out of the canoe and stationed ourselves in the long, marshy grass while the others paddled up the stream. Here is where we used the better judgement for the other boys scared up the game which flew down and right over us. I shot my first wild goose here. Bill also got one. The flight of geese was soon over and my partner and myself started back and went up a small bay which was passed on the way up the Beaver.

I never saw so many duck as we encountered here. It was a very open place to approach but a fine marsh to shoot from. As we drew near they rose by the hundred. After landing, the fun immediately commenced. With the boys shooting over the marsh we had just left, the birds flocked back to where we were and by long odds the record for the whole trip was made that morning. Had we had a dog our bag would have been almost doubled for both of us lost nearly as many as we picked up. It was not long before our ammunition ran out and back to the Beaver we went for more. Arriving there we found Art and Frank who had gone out together earlier, changing from wet to dry clothes. Frank had had a very narrow escape from being drowned. Both were accustomed to a canoe and put too much confidence in their ability to handle one. Frank to rest his cramped limbs was sitting on the thwarts with his legs outstretched in front when Art half turned around to shoot into a flock of ducks coming up behind them. The recoil of his gun was enough to precipitate Frank into the water and half fill the canoe before he could get his gun from his shoulder. The water rushed to his end and he had to make a quick shuffle to get amidships and prevent the canoe from

filling. They were a short distance up the river where they had gone in the morning and the current was very swift. Frank was handicapped with his gun, which he managed to hold tight, and also his heavy rubber boots, and by the time his partner had got his bearings, was out of reach. Arthur, however, managed to work the canoe down to him and while he paddled hard for shore the unlucky hunter hung on to the stern of the canoe. He was almost overcome when dragged out of the icy water.

After the boys had changed and all had something to eat the four of us went back to where Bill and yours truly had met with such excellent luck. We arrived before the evening flight and were well rewarded. Both canoes managed to get several geese and many duck. We again felt the want of good dogs as we lost numerous geese and duck. All returned to the Beaver after dark but good old Bill and myself were far ahead on the quantity of game bagged. Howard and his partner Ohlin, here, as at Jackson's Bay, went ashore for big game but returned reporting no luck. Much evidence of grizzly bear were found and some of the tracks were fresh that morning. Dog salmon were running in the river at the time and hundreds of them were strewn along the banks of the stream. It was upon these the bear were feeding.

Such good luck persuaded us to remain another day but again we were disappointed for as at Jackson's Bay the birds had been too badly frightened to return so soon.

Our second day at the head of Loughborough Inlet was also ideal. It was quite evident we were only losing time by putting in more than one day at any one place. Had we been less in number probably such a course would have been allright, but for seven or eight of us shooting it was too much. The bear hunters had made such good resolutions the night before, and did not venture in the bush. The sight of such large tracks the morning previous had a bad effect on them and the rest of the party gave them the laugh. Montey remained aboard while friend Ohlin joined our duck-shooting party.

With the close of our fifth day out and everybody aboard by seven p. m. we got underway to return as far as Nelson Island which lies within fifty miles of Vancouver. We had previously made up our minds to try Nelson Island for deer.

The tide being in our favor we made excellent time as far as Shoal Bay at which point we stopped up on our way north. Our skipper tied up at this place, again intending to navigate the Euclataw rapids with plenty of light. At daylight the start was made and with the last of the flood tide we ran the Euclataw again. With good light to see to navigate our second trip was not such a hair-raising experience. There was plenty of driftwood circling about in the swirling waters which was given a wide berth and the passage was made without mishap. I had the Captain promise to wake me early so I would be able to see for myself what a dangerous and exciting passage the Euclataw Rapids were and I can assure your readers it is a trip worth while.

Running under full power we arrived at Nelson Island at four that afternoon. We anchored close to a party of hunters from New Westminster, who reached the same place that day at noon, only four hours before us, and in that short time had shot four good sized bucks. This greatly encouraged us and several of the party took rifles and proceeded ashore. We were doomed to disappointment for not one of us got within good range of a deer.

We had to have some venison however and I was selected, as the only one having the most nerve to go and ask our New Westminster friends for some of theirs. They very generously responded by cutting off a hind quarter and presenting it to us. Venison steak we had for our evening meal and the remainder was used to make a good mulligan stew which lasted us till we reached home.

Saturday, our last day hunting, was not so successful as we expected. There were plenty of deer on the island but they had been hunted so much it was very hard to get within range. We managed however, to bring down three. Bill and I shared in the honors.

On both nights put in at Nelson Island, shooting could be heard in several direc-

tions. In fact we could see from the Beaver that pit light hunters were numerous. Uutil game wardens along the coast are furnished with fast launches it will be impossible to stop this unsportsmanly method of hunting.

Sunday morning late we started for home. As the weather was mild no homesickness affected any of our party. On the way we sighted several whales one of which came within easy reach of rifles. Five of us stood on deck and on one occasion when Mr. Whale appeared on the surface we pumped a lot of hot lead into him. With a mighty plunge, and lashing the water into white foam, he went down only to appear a few moments later crossing our bow a few yards ahead. He was evidently greatly enraged and whether or not he attempted to come at us we do not know. The Captain ordered us to shoot at no more whale which was quite unnecessary as we were all thoroughly convinced it was bad business. The whale would measure about seventy feet in length and had it come in contact with the Beaver I doubt very much if this story would have been related.

We reached home in good time Sunday night after being away exactly eight days and ended the first of what we propose making an annual event.

One of the illustrations shown herewith might suggest we were game hogs but by the time we had shared with friends and relatives at home there were not many left for any of us. We bagged in all one hundred and thirty seven duck, nine wild geese and three deer. The duck were principally mallard and butter-balls, the latter, though smaller, I believe were the better eating and were very plentiful.

Memories.

BY H. P. LEONARD.

My old muzzle loader's day is done,
My sight is no longer true,
While the young folks roam the wildwood,
I note all the changes new.
Where once I followed the elk and moose
From dawn until shades of night,
They've adopted another method
And claim that it is all right ;
They go togged in the latest fashion
With guns all inlaid with gold,
Start to hunt in an automobile
With chefs and supplies untold,
They sit on a pneumatic cushion,
While keepers drive up the game,
Then blaze away in volleys
At deer which are almost tame.
Not any of them could tell a moose track
From some cows, astray from home ;
They smoke cigarettes —not tobacco—
Would get lost if left alone.
It may be they are real hunters—
They are seen at each Sportsmen's Show ;
But if they are the real goods,
What was I ? That's what I want to know.

Exploring Northern Ontario.

BY JAMES DICKSON O. L. S.

BEING assured that former papers of mine relating to canoeing experiences and travels have been of interest to the readers of "Rod and Gun," and believing there are many who would like to know all they possibly can of the highways and byways of Northern Ontario I submit an account of another season's outing in that great northern territory.

Now that the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific is an assured fact in the near future it would be a misnomer to apply the term "hinterland" to the large northern section of the Province. The term "midland" will soon be much more appropriate. So far as Ontario is concerned almost every foot of the track has been located and mapped. At present large gangs of men are at work preparing the roadbed for those ribbons of steel which are to form a further connecting link between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway will be connected with the lines in a few months and I believe it is only a question of a few years before the rock-bound shores of James' Bay will re-echo to the whistle of the locomotive.

There are many residents of Ontario, still in the full vigor of manhood, who can recall the time when the building of the Grand Trunk Railway was looked upon by those, who were rightly regarded as by no means the least intelligent, as a visionary scheme.

Similar pessimistic views were entertained of all our early railway enterprises. The traffic of the great lakes was to be curtailed, that of the inland waters completely wiped out and horses, it was declared, would soon be a drug on the market. How different have been the results! Trade on nearly all our waterways has expanded just as rapidly as railway mileage has increased and the agriculturist has no safer investment today than the breeding of good horses.

It is now a quarter of a century ago that the east and the west were linked together by the Canadian Pacific Railway; and extensive and widespread as have been its ramifications it has never been able to keep pace with the growing needs of the country in the matter of transportation. The Canadian Northern has done something to assist in this work but both together have failed to keep abreast of the growing needs of the country. Ere the new transcontinental can be completed the expanding industries of the country will be calling for yet another one.

In crossing Ontario the new transcontinental will pass over many miles of barren country though not nearly so many as the Canadian Pacific had to do in its pioneer days. Even now from Chelmsford, a few miles west of Sudbury, to the western boundary of Ontario, the country, from an agricultural point of view, is only a forbidding wilderness. Notwithstanding the many rich ores that are being worked within the Province the mineral riches of Ontario are still an unknown quantity.

Along the watersheds, or what might not inaptly be called the backbone of Ontario, whence the numerous streams branch out like so many ribs, expanding into large rivers and wending their several ways north or south to the ocean, there are stretches of country known as the mineral belt extending westerly all across the Province. In the clefts and gullies of the frowning mountains lie those hidden riches, the possession of which the average man so keenly desires and for which he will undergo all sorts of peril and hardships.

Immediately north of the mineral belt is the great clay belt, the northern limit of which has not yet been defined. This great belt is being traversed longitudinally by the new transcontinental and transversly by the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, which starts from North Bay and will probably find its terminus on the shores of James Bay. The latter railway was the pioneer in opening up that part of New Ontario. The contractors for the line plunged right into the heart of an uninhabited wilderness in advance of all settlement and opened a

section of the country which but for the advent of the iron horse would have remained the home of Indians and wild animals for generations to come. The wisdom of the undertaking has been clearly demonstrated from the fact that it is already yielding a larger net revenue per mile than any other railway in Canada.

We were delayed at Metagami Siding on the Canadian Pacific Railway for four days awaiting the arrival of men and supplies. It was the twelfth of July ere with five men and three well laden canoes I was able to make a start up the Spanish River. From that date till the twenty-fifth we traversed a route described in a former article, and it is needless to inflict upon the reader a further description of the same country, contenting myself with relating a few incidents of the journey.

Just before making the first portage on the Lost Channel a massive head, surmounted by a huge pair of velvet coated antlers was observed moving around in the water. As soon as the keen and ever watchful eyes descried our party the owner of the horns headed for the shore, and we saw a noble moose stalk leisurely into the thick woods. That night we camped on the Dam Portage and at dusk had a good look at two more huge forms taking their evening stroll knee deep in the water—a scant two hundred yards from and in full view of our camp fire. Talk of moose being wild—pshaw !

Next day we had a passing glimpse of a red deer. He had sail set to catch the breeze and was hoofing it up a hill at a distance of some five or six hundred yards. Evidently he felt that to remain near us might not result in any advantage to himself; or perhaps he had some previous acquaintance with the long range rifle. We also saw a lynx but he disdained to be disturbed by the mere presence of men and sat quietly on a log watching us till a bend in the river hid him from sight.

At the head of the tortuous stream which forms the headwaters of this part of the Spanish River we found the carcass of a young cow moose. The body was stretched by the side of the water and there was not a scratch upon it except where the one bullet had entered. The moose had been a beautiful animal, fully sixteen hands high, and must have been brought down from a distance of thirty or fourty feet, falling dead in her tracks. The shooting could not have occurred more than a day or two before as the carcass was just beginning to taint the atmosphere. It was a case of wanton slaughter, and the miscreant who did the deed has no doubt boasted that he killed a moose. It is a pity he could not have been caught and made to suffer for the misdeed.

We succeeded in getting everything across the first Height of Land portage into Perch Lake and had our camp for Sunday pitched on a nice open spot in good time on Saturday afternoon.

Barely had we taken our goods away from the landing when a flotilla of large and deeply ladened canoes, freighted with supplies for the transcontinental railway, and in charge of Mr. S., arrived on the the scene. We had seen these canoes at the Siding preparing for loading up. They were manned by Indians and half breeds and once they got off had made a quick passage. They also camped over Sunday at the other end of the portage to the one we occupied.

For the next ten days the two parties travelled in company and we were glad of their society. They were all jovial, hard working fellows and gave my party, who were new to the business, some useful lessons in the mysteries of the tump line. We allowed them to take the lead and by following in their wake we were able, without incurring any dangers, to run some rather nasty rapids, the negotiations of which we might otherwise have found both irksome and difficult.

On the afternoon of the eighteenth the united party met at Fort Metagami and camped for the night. An impromptu ball between the voyagers and the maidens of the Post was soon arranged and kept up till the morning stars began to pale. Neither sex was robed in what certain circles would call ball room costumes. Dress coats or in fact coats of any cut, were conspicuous by their absence. Heavy booted and moccassined feet tripped the light fantastic in the small dimly lighted room to the music of a single violin. Lancers, quadrilles, strathspreys, and step dancing were all indulged in,

without a gesture or word to which the most prudish could take exception.

The preceding night had been a hard one for my party. We had run late, hoping to make a portage but failed to reach our goal and were compelled at dark to spread down our blankets on the river bank and seek repose without even erecting our tent. As one result of this the flies exacted a heavy toll.

I watched the proceedings at the dance for half an hour when I retired to my tent hoping for a good night's rest. This hope however proved illusive. I had barely turned in when the tormentors of the previous night discovered my presence, entered in countless hordes and made an all night of it !

If it ever again falls to my lot to pass a mid-summer night at Fort Metagami and there is a ball on the tapis—well those inveterate blood suckers will not again find me in my tent !

On the morning of the following Thursday, July eighteenth, our transcontinental friends left us at Sturgeon Falls. They forged ahead, while at noon the same day we arrived at the centre line of the township of Aubin, where our work of surveying commenced.

In order to reach some work that lay at a considerable distance inland from this point I found it necessary to take a flying camp along a line twelve miles east. What is a flying camp some readers may ask? Well, it simply means travelling as light as one can, leaving everything behind it is possible to do without, taking a few days' provisions and proceeding to some point from which a small outlying portion of work can be easily got at. In this way the ground can be got over with moderate speed and work accomplished which would otherwise be impossible.

In this case the trip occupied six days and on our return the whole camp was moved six miles further down the stream. Here we put in a few more days and finishing our survey at this point we dropped down to Yellow Falls, a beautiful cascade where the river has some thirty feet of a drop. On the way down we passed Loon Rapids, another fine cascade but not more than one third the height of Yellow Falls.

Behind a small island near the east shore, and only a few chains below the Loon, the portage to Driftwood River, seven miles distant, starts. As we knew we should have to cross this portage in the course of a few days we cached one canoe and the major portion of our supplies here.

After a few days at Yellow Falls we crossed Island Portage and shot a thirty chain rapid requiring quick eyes and steady hands to avert disaster when going down, and strong muscles, skilfully applied, for the return trip.

Twelve miles below Loon Rapids the Muskego River discharges into the Metagami from the west. We went up that stream, struggling with rapids and flood-wood for a day and a half and returned therefrom on Friday, the sixteenth of August, to a transcontinental cache on the Metagami River, half a mile above the mouth of the Muskego.

It was in the afternoon when we made the camp and as there had been a steady downpour of rain from eight o' clock in the morning, we were drenched, blankets and all. The gentlemen in charge of the cache kindly provided us with a dry tent and bedding, which enabled us to pass a comfortable night and feel none the worse for our experience next morning. The railway will span the river three quarters of a mile below the cache, where a short and shallow rapid with a flat rock bottom affords an admirable foundation for a bridge.

This points is one hundred and fifty miles from the fountain head of the Metagami and verging on two hundred miles north of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Next morning we pitched camp on the east bank of the river and remained there until the following Wednesday, returning to our cache at the Loon Rapids.

Here we found that some passing white man had left his trade mark by helping himself to a portion of our goods. I say white man advisedly as I have never known an Indian to steal from a cache. It is an unwritten law of the woods that when a traveller, who is short of provisions finds a well stocked cache he may help himself to sufficient food to serve him until he can make the next point where he expects to renew his larder. He should of course be careful to leave everything as neatly covered

as he found it, and place inside a note stating what he had done and giving his address.

In our case the fellow had not confined himself to necessaries and after rifling the cache he had not taken the trouble to replace the covering—proof positive that he was only a common thief.

It took us until the afternoon of Thursday of the following week to negotiate the seven miles into Driftwood river. In an average season the trail would be a good one. It had however been very little used for years and at the time of our visit was pretty well grown up. Moreover for three weeks it had been rain, rain, rain, every day and all day. We occupied one day in improving the trail but the conditions were against us and we did not leave it as we would have wished.

The Driftwood, so far as I saw it, and I first had to raft across it alone, some distance further south, is a stream of an average width of one hundred feet. It would be classed as a river in Old Ontario but in New Ontario, a country of large streams, it is only described on the maps as a creek. From the point where we struck it to the Abitibi River, some twenty five or thirty miles, it is a fine clear stream, and as it flowed through the centre of a portion of our work we had not to take the camp from its shores. The portages were few and easy.

It was the afternoon of Saturday, September the seventh, when we entered the Abitibi River. Although only ninety miles from the lake we found it a deep river, fully ten chains in width, and with a smooth swift flow. We ascended it for six miles to the Frederick House River. As our next field of work lay for thirty miles along this stream we camped over Sunday on a point about one mile above its mouth.

For a distance of twelve miles the Frederick House is a fine, wide, smooth stream, with only one short rapid, easily overcome. After that the trouble began. When we were there the stream, owing to recent heavy rains, was fully three feet above its normal level. The rapids are numerous and dangerous with only short stretches of smooth, swift water between them. Our work on that river consisted of alternations of paddling, poling, towing and portaging. The first two miles proved a hard half day's work for the whole party.

At each end the Frederick House is a lovely canoeing stream. If however any reader should have occasion to travel the ten or twelve miles of rapids which form the middle portion of the stream I would caution him not to forget the good old adage "one cannot whistle and chew meal at the same time." Gentlemen of my profession are for the present clear of the Frederick House as the land along its course is now all surveyed.

The "Bushkego," another large stream, enters the Frederick House from the west at one of the worst chutes. It, too, is said to be rather frolicsome for the last few miles of its course.

It was not until the nineteenth that we returned to the Abitibi, and that day we had dinner at the head of Kettle Falls, one mile above the mouth of the Frederick House. The drop in the river here is probably ten feet in as many chains. The portage is on the left bank and is short but there is rather a stiff pull round a rock to reach it.

The distance from this portage to the foot of the Long Sault is sixteen miles, and for three-fourths of that distance the current is so swift that to pull a canoe against it spells hard work. A few miles below the Sault we cross the boundary between Algoma and Nipissing and enter the latter district.

The length of the long Sault is variously estimated at from three to six miles. I put it at four miles and it took my party nearly one and a half days to overcome it. We found it one continuous rapid full of large boulders and rushing down between high banks. At the time I was there it was much more difficult to negotiate owing to the high water. We worked up the left shore as the portages, three in number, were all on that side. There were a few short spaces where headway could be made by the use of paddle alone. For the greater portion of the distance, however, it was either pulling up by the aid of projecting bushes, poling or towing with an occasional dip, waist deep, into the seething waters while passing the tow line around trees or bush as the wa-

ter was deep right into, and in some places even undermining, the banks.

From the head of the Long Sault there is a clear run of twenty-four miles to Buck Deer rapids with only one short riffle between. Thirteen miles above the Sault the transcontinental railway will cross the river. From here to the Metagami crossing the distance by the new railway is forty miles and is practically a tangent. Think of it ! In this wilderness which the people of Ontario only the other day believed consisted of nothing but rocks and bogs we are constructing a railway with a straight line of forty miles in one stretch. The heaviest grade is only six-tenths of an inch in one hundred feet and the land passes through heavily timbered first-class agricultural land. The right of way is already cleared here and ready for the grub hoe and shovel and this is the case for several miles on either side of the river.

I noted with interest and satisfaction the care that is being taken to preserve the forest from destruction by fire. The contractors are prohibited from falling any timber off the right of way. All must be fallen to it and consumed right there, not a charred brand being permitted to be hauled into the adjoining bush.

The junction between the Grand Trunk Pacific and Temiskaning and Northern Ontario Railway is to be five miles west of the Abitibi River.

For a full week we pitched our camp at the crossing, attending to business in that locality and then went up the Mistooga River, one of the Abitibi's wet nurses, which drains several townships east of that stream and into which it discharges two miles east of Black River.

The Mistooga would be a lovely stream on which to canoe if it would only cease retaining its flood wood, or at least do so in on or two places only. The log jams however are so numerous that the work of ascending the stream is both slow and difficult, and we failed to reach the point I had hoped to gain by several miles.

This completed my work in this section of the country and we headed for McDougall's Chutes which point we reached one hour after dark on Saturday, October the nineteenth. Here we cached our Peterborough and entrained next morning by the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario for Englehart.

From Englehart we drove to the foot of Wendigo Lake on the north branch of the Blanche River where we put in four more days. While travelling the lines here we encountered—as we had frequently done during the season—a good many traces of the "Prospector". How much hard labor, and in many cases hard earned cash, nearly all of them would have saved had they spent only a few weeks at some school of mineralogy. At such a school they would have been taught the fact that only certain rocks carry certain minerals and that although the rocks are very frequently found without the minerals, the minerals are never found without the rocks. "Men do not gather figs of thistles or grapes of thorns". This text holds good in many spheres. Wendigo Lake ended the season's outing and the party wended their ways to their respective homes.

It is still a difficult matter to convince the public that Ontario owns any arable land north of the Height of Land. The opinion is still pretty generally expressed that no matter what the quality of the soil the district is too far north for successful farming. I would call the attention of all such pessimists to the fact that the parallel of forty nine degrees is the south limit of Canada west of the Lake of the Woods, and what country under the sun has produced so much grain, acre for acre, during the past ten years as has our great North West. It has been my privilege to have seen nearly two millions of acres of the large area which Ontario has now divided into farm lots, and I have no hesitation in saying that fully sixty per cent of it is good arable land with sufficient valuable timber thereon to do more than pay for clearing.

In many portions of what is now called the garden of Ontario, not only had clearing to be done under great difficulties but also much heavy and costly work in ditching. The clearing of the heavy growth of timber in Old Ontario was accomplished at a time when the blazing log pile was almost the only means available for its disposal After this work was done large trunk ditches had to be made for drainage purposes

before the land could be brought into a state to yield its best.

In the northern section, although the country is comparatively level, Nature has been so lavish with streams of all sizes, and pure water is in such abundance that all the husbandman has to do to provide a perfect network of natural ditches, is to clear out the fallen timber with which they are choked up, and cut away the beaver dams.

It should never be forgotten, but should on the contrary be emphasised, that the northern boundary of the land now surveyed in Northern Ontario is *forty miles south of the City of Winnipeg.*

Wilson's Catch

BY CHARLES JENKINS.

SAM Wilson was notorious among his friends for being the most unlucky fisherman any of them had ever known. In fact, his persistent failure to land anything better than a crab or a puny, slothful chubb, became a byword with his chums. The finny brethren actually seemed to know that man's bait the minute it dropped in the water, and he'd sit there hour by hour, cursing his luck and irritably complaining about jonahs and the like, while the rest of us would make him sulkier still by occasionally adding to our strings and saying nothing.

Only once in his life, to my knowledge, did Wilson ever make a catch that was worth speaking of, and it is the purpose of this story to relate how this remarkable thing occured.

One summer, about five years ago, six of us, Wilson among the number, spent our holidays camping along the beautiful Maitland, about fourteen miles upstream from Goderich. We had our tent pitched about fifty feet from the edge of one of those grand and ever shifting caving-banks, which gird the river for miles and miles along its western side, rising sheer cliffs of yellow clay, seventy-five and one hundred feet high in places. At many points, the banks stretch almost perpendicular from the water's edge, and the view from such eminences is one of awe inspiring grandeur. Indian tradition informs us that the Maitland lost its way once in the long ago, and ever since has been eating its way back to its proper channel. In corroboration of this time-honored legend, the aborigines point to a deep ravine which runs parallel with the river some miles to the westward. Year by year, as the caving banks are undermined and swallowed by the stream, the Maitland draws closer to what the Indians allege was its original course.

Although the fish are so plentiful in that section of Wawanosh, that the farmers feed them to their hogs, Wilson's luck was, if anything, worse than ever. It was therefore with loud exclamations of surprise that we hailed him trudging into camp late one afternoon, loaded down with strings and strings of the finest river bass you ever laid eyes on. The man had enough bass there to feed the multitude without any miracles being worked.

"Where on earth did you get 'em all?" I asked, as we helped him unload. His face was beaming with triumph.

"Bet he bribed old Jimmy Smith to catch them for him," jibed in Jack Carson, who was always a little too previous with his sarcasm. Jimmy Smith was an old hermit, who lived alone in a hut on the banks some distance up, and eked out a lonely livelihood for himself and his surly curs by fishing and trapping.

Wilson's face fell in a sullen frown at Carson's hasty insinuation.

"Just for that, you'll never find out how I did catch them," he retorted, and he was as good as his word. No amount of coaxing or cajoling would induce him to tell how he landed the catch. Next day, a bush-fire broke out along the banks, and we beat a hasty retreat as far

as Donnybrook, where we spent what remained of our holiday at a temperance hotel—there was none of the other kind within twelve miles.

Shortly after our return to Toronto, Wilson left to accept a position in Toledo and it was over a year before I saw him again. Seated in my room, recalling old times, I suddenly nerved up to ask him how he caught those fish.

"Mac., old man, I don't mind in the least telling you," he began, "and seeing that writing is your business, it mightn't make a bad story to put in print some day. I would have told you all on the day that it happened, if it hadn't been for that Smart Alec., Carson, who was always butting in with his sarcasms.

"You will remember, it was about three o'clock that afternoon when I hit out alone with my rod and line," he continued, after we had re-lighted and were puffing merrily. "Well, it happened that some distance up-stream, I espied old Jimmy Smith, followed by his dogs, climbing up a zig-zag and perilous path on the face of the caving bank. His basket was full of wriggling bass.

"Aha,' thought I, 'so this is the spot where old Jimmy makes his famous catches? Well I'll just wait till that old bundle of rags and his hungry yelpers pass out of sight, and I'll try to change my infernal luck by taking over the seat he's been warming.'

"I thought I'd break my neck getting down that goat path Smith came up. More than once I slid for yards on my back, but each time managed to check myself by clutching the tufts, which here and there grew on the side of the cliff. Finally, more by luck than good management, I arrived at a sort of a landing place, at the base of some eighty feet of perpendicular clay. Just above this natural platform, the jagged edge of a huge rock jutted out from the smooth yellow wall. Four feet out in the stream, sat a big, round boulder, beneath which I could see the bass swarming in hundreds. It had turned out a little cloudy, and thunder was booming in the distance. Now, if ever, was my chance to make a catch that would make the rest of you fellows sit up and take notice. But I tell you honestly, Mac., it was the same old hoodoo—the blamed fish would brush right up against my bait, just as though they didn't know it was there, and never a bite.

"I was just about giving up in despair when I felt a rain of pebbles on my neck and back, which I could also hear singing into the water in front of me. I turned just in time to see that length of caving bank coming down at me like an avalanche. It didn't take me half a second to hug the jutting rock behind me as close as glue. I was never so thoroughly frightened in my life. I thought I would be buried alive, and my people would never be able to find my body. But it didn't last long. There were a few moments of darkness, while tons of rocks and gravel whizzed down all around me. When it was over, I had to pull myself out of debris up to my waist.

"My escape was miraculous, and if it hadn't been for that jutting rock, I wouldn't be here to tell the tale. But what was more, Mac., that cave-in gave me the first chance in my uneventful lifetime to catch fish, and catch 'em faster than I ever even saw them caught by others. As you will understand, the cave in spread at the jutting rock, beneath which I took shelter. Well the portions thus divided swung out into the stream, and encircled that boulder and its finny inhabitants, just as neatly as if it had been all planned before-hand. The little pool around that boulder was lousy with whopping bass, and they were sticking out of the mud all around it. It didn't take me long to scoop 'em up in dozens and string them on branches I cut from shrubs which had come down with the avalanche. I knew it wouldn't last long, as the dirt surrounding my captives would soon be washed away, and I worked like a madman. Egad, it did my heart good to get my hands on those plump, wriggling rascals, even if I didn't catch them in the regular way. I had more than I could carry away, and I had to throw a lot of them back in the stream. I will never forget the time I had climbing up that clay bank with that load on my back, but I was happy to think I had caught them all myself, so happy that I caught myself shouting out loud several times.

'That, Mac., is how I made the catch."

The Beagle for Sport.

BY R. CLAPHAM

SPORTSMEN who do not consider the chase of the humble cottontail as beneath them, usually employ one or more beagles to jump and run their game for them, and having once enjoyed the music of these diminutive hounds, as they hustle Brer Rabbit out of some swamp or thicket, become enthusiastic supporters of the breed.

In the pursuit of wood-hares, cottontail rabbits and foxes, beagles are extremely useful, and if they are bred for size and general conformation, most suited to the game they are to hunt, and the nature of the country over which they are expected to run, they will, if properly handled and trained, give a very good account of themselves.

On this side of the "big pond", beagles are as a rule mainly used to hunt to the gun, while in England they are used in pursuit of the hare, where they are expected to hunt and finally run into their quarry unassisted. Some few couples are kept on certain estates for the purpose of working rabbits in thick gorse and other dense coverts, but their main use is in the chase of the hare, as before mentioned, and a great sport it is to run behind a pack of the little fellows as they chime along over the grasslands or the moors. Unfortunately, in this country, the hare is a swamp loving animal, and when run by hounds she will stick religiously to cover, dodging here, there and everywhere in circle after circle, as the pack follow her trail. It is next to impossible to watch your hounds when running thus, in thick cover, and the chances of a kill are extremely remote, therefore the gun is brought into requisition in order to enact the final scene.

The same thing applies to the chase of the cottontail, only in his case, you can see your pack at work more or less, as rabbits frequent the open fields, brush piles and small patches of woods, and take to the open far more than their long eared cousins of the cedar swamps.

When in pursuit of bold Reynard you can, if mounted, follow your hounds and see sport, that is if you are using foxhounds, but the beagle has not pace and drive enough to account for a fox unaided, therefore the gun is a necessary adjunct to the chase. When I speak of the lack of pace and drive in the beagle, I do not mean to say that these little hounds are wanting in either respect, but to successfully hunt and run into a fox requires fast, powerful hounds, and though a pack of fifteen or sixteen inch beagles, under favourable conditions, *could* kill their fox, they are for this particular sport, more suitable to hunt to the gun. There is one particular sport however, in which small beagles can be used in this country, and that is in the pursuit of the weasle. I think I hear my readers remark "But good gracious, whatever sport is there in chasing a stinking weasle!" To all such, let me say that there is an immense amount of most excellent sport to be obtained when out with a pack on the trail of this blood thirsty little robber of the woods and fields. Whenever possible I like to see a pack of hounds do their own hunting and end the chase with a kill, unassisted by gun or rifle, for I consider the work of the hounds loses its very essence when the quarry ahead of them is bowled over by a charge of shot or a rifle ball.

I am not averse to shooting rabbits or fox ahead of a hound, if conditions are such that legitimate hunting is impossible, but if the hounds *can* do their own hunting and killing, so much the better, in my humble estimation. There are many men who keep one or two beagles, and perhaps find a scarcity of rabbits or hares in their immediate neighborhood, with which to find sport. To them I say, get your hounds accustomed to run the trail of a weasel and you will then have sport of the best. There is not a country district which cannot supply its quota of these blood thirsty little beasts, and besides ridding the district of vermin you will find lots of fun and excitement in the chase.

The proper season to hunt these little beasts is in the early spring and summer,

for then the male weasle travels far as do foxes in the breeding season and it is no uncommon occurrence to travel five or six miles during the course of the chase. For this sport, hounds of from nine to twelve inches in height are the most suitable, according to the character of the district over which they are expected to hunt, but it is not advisable to have them any larger than twelve inches.

There is no pack in England at the present time which hunt the weasle, but in Ireland there are two packs kept exclusively for this sport.

I should like to hear of some friend of the beagle taking it up on this side of the water, for I feel sure that many packs could be started and could show good sport, where now there is hardly a hound seen from one year's end to another. Besides giving pleasure to the actual owner of the hounds, the chase can be followed by others, and when you have a good "field" to join you, there is much keen rivalry in being able to run well up to the little pack as they dash along in full cry. I can thoroughly recommend it to those who feel that they are taking on undue averdupois, and I guarantee that if they will run hard behind such a pack they would soon get into a good healthy condition, and at the same time enjoy the very best of sport, and, if they love hounds, they will be treated to some exceedingly interesting phases of hound-work.

When getting together one or two beagles to hunt to the gun or as a pack to hunt hares or weasle, it is always the best to start from practical working strains. Never buy show dogs as a foundation upon which to lay future greatness in the field, unless you have positively seen with your own eyes that the hounds you buy are staunch workers, and havs something besides show-bench looks to recommend them.

Get your hounds as much like miniature fox hounds as possible, with straight legs, good shoulders, and round feet, not to mention being well ribbed up, then you will have something solid upon which to commence breeding operations.

Many of the show-bench type of beagles are simply muzzled brutes, with more ears and bulging eyes than anything else, and though their pedigrees are long and of much supposed worth to their owners, the hounds themselves are only fitted to be led about on a string by some ignoramus who doesn't know what real hunting means.

Always, when breeding any kind of a dog for sport, choose parents which are all that can be desired in their work, then when you have got together a pack of thorough good hunters, you can begin to improve their looks and general conformation as time goes on.

It is nice of course to be able to win on the bench with a hound which is A.I. in the field, but in nine cases out of ten the award goes to some specially prepared and faked up beast that is kept solely as a means to connect with prize ribbons and silver medals, and unless it happens to be at a hound show, pure and simple, it is not much good to think of show-bench victories, so long as you can get lots of good sport afield.

Hounds, and especially foxhounds, have been far less contaminated by the "tar brush" of the show-ring, than have other breeds, and let us hope it will be a long time e'er they will begin to "go back" as have the fox terriers and setters, which were once bred for work and not to collect prize money and ribbons as they do at the present day.

Height will have a good deal to do with the success of your pack, and you must use your own judgemeut in the matter.

A small beagle will hunt well over comparatively open country or when the underbush is not too thick and heavy, but in swamps and bad places where logs and other obstacles have to be surmounted, a larger stamp of hound is necessary.

This applies equally well to hunting on snow, and especially in cover. I have seen small hounds, in fairly deep snow become played out in a very short time, while longer legged and larger hounds have worked steadily all day. Deep snow is very trying for a small hound, and if you happen to live where much snow falls, hounds from fifteen to sixteen inches or even bigger, are the most useful, and especially if you intend to use them for trailing fox. One drawback to the use of a beagle for hunting fox to the gun, is that they have hardly enough tongue to enable you to hear

them from a distance, and a slow trailing foxhound, giving good tongue, is really more useful as an all round fox hunter.

Beagles are plenty fast enough for my sport when the gun happens to play a part, and they do not take up so much room for necessary kennels, nor do they eat so much as would foxhounds or harriers, therefore to the man who is not overly well blessed with this world's goods, the last two items are a consideration.

All sporting dogs should be allowed as much exercise as possible, so as to keep them in something like condition all the year round, and if they are to work hard during the rabbit season or at any other time, they should be given plenty of road work as this tends to harden their feet, and will at the same time, help them to put on a tremendous amount of muscle.

It is a most necessary thing to get your hound's feet well seasoned and thoroughly hard previous to regular hunting season, for nothing plays a dog out sooner than having to hunt when his feet are soft and sore.

Many people do not pay half enough attention to the feeding of their hounds, and usually give too much soft food and also at the wrong times. Never feed your hounds on the same morning that you intend to hunt them, for if you do, the food will remain in their stomachs entirely undigested until their return to kennel, and it will help to seriously impair their running and staying powers. Feed late in the afternoon or evening previous to the day of hunting, and then give a good square meal to your hounds immediately on your return from the hunt before you see to your own supper and change of clothes. If hounds are fed directly they get home, and before they get stiff and sleepy they will enjoy their meal, aud will then curl up in the straw and settle down for the night.

Keep your kennels dry, and have them so that they will get as much sun as possible, then you will not be troubled with kennel lameness, which is in reality nothing more or less that rheumatism, brought on by damp rising from the kennel floor. If properly trained, fed, and looked after, the merry little beagles will prove to be boon hunting companions, and whether you carry a gun or only a hunting horn they will give you the greatest pleasure and sport imaginable, when in pursuit of the long-legged hare, the white tailed rabbit or Brer Fox, that cunning robber of the hen roost.

Dog Notes

BY MAX PRESTON.

ONE prefers the real thing to the make-believe and the real sportsman naturally prefers a real dog to a show dog; a dog that can do things as well as look pretty and sing in the chorus at the dog show.

Mr. R. Clapham's article in February Rod and Gun is the kind of dog stuff that is worth while—not mere dope but lemonade with a stick in it and no sugar, and should appeal to those who are interested in useful rather than "pretty" dogs.

I will confess I did own one pretty dog once but she never ki-yied from a crate on the benoh and I think her beauty was partly accidental. It was surely but incidental in my estimate of her worth, for she was the grand-pup of such blood as Meteor III, and Spotted Boy, many times field winners, and her work in finding live birds and retrieving difficult cripples, where other cracker-jacks had failed, was sharp and clean cut.

I have nothing to say for or against bench shows because it is unfamiliar ground to me, my entire experience having been among the "working classes"

of dogs. And I might add without offence to anyone but the shirk (for whom none of us cares anyway) that the working classes of men in the field are kings compared to those who strike the attitude while their fellows hit the trail and do the work.

The real man's love for the good dog is only equalled by his contempt for a poor one of the nuisance class, and the barking, snapping, get-in-the-way sort of untaught, meaningless terrier and cur one sees from morning till night sometimes gets on the nerves of even the big hearty "100 point" man, the patient, long suffering devil who always attends to his own affairs. But he simply thinks to himself

"I'd teach that dog some manners and to be of some use if he were mine. He'd learn to come if I called him and come quickly. He'd not put his dirty paws on every stranger and he'd have to behave outside as well as in-doors—alas how few know how to behave even in-doors—and when I thought I'd had about enough a mildly spoken good-bye would send him to his own quarters. How easy it would be to make a decent companion out of that worthless offensive brute, etc. etc."

A dog's feet are extremely sensitive and if you take pains a few times to step on his hind feet, not too gently, every time he tries to wipe his paws on you it will not take him long to learn to a nicety just how near you wish him to be to you.

The useful and the useless dog, however, seem both to be necessary parties to dog politics because both sorts are evidently here to stay. And where indeed may one draw the line? One man's dog may be better than another's but you can't make the other fellow believe it, trial or no trial, fight or no fight.

Speaking of fights here's the way one began and ended in a village near Montreal.

" Ba gud! A got bes' dog hin dees countree—hin dees 'ole provance. A got bes' dog, me, in de worl' " said Pierre.

"O's got dat bes' dog hin dees contree? Aint no wan got fan dog lak me. Ma Nero, she's fanes' dog you nevair go no w'are t' see. Ba gar! nevair wan dog lak heem, ma Nero, han be longue tam 'fore der's noder lak dat dog," said Napoleon. "A show you!" said Pierre.

"Han A show you!" said Napoleon.

After Pierre had been duly "shown" and had cried "enough", Napoleon asked;

"Now, o's bes' man"? and Pierre replied;

"You's bes' man, mais A got bes' dog."

And so it goes.

Here are two good dogs and they belong to the other fellow too, so be good.

Memorandum (1).

(a) Pup, sixteen months old. First season on deer. Stuck to his quarry over and over again until it was downed, (5) or too far past the line (1) for hope. Modestly but insistently claimed credit for his work. Knew enough to return to camp when his work was done, and he always knew when it was done.

(b) Old dog, ten years, ninth season. Followed his chase to the bitter end—literally so in one case for he went into the ice water of the lake, ice one-quarter inch thick, twenty feet behind wounded (paunched) deer, was shot through the ear and cheek by a careless hunter, but kept after his game till a better shot from shore went through the deer's head. Then the old veteran shook his own sore head, swam back to land and insisted on joining in the chase each of the four remaining days of the season. One night swam across a mile of ice cold lake water to get to camp. He, too, knew enough to come home when his work was finished.

Memorandum (2).

Teach your dog to be of use, at least not a nuisance to strangers—your friends will forgive you and they may forgive the dog.

Round about the two thousand mark seems to be the number of dogs that one may expect to see benched in Madison Square Gardens. This year the final number found in the catalogues was 1940. There is little change and few innovations from one year to another, and Superintendent Mortimer retains the dignity due this great show by insisting on absolute discipline. A special feature is its scrupulous cleanliness from the moment the show opens till the doors close the last night.

Canoe and Pack-Strap.

BY A. J. ALGATE

PART 11

BEAVER creeks are not built for navigation—fact is, the sole ambition of these engineers is to obstruct. We had left the main channel at every opportunity to explore the outworks of these sagacious, industrious workmen, and always returned well paid for our labors.

Much had been said, but little is known of the beaver, and the present is scarcely opportune for this study. To explore one of the many streams reserved by these animals for the irrigation of their meadows—to examine a dam (that most intricate conglomeration of grass, sticks and mud)—or to observe the method and fore-thought in their labors, deeply impresses one with the sagacity and shrewdness of these little brown habitants of the water. The permanency of their masonry is well-known, it is a marvel how their dams will withstand for years the running water which must find an outlet, and which trickles away without any apparent effect upon their structures. The river banks bore many signs of their night activities, and at one point in particular the shrewdness and fore-thought called forth exclamations of wonder and admiration. It was in a clump of alders to which our attention was first drawn by a large section of hemlock bark securely held between the gnawed stumps. The bank sloped sharply and on the water side all the cuttings but one had been made at the usual height, eight or ten inches. This odd one had been gnawed almost through leaving a deep notch and had then been chewed clean off about two inches higher up. In the notch and supported by stumps at either end rested the piece of bark—and then on the shore side and higher up the bank the operations had been completed and the remaining branches dropped to the water's edge. Apparently our beaver friend had found it difficult to complete his work on the steep bank and had improvised this rough platform to simplify matters. In the water below lay two or three of the large cuttings, stripped of their buds and anchored in shore, presumably to be taken down stream next night.

"BEAVER CREEKS ARE NOT FOR NAVIGATION."

Wet, unpleasant weather kept us in camp all day, but we made an early start on the following morning and were rewarded by many delightful glimpses of sleek red deer as they came down to drink. One magnificent buck had just reached the water as we rounded a point. Immediately we held the paddles and changed to a silent feather stroke, but his sharp ear was favoured by an up stream breeze. There he stood as a statue carved in bronze, forefeet in the oozy river mud, head erect with towering antlers, alert and straining every sense to name the strange object so noiselessly drifting toward him. For a full minute

he seemed uncertain—then with sudden alarm he cleared the bank at a single bound and sped away with white brush challenging pursuit, and marking the runway along the bank of a small stream. One must needs travel with eyes ahead to get such glimpses of wild nature, but they are not uncommon, and with a favourable wind one may even succeed in getting within camera range.

There was the usual complement of falls and rapid to break the monotony of our morning's work and by noon we were in open water on Tea Lake. Headquarters were to be visited on the down trip, so we hit the 'snigh' through the submerged bush which leads up through Bonito Lake and made good time into Canoe Lake. For the first time since leaving our driver on the shores of the Octongue, we were reminded of civilization and the busy world outside by the rasping shriek of a locomotive across the silent waters. At the head of Canoe Lake is the Station, chosen by many as the starting point for the upper lakes of Algonquin Park. Its shores do not afford many good camp spots, and then too its towering sawdust burner and disused mill scars it with commercialism. We succeeded in locating a very suitable spot after some little search and were snug in camp by early afternoon. A hearty meal aud then time was taken to write up the diary.

It was now Tuesday and each day's argument with rapid and portage had been whetting appetites with an edge no longer to be satisfied by light foods. We prepared for a hearty 'lay-out' by constructing a rough fire-place of stones, crescent-shaped, about two feet in height, with two flat stones on the bottom. Such a fire place must always be constructed having regard to the wind, but when completed it will aid materially in getting the most from the camp fire. The bill was soup (Lazenby's squares, which we always carry) with 'noodles,' then pork and b'quasikin (our Indian bread,) rice, more b'quasikin and syrup, thewhole washed down with copious draughts of XXX brew black tea. Plain food, but lots of it and just the stuff to work on. Some day, perhaps, if some interested reader desires it, we may exchange views on camp culinary stunts when I shall have a chance to explain our way of sustaining life in the woods.

IN THE NOTCH RESTED THE BARK.

Canoe Lake is long and narrow, and with a northerly blow can get up a sizable sea on short notice. 'Twas a brisk north breeze that fanned the morning blaze as we administered to the inner man after a good night's rest of balsam boughs, and once headed for Joe Lake we found it necessary to calculate each dip of the paddles. Canoe Lake has also two channels at the northerly end, one leads up over the portage, the other ends in a serpentine beaver creek. We chose the latter, and after patiently following

A ROUGH FIRE PLACE OF STONES.

its many turns and bends, drew up to another formidable dam. Here we discovered there was still something to learn of these little workmen. This dam, was placed in a sharp bend of the stream—thus the bank received the full shock of spring freshets. The creek was perhaps twenty-five feet wide at this point, and the dam gave an increased depth up stream of fully thirty inches. There was a tremendous weight of water backed up by this obstruction, and the strain on the central portion would be most severe. A sturdy tree trunk placed in mid-stream below the dam and embedded in the muddy bottom with head up stream, served as a central girder for the masonry and effectually reinforced the weak point. The trunk measured twenty-three inches in circumference and was so placed that any increased strain at this point would drive its nose more firmly into the river bed.

We threaded our way down stream again and pushed forward to the portage, which is practically a dis-used lumber trail. A short paddle took us across Joe Lake, and at its farther end we remarked the abundance of marsh grass which was badly trodden.

The explanaaton was easy when we rounded the first bend and just caught the flying brush of a red deer. This was a feeding ground.

Above Joe Lake the stream is shallow and and in midsummer the travelling is slow, while the beaver dams and meadows are additional obstacles to the progress of the important canoeist. At Five Foot Falls, there is an inviting spot for a snack right on the portage, and the restful shade is most welcome after a morning's steady paddling in the hot sun. Here is a spot delightful to the eye and well worth preserving.

A short paddle and some wading brings us to the portage in Baby Joe Lake. On the left bank, and at its head is the Height of Land. The portage from Little Joe into Island Lake is but two hundred yards, but either going or coming, the "put in" presents a most pleas-

PLACED IN A SHARP BEND WITH A CENTRAL SUPPORT TWENTY-THREE INCHES IN CIRCUMFERENCE.

FIVE FOOT FALLS IS A SPOT DELIGHTFUL TO THE EYE

ing picture.

On Little Joe side let us climb into the cedars and look back over the placid waters as they start out on their long journey to Georgian Bay. In the immediate foreground is a pretty expanse of waterscape, bordered by towering pine or nodding alder, broken only by a distant island, and stretching away towards the river and the portage, its shores converge to hurry the water over a rocky bed on its joyous way.

On Island Lake, the panorama almost beggars description — its many islands and blue hills in the distance present a scene long to be remembered. One passes into the lake from a small pond through gateways of granite, and before you reposes rugged shores, heavily wooded with the symmetrical spruce and towering birch — the limpid water reflecting on its burning surface astray fleecy cloud, and in the distance the waters blend with the hills softly green at first and then fading into the blue haze beyond. Island Lake is a favorite camp ground and many delightful spots are available. The fishing too is good, and if one seeks adventure, a morning's tramp in the virgin woods will reveal much of interest.

Our camp here is down the lake towards Otter Slide portage, and here a storm delayed us all day.

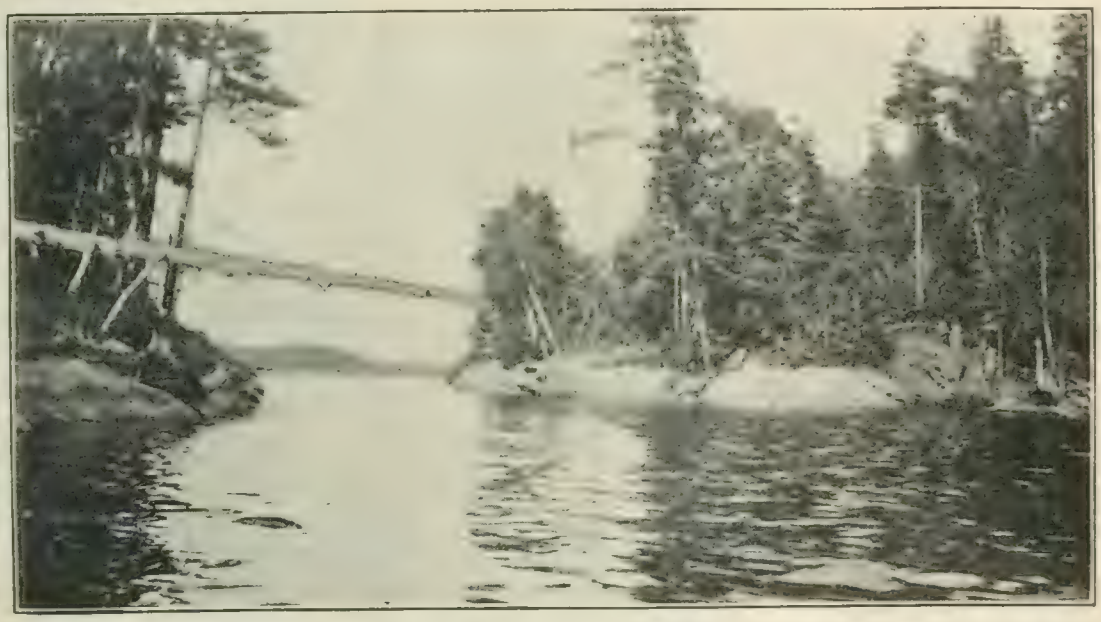
The storm had blown itself out during the second night and though the waters still romped joyously we started with a clear sky overhead. Across the restless waters could be seen a sandy beach glistening in the morning sun and marking the portage but as we came from the shelter of a friendly island the impossibility of holding our course was made evident. Heading up into the threatening waves, we gradually worked in under the lee shore and made our haven with little more than a liberal shower of spray. The trail into Little Otter Slide is misleading. About fifty paces in shore it diverged to the right through the trees from a broad

"CLIMB INTO THE CEDARS AND LOOK BACK OVER THE PLACID WATERS."

lumber road, coming out at the end of three quarters of a mile of twisting and turnlng upon a veritable gem, set with hemlock and spruce in wild profusion down to the water's brink. Little Otter slide has many bays and inlets making it advisable to hug the left shore as the snigh into Big Otter slide is scarcely discernable at fifty yards.

By noon we were snug in camp for the week end. The spot commanded a view down the lake and overlooked the channel through which we had just come. It is a most favoured spot, singularly free from flies and mosquitoes, with an outlook worth a hard day's travel to see. To the left the waters stretch away into bays and inlets—dotted with pine clad islands, and away above the distant shores, the hills lose themselves in the blue haze. To the right the shore line is marked with a symeterical growth of spruce — with scattered gnarled pines to lend variety. Immediately opposite is a stately cliff, rising abruptly from the water to a height of almost four hundred feet. But the lumberman has been here for a season, and as we go back to the other side of the ridge, the eye is greeted with one, two, three—a half dozen ugly scars in as many hundred yards, making the landscape hideous and marring for a generation the beauties ot this spot. The sight before us seemed strangely incongruous with the spirit which had actuated our legislators to set aside this magnificent extent of wilderness as a preserve. As we rested on our paddles and viewed this ruthless destruction, one wondered that such disregard for the natural beauties of the spot should be countenanced. If it be true that the lumbermen still hold cutting rights over any portion of this wooded paradise, let them be called off forever and this breathing space preserved to the generations yet to come. Hugging the shore, we pushed around the next point to come full upon the putrid carcass of a female deer bloated and lying in the shallows with apparently only a haunch removed—a sight sickening to the senses of any clean sportsman.

Most of the afternoon was spent in making things comfortable for Sunday, followed by a general wash-up of sundry articles. These were "well soaped" and anchored beneath a boulder to soak. We went out to seek our evening meal with the troll and on our return, a fleck of white inshore was the first sign to warn us of our drifting wardrobe,—the rock had been displaced by the waves. After the round up, it was found that a much needed sock was missing, and Tookey declared with conviction that it had fallen prey to some hungry denizen of the deep—for it had been in service a full week.



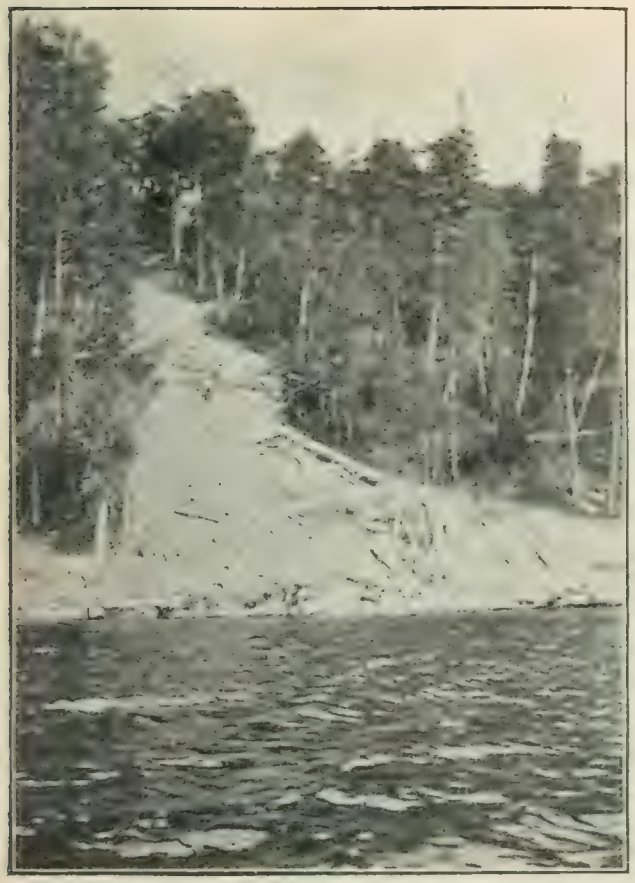
"INTO ISLAND LAKE THROUGH A GATEWAY OF GRANITE."

Sunday was a day of quiet and comfort, and as the night drew on, the stars preached to us their silent sermon, made the more impressive and inspiring by a brilliant display of the aurora borealis. For a time they stretched in a bow of light completely across the heavens, then palpitating as though loath to part, they separated into clusters to be eventually dispersed by the rising moon. The

night logs were piled high, and while their ruddy glow still lingered on the canvass, we slipped into the land of dreams, upon our springy bed of spruce and balsam, with our heads pillowed on cedar cuttings.

At precisely six o'clock, next morning, we were heading for the narrows with a heavy sky and the waters rolling restlessly. We had determined to make headquarters on Cache Lake by night, and were exerting every muscle to that end. Our route lay across Otter Slides and thence via Island the three Joes, Canoe, Tea, Smoke, Kootchie, Little Island, White and Cache Lakes; and we had figured twelve hours for its accomplishment. Approximately twenty-five miles embracing twenty-two lakes and streams, and ten portages varying from three-quarters of a mile to two less than one hundred yards. We were across Otter Slide portage (three quarters of a mile) by seven-five and at a merry clip of forty strokes per minute, headed off down Island Lake with a cool, favouring breeze. Dinner was served at twelve thirty at our old camp on Canoe Lake, and here we found it necessary to bake bread before pushing on. It was two-fifteen before we were ready, and scarcely had we started before the storm, which had been lurking in the distance all morning, broke upon us. It was wet going, but as Tookey remarked, we could get no wetter, so we pushed on, while the great drops plopped upon the surface of the water like a shower of huge beans going into the camp pot. As we drew into Smoke portage (three-quarters of a mile) the welcome sun broke thro for a brief spell, but the trail was greasy and the going hard. We were on schedule time and anxious to make our goal, which we would have surely done but for a truant axe. Tookey had romped off across the trail with pack, depleted grub sack, and tins, piled high, leaving me to toddle behind with the canoe. We pushed out upon Kootchie Lake (a mere pond in a basin of granite) at four-forty and were well down Little Island Lake before we missed the axe. We reluctantly headed back for the portage. The bow scarcely scraped the shore before I hit the trail only to be disappointed, for I then recalled having lifted the axe from Tookey's pack to sink it into a stump for safety. That stump lay across the pond at the Smoke portage— in full view about three hundred yards across the water, and on an impulse I proceeded to skirt the shore. Better had I returned for the canoe, for I had not gone many yards before the trouble began. Man is a stubborn creature, and like most others, after once starting I was unwilling to retrace my steps. In the city, wonder is not infrequently expressed at those who delight to break away from conventionalities and "work" for their vacation, but kindred spirits can appreciate the zest and satisfaction to be derived by overcoming, unaided and with one's own hands, the obstacles of nature. Only those who traverse the silent places know the joy of breaking a new trail where man perhaps has never before trod— or of blazing the path into some hidden and unknown spring, bubbling clear and refreshing amidst the rocks and boulders. These are the men who return to their desks ready and keen to grapple with the big things of life— men who once on the trail, whether of

ON OTTER SLIDE PORTAGE



A HALF DOZEN UGLY SCENES IN AS MANY YARDS.

business or pleasure, stay there until they have broken their way thro all obstacles to success. But to return,—here was a task, a steep, rocky incline jealously guarded by fallen trunks and matted undergrowth and covered with rough boulders gaping to engage a careless foot and send one headlong through the entanglement of bush, brush and boulder. At last the coveted prize is within my grasp and starting back, I resolved to hug the shore in the hope of easier going. It did prove better, but scarcely had I reached the trail again, before the tree tops creaked under another onslaught of the elements and the storm broke once more with renewed fury. Preferring open water to the crowded bush, we pushed out into the bubbling tide. Fifty-eight minutes had been lost in securing the axe, and we were compelled to make camp in the rain on Little Island Lake, only to find next day that we were within forty-five minutes of our goal.

As the evening drew in, the heavy moisture-laden atmosphere chilled rapidly. We were wet, tired and depressed, but a hasty change into dry flannels with the activity of getting a fire going and the prospects of a piping brew of tea and soup, soon restored our spirits. Fortune had favoured us in the selection of our camp,— we were able to clear the wet sprigs and leaves of a previous "lay-out", which left the ground beneath comparatively dry. With canvas up, we enjoyed a well-earned meal and tho Tookey dozed repeatedly over its preparation, we were each able to care for our full share.

The trees were still dripping, when we awoke next morning, the sky was heavy and a thick Scotch mist nestled down upon the waters. With each gust of wind came a shower of drops from overhead but before noon this same breeze had lifted the fog and we were able to start for headquarters, in the early afternoon. Five minutes paddle brought us to the portage into Beaver Pond—then a 75 yard lift into White Lake followed by an easy paddle via the Madawaska and Cache Lake to headquarters— less than fifty minutes. As we rounded the point into the pretty bay, where jovial Superin-

OTTER SLIDE CAMP

tendant Bartlett reigns supreme— it was a welcome sight to see the trim white structures and the good old Union Jack streaming in the breeze. We spent a pleasant half hour with the Superintendent,— a man cordial in all hi-ways and well fitted for his post. With unfeigned pride he spoke of this wonderful preserve, a territory of 1,235,200 acres of forest, lake and stream,— stocked with game and fish and protected by fair rules and regulations to which no loyal sportsmen or true lover of nature can take exception. We left with regret and were soon back in camp. Our trip was now practically completed, and next morning we headed back over the waters and trails travelled two days previously under such trying conditions. The sun was now doing his best to compensate for the past and held fair for the two days necessary for our river travel. It was late afternoon when we reached Octongue Lake, where we camped.

ENJOYING A WELL EARNED MEAL.

Next morning, we made an early start over the rough portage road, spent a day in Dwight and reached Huntsville for the week end,— bronzed and enthusiastic. It had been a trip worth twice the effort and thrice the inconveniences, but it is not for weaklings or effeminates. Jay P. plans to do greater things this year and is now busy laying out routes; Jeff, poor Jeff, shudders to think how those wet clammy shirts must have clung to us all day and fears he'd lose sleep without a pillow. He has decided to try Atlantic City this season, for his fashionable fiancee has planned her summer among friends there. Tookey and myself are confidently expecting the old recurrent fever as the spring buds begin to burst, but are taking no precautions against it, and will, no doubt have something more to relate of summer ramblings and roughings for another winter night.

A long exploration trip, rivalling that of Messrs. Tyrrell, recorded elsewhere in these pages, was completed on March seventeenth when Sergeant Inspector Pelletier reached Gimli, Man., after a northern trip in the course of which it was reported that he and his party had perished. The Sergeant Inspector and his companion went from Edmonton to Great Slave Lake, thence to Fort Churchill by way of Cape Fullertown, down the Nelson River to Norway House, and across Lake Winnipeg to Gimli. The journey occupied between eight and nine months.

The story that Canadians have to pay duty on their own fish, though often treated as an exaggeration, was repeated before the Fisheries Committee of the Dominion House on March twenty-ninth, by Professor Prince. He stated that the fisheries in the Georgian Bay are in the hands of the American fishing combine. Some of the fish after being taken out are brought back to Canada and double freight and duty paid upon it before the Canadian consumer has a look in. No wonder fish —a most excellent article of diet—is dear in Canada.

The Late President of the Peterborough Canoe Co.

Early in the month of March death came with marked suddenness to Lieut.-Col. J. Z. Rogers, the President of the Peterborough Canoe Co., at his home at Peterborough, Ont. The late Col. Rogers died in harness, having attended to business matters on the day of his death. It was ten o'clock in the evening, when resting at home, that he was seized with heart trouble, and surrounded by his family, died within the hour.

THE LATE COL. J. Z ROGERS,
PRESIDENT OF THE PETERBOROUGH CANOE COMPANY

Col. Rogers was for many years before his death, one of the foremost citizens of Peterborough and was held in the highest respect by all. He was born in the township of Otonabee on August, 3rd. 1842, and passed the greater part of his life at Ashburnham, all in the County of Peterborough, of which he was a life long resident. His father, who was one of the early settlers of Otonabee was an enterprising man and had a saw mill, a flour mill and a store, the late Col. clerking in the store and managing the lumber business for several years.

More than thirty years ago Col. Rogers began to build canoes from a model of his own, and had a factory at Ashburnham, the business being conducted as the Ontario Canoe Co. Five years later the plant was destroyed by fire. The business was then too valuable to be allowed to drop and was removed to the city of Peterborough and reorganized under the name of the Peterborough Canoe Company, the Col. being appointed the Manager, a position he held until his death.

Commencing as a private in his father's company he was advanced step by step until he reached the command of the 57th Regiment, a position he held for sixteen years. He saw active service in 1866 and went to the front again in 1867.

In civic and church work the Col. also took his share and his death was thus a distinct loss to the city and neighborhood in many ways.

It was however in connection with his work as a canoe designer and builder that his name will long remain prominent in the story of Canadian development. "Peterboroughs" have done good service all over Canada. Explorers, sportsmen, pioneers have all been indebted to Peterborough canoes for success in their undertakings. When

the birch bark of the Indians had seen its best days the Peterborough was found far more effective, rivalling it in its lightness and proving far superior in reliability and durability. To no small extent has the Peterborough assisted in the developement of Canada and to the man behind the canoe no small meed of praise should be given for a share in the great work that has gone forward so rapidly in the three decades covering the history of the Company. All through this time of expansion the late Col. Rogers saw that the Company of which he was the head kept well to the front. Their canoes were shipped not only to all parts of Canada, but practically throughout the world.

In later developements the same spirit of enterprise was manifested. With the advent of motor power conditions changed, and the Peterborough Canoe Company, while still making the canoes on which their name and fame were founded, also adapted their organization to the changing circumstances of the times and power craft of all kinds, from a stately launch to a motor canoe, has received the same care from them as have the first canoes turned out so long ago by the late Col. Rogers in his first essays in manufacturing.

A True Bear Story.

BY H. E. HOLCOMBE.

IT was in the year 1905 that I secured my first bear. For years I had heard and read a great deal about bear hunting and had a pretty shrewd idea of the dangers attending such expeditions.

When arrangements were being made by friends to organize such a hunt in the township of Wells in the District of Algoma, Ont., in the year mentioned, I gladly joined the party though not without some inward trepidation as to the possible results. Everything we could think of having been satisfactorily settled we set off on September 25th for the hunting ground. The place selected was eighteen miles from where we lived, but we started so early and made fairly good time considering the roads, or want of them, that we were on the spot early in the afternoon.

A camp site was selected beside a little stream and our supply of fresh water thus secured. Sam erected the tent while Joe looked after preparing a place where the horses might pass the night.

Just before arriving in camp we had seen the prints of Mr. Bruin in the sand and though our inward emotions were roused we did not talk over our plans for his capture. Seeing my companions so busily and usefully engaged I took my 44-40, filled my belt with cartridges and strolled down an old log road in search of adventures.

Before I had gone far I noticed a place where Bruin had been sharpening his claws on a sapling. To know that I was actually on the track of a bear was highly encouraging though it made me cautious, and I went forward slowly (as it is wise to do on any hunting expedition.) Very soon I noticed a place in the tall grass where evidently Bruin had been sleeping, and I moderated my pace till it became still slower. A few minutes more brought me to a place where logs had been pulled across the road and there were clear signs that I was coming near the animal I already considered my prize.

By this time I had left the camp a couple of miles behind and thought it wise, as the shades of evening were begining to fall, not to go much further. Accordingly I sat down on an old log, which had fallen by the side of the road and gazed at the forest and the rocky hills that rose around me on every side. I almost feared to breathe, or make the least noise, lest I should see or frighten Bruin. As I sat there I smelt the odor of the bear, which is very strong at this season of the year and knew that he must be very near. As the wind was blowing

from the east I knew that he must be in that direction. I sat very quiet using my eyes for all they were worth, trying to see if anything moved in the east. Before long I could see the tall grass parting but could not ascertain the cause. By the time this parting came within fifty yards of me I thought I had better see what was up. Very quietly and slowly I rose and saw the nose of Mr. Bruin parting the grass as he came along. Apparently he had not observed me and kept straight on his course. I drew my rifle to position and let fly, striking him on the back between the shoulders. While emitting unearthly roars of pain he rose on his hind legs to see what was up. While in this position I gave him another bullet, which pierced his left lung. At this he got down and continued his course as though nothing had happened.

I cannot find expressions for my feelings and I am sure no one can appreciate them. I had no previous experience upon which to fall back for guidance and concluding that the only thing for me to do was to stand my ground, I decided to go on firing. I had twelve cartridges in my rifle and forty in my belt. There was therefore no need for sparing the ammunition and so I opened out and I gave him eight more bullets. Although much the worse for this continued onslaught he still kept on and was within eight feet of where I was standing when I took deliberate aim and shot him through the ear. At this he fell dead at my feet.

Since that time I have shot more than one bear, and later on may relate another story of my adventures with these animals. In this particular instance however, (fortunately for me) the bear appeared confused. Apparently he had no idea of attacking me, for although he came steadily on he made no charge and seemed more as though making for some particular point he had previously fixed upon and allowing nothing to divert him.

It did not take me long to return to camp with the good news. The boys had heard the shots and knew there must be something up. When I appeared in sight they shouted in chorus "Did you get him?" They were not satisfied until I told them the details.

After this came the tug of war and a mighty tug it proved. The road was full of trees that had blown down and two miles of a carry over such obstructions could by no means be regarded as a joke. Those who have had similar experience can give ample confirmation on that head.

We found the place easily, and having tied the bear's legs together and slung him on a pole we started for the camp. All big game is awkward to carry and that journey with the bear is one we are all likely to long remember. It was dark before we reached camp but we got there at last.

The horses caught a scent of the bear and were for stampeding, but we managed to make them secure and finally had supper which by that time we badly needed. It tasted all the better for the long delay and we lingered over it pleasantly, talking of the great things we would do on the morrow, should bear prove plentiful. We kept late hours for the backwoods and it was nearly midnight before we were in the land of the unknown.

Despite late hours we were up betimes in the morning, which we saw break clear and fine. A hasty breakfast and hunting was the order of the day. Although we put in many hours and hunted with diligence no success rewarded our efforts.

Bears will not remain within the sound of a gun and to that trait of theirs we attribute the complete failure of our efforts on the second day.

Late in the afternoon we pulled up stakes and started for home, accommodating Mr. Bruin in the back of our waggon. On our way a load of blue berry pickers drove up behind our waggon and their horses, frightened at the sight and scent of the bear, took fright and attempted some feats at tree climbing with disastrous results to the blue berries.

The incident created some fun for us but it was otherwise with the boys and girls who were thrown out and saw much of the results of their day's work spoiled.

It was late in the evening before we reached home but many spectators speedily gathered to view the great prize we had obtained and congratulations were in order.

How I got my Bear while Hunting Deer

BY W. A. MERRILL.

AFTER many preparations and arrangements five of us left Toronto on the morning of October the 28th last by Canadian Northern train for Bolger Lake, about thirty miles north of Parry Sound on hunting thoughts intent. We had decided, as we were going to new ground, to make the trip a few days in advance of the hunting season in order to do a little prospecting and become familiar with the ground. It was late at night before we arrived at our destination and we were glad to partake of supper and retire.

Next morning we felt like new men and after breakfast we had some excellent target practice, the results assuring us that our arms were in good condition and the men behind the guns not far from the mark. In the afternoon a stroll in the bush led us to start four deer about an hour after we left camp and we returned quite satisfied with our prospects. On Saturday we got in a supply of wood and made general arrangements for our fortnight's hunting in comfort, while on Sunday we settled our things as we wanted them and gave the camp an appearance of comfort.

W. A. MERRILL, DOGS AND PRIZE BUCK.

Although we were afoot early and kept it up well, our opening day was a failure but on the second Mr. Frank Hawken, proprietor of the Wilson House, was delighted to be able to hang up a fine buck as the result of a good shot. We hunted diligently for the balance of the week but the time passed without any notable success. However we enjoyed the outing and had some fine boating, as well as a little fishing, it being too late for bass fishing for us to make any great catches. On Sunday we had a sumptuous dinner of roast duck and dressed hart, and after dinner we tried to lay our plans for the coming week.

When I thought over the fact that I had been ten days in the bush without getting a shot at a deer, I came to the conclusion that my luck had deserted me. For several past seasons I had not missed a hunt in the fall and never returned without my two deer.

However on the Monday my fortunes took a pleasant change. I had not been on my runway for an hour when a big doe came at break neck speed towards me. The first shot from my 303 Savage proved effective and she was my meat. The episode put me in good spirits again and our camp was a lively place that night.

Next day I had still better fortune. My duty was to watch the lake and while doing this I heard the dogs going down the west shore, and judging from the way they were going I rowed to the south-east corner. It was a grand and a close race but I won out. I had jumped out of the boat and ran about fifty feet in the bush when Mr. Buck came tearing down with the dogs about fifty jumps behind him. My first shot broke his shoulder but did not stop him. He made for a cove and took to the water but I was on the shore before him and finished his swimming before he could reach the further shore. I had some great tugs to get him ashore and into the boat. I wanted to take him to the camp and surprise the boys when they came home, and although it was hard work I succeeded in my endeavor.

My good fortune was still unbroken, for on Wednesday I made my best capture. The morning was a wretched one,

Photo by W. A. Merrill

OUR PARTY AND THEIR DOGS

wet snow falling continually, and it was almost impossible to get the dogs on a track. At length I told the boys that my feet were wet and I was going to return. I had gone up the trail about half a mile when to my surprise out jumped a big black bear, a two hundred and fifty pounder, about one hundred and fifty yards in front of me. He was running as though a pack of wolves were after him. Recovering from my surprise I fired and though my first shot did not bring him down, my second one did, both going home.

I cannot describe the pleasure this success brought to me. I stood and looked at him for some time, and tried to imagine all that be would said to me in camp and at home when the bear was taken in triumph. Those who have never shot a bear can have no idea of the pleasure it gives one to make a capture. Here was I who had been deer hunting for years and tracked many a bear for miles without even getting a sight of one, successful at last!

The pelt has made a fine rug which covers a portion of the floor of my den, and the mounted head, which occupies a conspicuous position, reminds me often of that pleasant experience. I may never get another bear, but I have the satisfaction of often living over again the incidents of my first success at bear hunting, a success which came, as such things often do, at a time when it was quite unexpected.

Good fortune again attended our hunting on Thursday and increased our number of deer to eight. A busy evening of packing followed and then we had to row and tow our game for a mile and a half to Bolger station. It was midnight before this task was completed and a few hours of much needed slumber was indulged in.

We left on the morning train and reached Toronto in time to have a night's rest and resume the duties of our everyday life on the Saturday morning. All were refreshed and re-invigorated for the round of our daily duties and we are the better for enjoying all the year the many pleasant memories of our stay in the woods and its successful results.

In thinking over the past one is inclined to wonder which is the most enjoyable, the actual experience, or the pleasant thoughts of them, which are no small portion of the gain of such an outing. Both do so much good that it is not necessary to balance them nicely,—sufficient that all is gain.

Photo W. A. Merrill

THE PRIZE BEAR HANGING FROM THE VERANDAH OF HIS HOME IN PARKDALE, (TORONTO.) THE BEAR MEASURED SEVEN FEET AND WEIGHED TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS.

A NATURAL WATERWAY THROUGH THE WILD RICE IN THE MARSH ON THE GAME PRESERVES ON LAKE ST. CLAIR

Fishing for Sport.

BY CAPTAIN GORDON BOLES.

WE all know that the fishing industry of Canada both in the Great Lakes and in the two oceans is probably the most valuable in the world, but it seems to be overlooked that "fishing for sport" is equally valuable to the country, though perhaps in a different way. It is refreshing however, to see that the various fish and game Protection Associations are beginning to realize this and are petitioning the government to put a stop to the wholesale slaughter of fish for the market from which a minority derive the benefit.

There are today a thousand persons who go "fishing for sport" to a single individual who indulges in any other kind of sport in Canada no matter what that sport may be, except perhaps hunting, and I see that an American writing on the same subject states that "Hunters in the United States would not show up in a ratio of one to ten anglers."

We should bear in mind that the value of our game fish for mere food is as nothing compared to its value for attracting dollars out of the anglers' pockets. This is the light in which I maintain the government should look at the matter and it is business-like that fish for angling purposes should be considered in the same light as any other good investment.

Take for example, the enormous revenue it gives to the railroads, hotels, guides, tackle-makers, liverymen and boat-builders, and also the money spent in having "a good time" by those who take a holiday to indulge in the sport.

It is true that a good many fish are accounted for, but yet, every fish costs the angler, on an average, probably four times what he would have to pay for it in the market. This is one reason why netting should be greatly restricted on our Great Lakes. The worst of it is that those who use seines, hoop-nets and other devices always do their work at or near the mouths of natural streams or dredge cuts that open into the lakes. The

two illustrations give a specimen of each in which I have caught and seen caught, good catches of bass and pickerel as well as other kinds of fish, for they love to run up these streams if they are not headed off by netting.

I was reading the other day of an American who leased a Canadian river for salmon fishing. He paid $2,500 for the season. He was called away, but his son and daughter fished and caught two fish (they were not experts) weighing forty-seven pounds. Thus, the cost of forty-seven pounds of fish, including lease and other expenses was $117 a pound. One thousand or twelve hundred dollars is not an unusually high figure for an American enthusiast to pay for the privilege of trying conclusions with Canadian salmon. Then, there are the railways, steamboats, canoe-men, guides, cooks, outfitters, etc., to be paid. Surely it is worth while to preserve game fish which are the means of so much money being circulated through the country. These are only two instances of which I have read. Doubtless there are scores of others where money is equally lavishly spent in our Dominion, for those who take their recreation either in fishing or shooting are not of the class that is afraid to spend a dollar or two for something that may add to the comfort or pleasure of the outing.

A MADE CHANNEL WHICH EMPTIES INTO LAKE ST. CLAIR.

As a matter of fact, if the government does not soon do something to restrict the netting by charging a very much heavier licence that will make it prohibitory to many, our "fishing for sport" will, before long, be a thing of the past. Those who make a business of netting will find it not so lucrative as they seem to catch and sell everything no matter what size, finding a ready market across the border. This can only last for a certain length of time when they will realize the truth of the old saying "You cannot eat your cake and have it".

The C.P.R. Co. have been able to make arrangements with Mr. Martin H. Fenton to establish a guides' bureau and outfitting depot at Pickerel, on their Toronto to Sudbury line. Fenton will also keep there a gasoline launch, so that he will be able to tow visitors and their outfit to various selected points for camping or fishing purposes. This move will supply a long felt want in the neighborhood. Guides will also be registered and provided for fishermen and hunters.

Courtesy of Mr Austin Gourlay

This is believed to be a unique picture of wild geese. The photographer crawled through a mile of thick cover and at fifty yards, with a telescopic arrangement on the camera, achieved success.

A Wild Goose Chase.

BY REGINALD GOURLAY

The good old sayings "Misfortune never comes singly," "It never rains, but it pours" and Shakespeare's dictum that "Sorrows come not as single spies,—but in battalions" are all I believe, as true as most pessimistic proverbs are.

At any rate, I was most firmly convinced of and converted to the truth of them one balmy day in Ayril 1887. I sallied forth into the keen but bracing early morning air, that bye gone spring day, with none, but pleasurable anticipations, for I was about to go forth to pursue and slay the wild goose, the Canada goose—(Answer Canadiensis.)

In those happy springs of the past, this astute, but toothsome bird, was wont to fly in considerable numbers over the peninsula county of Prince Edward, Ontario, Canada, stopping occasionally to feed on the rye, wheat, and buckwheat stubbles. But so alert and clever are these birds, (as anyone that has ever hunted them knows) that comparatively few geese fall victims to the host of hunters that lay in wait for them. Some of these pursuers of the wily a Canadiensis, were experts; but the majority of them were impulsive idiots that should never have been trusted with a real gun, being of the same species as those exciteable gentlemen, who in the old days when vast flocks of passenger pigeons flew over the land, used to blow off their own thumbs, and their friend's ears, and some times heads in moments of emotional insanity.

Just how it feels to have a day out shooting with these enthusiastic but misguided men, anyone who chooses to read more of this stunning tale will discover.

Very early on that memorable day, I filled my pockets with B. B. and No. 3 cartridges, and proceeded to betake myself to the high table land to the east and south of the valley wherein lay, like an acorn in its cup, the little town wherein I dwelt.

I knew well the places over which the geese were wont to fly, and feed, and where I should hide myself, and I hastened, for I knew well that others would be on the track of the wary wild goose, for the sound of his honking had been heard in the land, and all "the sports" would be up and doing.

So I strode away rapidly up the rough path that led up a steep gorge, with a brawling stream, shadowed by great beeches, maples, bass woods, and butter nuts, running down the centre of it, hearing afar off the heart broken howls of my dogs, whom I had been compelled with deep regret to leave behind, as dogs are worse than useless when waiting for geese on the stubble fields. It was just at the dawning. The sky above me was a beautiful deep indigo blue, and far to the east over the hills an exquisite roseate glow all along the horizon, with the day star sparkling in the middle of it, heralded the rising of the sun. It was an ideal April morning. The air was brisk and stimulating, but not cold, and the goddess of the morning had evidently made up her mind to present us mortals with a warm, balmy day. But before I got to the top of the gorge, she began, feminine fashion, "to think about changing her mind" and she did it with a vengeance. Dense masses of rolling fog clouds, coming from nowhere in particular and as impenetrable to the sight as so much wool, came sweeping over the table land above, and rushing down the gorge. I knew, however, that the rising sun would soon settle that sort of thing, and pressed quickly on.

I had not yet reached the level ground, when a sudden loud outburst of vigorous cackling and "honking" from the dense bank of fog close ahead of me, sent a quick thrill through me and made me cock both barrels of my gun. I knew well what it was. It was "the voice of dismay" arising from a flock of wild geese who had lost their bearings in the fog. A thick fog deprives the wild goose of all their recourses and cunning. They seem to lose their heads, and fly widly about in all directions, frequently in circles. This was just what the flock in front of me were doing. I advanced rapidly and was soon in the middle of them, apparently. Such a babel of honking, cackling and gabbling I never heard, but not a bird could I see, though I fancied I could hear the very swish of their great wings as they flew wildly round and round. For the matter of that I could hardly see the trees across the road, not ten yards away. This was very trying and tantilizing for I knew that the rising sun would wipe away the fog in about five minutes, and that my "time to make hay" was when the sun didn't shine. Sure enough, even as this sage reflection crossed my brain, it began to grow lighter. I had thrust the pipe I had been smoking (which I had no business to have been doing,) into a coat pocket, and waited. That very moment, a great bird, looming large but indistinct through the mist, and seeming to fly very slowly by, not twenty-five yards off. I gave him my right barrel, and he came with a thump and a harsh cry to the ground, amidst a wild outburst of startled clangor and clamour from his unseen brethren.

Then, suddenly, as if my shot had been a signal, the red morning sun burst through the mists, driving them over the flats before him; not gradually, but swiftly, very much as a table cloth is pushed off a table; and revealing the rest of the flock, twenty-six of them, streaming off towards the great cedar swamps that bounded the horizon to the south and west. I strode forward to pick up my bird, not ill pleased, when I was aware of a very warm sensation in my right coat pocket, followed by an unmistable and aggressive smell of fire. In the hurry of the moment I had thrust my pipe in a side pocket of my shooting coat which contained some matches, which were at once lit by some lingering sparks in the pipe. It also contained about a dozen loaded cartridges. I never took off a coat so quickly in my life. The instant it was off I hurled it into the remains of

a drift of soft melting snow which was fortunately near, then danced on it, though by no means for joy, till the conflagration subsided. When I ventured to pick up the smouldering raiment there was a burnt hole the size of a dinner plate in my bran new shooting coat, a cunningly devised garment, with innumerable pockets. And this was only the beginning of troubles.

I was quite near home, so I turned back, and left my goose there, as I didn't want to lug such a great big bird about with me all day. Then in great haste, I rushed back up the gorge to get to the stubble fields near the great cedar swamp on the table land, where the geese fed, as their flight did not last long; and besides I feared interlopers. I reached the big cedar swamp breathless, and dropped in the thick juniper and stunted pine on the fringe of it, where I could command two large swampy buckwheat stubbles, where the geese sometimes fed and just in the line of their flight. Two hundred yards in front and to the left of me was a much better hiding place. It was a dense fringe of pine, cedar and juniper, stretching along an old stump fence quite out in the open, and commanding four big stubble fields instead of two. It also lay more directly in the line of the main flight of the geese than my hiding place did. Still I did not dare to cross the open to it, for the sun had fairly risen, and I might expect to see flights of wild geese any minute. So I stayed where I was. I had barely settled down when I heard a far off metallic clangor, the unmistable herald of an approaching flock of geese. Soon I saw them flying just over the leafless branches of the great trees that formed a grey background to the darker, shorter growth of cedar and balsam that fringed the great swamp to the East, They were coming straight towards me, flying in a straight line, not in a wedge. a sure sign they were going to stop and feed some where soon. But before they came in range of me they would have to pass over the belt of pine and cedar I have spoken of. They came along very nicely, cackling to each other, in a conversational sort of a way, and lowering as they came, with the evident intention of alighting on one of the neighboring stubble fields. I was about sure of getting a fair shot, and bringing down a brace, when as they neared the belt of cedar, but before they came within anything like fair range of it, there was a puff of smoke from the midst of it, followed by the loud report of an overcharged gun. The geese, all quite unhurt, of course wheeled with a loud outburst of startled and horrified clamour, and made off swiftly over the swamp to the South East. Some idiot hidden in the cedar belt had, after the manner of his kind, fired at the birds before they came within range, and frightened them off for the day, without doing any good to himself. It was a cruel piece of bad luck, but I said nothing, nor did I reveal my presence there. What would have been the use? I might have done so though, if I had been capable of imagining the subsequent proceedings of this very high class idiot. He began by coming right out in the open, where he would have space and room to load his old muzzle loading musket. While he was leisurely engaged in charging his piece of artillery "for its errand of destruction," as the newspapers say, just as I had expected, a large flock of geese, sixty three of them, suddenly appeared coming over a thick wood of hemlock to the North East. My friend had sense enough to instantly make for cover, but the geese, distant as they were, saw something suspicious, and though they didn't fly away, began instantly to circle round and round the stubble fields at a great height, as is the invariable custom of this most wary and suspicious of wild fowl when he suspects any danger near his feeding grounds. Round and round they went in great circles, looking carefully into every suspicious place from a safe distance. My hiding place was good enough. It was on the edge of a dense growth of thick juniper and bushes of a dozen kinds with a pond hole fringed with dead rushes and swampy buckwheat stubbles in front. One would have thought that a herd of elephants could have hidden there, but the clever birds circled round behind me, and saw me at last, and with the usual outburst of startled clamour, wheeled and went straight off. I instantly began a vigorous honking, an imitating of their cry, as I have often known a good imitation to turn and bring back even a frigh-

tened flock of wild geese. The birds wavered at the sound, and I really think would have turned again, when the utterly unexpected happened. I received from two quarters flattering but unsolicited testimony that my imitation of the wild goose's cry was very natural. My old friend in the cedar belt fired promptly at my hiding place, and another excitable gentleman, of whose presence I was as unaware as he evidently was of mine, saluted me with both barrels from a secluded spot to my left. The first lunatic was too far off to do any damage, but the double barrelled one lodged a B. B. shot in the stock of my gun,which stuck there. He had fortunately fired a little to the right of me. I instantly rose, rather to the consternation of my two attentive neighbors, and after telling them exactly what I thought about them, resorting in so doing, I regret to say, to what Sir Walter Scott calls "the plain unbaptised language of common ruffians," I shouldered my gun, and set off two miles across the big swamp to a place where I would move out of the range of the town hunters. As I clambered and waded along through the swamp I began to dimly realize that it didn't look as if I was going to be Forfune's favorite that day. By the time I crossed the big swamp and got into a more remote country, the flights had ceased for the morning and all the birds were feeding in the stubbles. There were lots of them, but anyone that knows how wary the wild goose is, and how carefully a feeding flock will avoid the vicinity of anything that would afford cover to a shooter, besides keeping sentinels always on the watch, will understand that I had any amount of stalking, and no shooting at all. My luck stayed where it was, below zero. I nearly got a shot at a nice flock of seven who were feeding within range of a clump of bushes, when just at the nick of time, and when I had rendered myself what Mr Martlini called "a dem'd moist unpleasant body" by crawling through marshy ground towards them, they were frightened off by a brute of a farmer's dog. So towards the end of the afternoon, I thought I would go back over the swamp to the belt of cover across the marsh, which I have mentioned before as occupied by my premature and impulsive friend of the morning. I retraced my steps across the swamp and arrived at my destination before the time of the evening flight. I found the place quite unoccupied, and settled down with the comfortable expectation that I would get a shot or two after all that day; for I had about the best hiding place and the place best situated on the usual line of the flight of the wild geese, in the whole district. I had hardly made myself snug in a good place for seeing and firing from, when I heard footsteps, and then a cheerful voice called out my name. I looked up, and saw approaching a man well known to me, Hezekiah Bunce, a well to do farmer, and in fact owner of the ground whereon we stood. I was very glad to see him, for we were great friends, and his company would be very acceptable during a somewhat lonely, chilly wait. Moreover I knew well, he could be trusted not to fire at a flock of geese half a mile off, after the manner of city sportsmen.

"I hearn you got a fine goose this mornin'," he called out, "so's soon as I'd done up the day's chores, I tuk my old gun, an' clum up the hill. I sorter jedged I'd find you here. Enny luck!" "Not a scrap since morning" said I "So far from shooting anything, a pair of fools came mighty near shooting me!" And, as the story writers say—"I poured my tale into his sympathetic ears."

"Jes' so Jes' so" he said reflectively when I'd finished "Carryin' round a loaded gun seems to exert a sort of looney influence on town fellers that ain't used to huntin' an only gets a day off now an agin. You take a first rate sensible feller from a store or office in town, put a gun in his hands, and turn him loose in the swamps or the bush, and thar' ain't no panter ot the woods, nor enny other beast of prey, so cussed dangerous as he be. To his own specie that is. He don't hurt no other kind of game much!"

"Right you are!" I answered. "Well, thank heaven, the coast seems clear of that sort of gentry, and we may have a chance! But its getting chilly. Have something?

"Here's toward's ye!" replied my friend without any foolish, coy delay—and we proceeded to perform the the solemn and interesting ceremony customary when hunters meet in the wilds of Canada, the

principal part of which consists in contemplating the deep blue sky for a more or less protracted period through the bottom of a glass bottle.

"That's yer big gun" said Hezekiah, when we'd finished. "What sort of a load have you got in your catridges?

"Five drams powder one and a half ounces B.B. or No 2 shot," I replied, "but then you know my gun's a very heavy one. Weighs over ten pounds, and its a ten bore.

"I ain't got nawthin' biggerin No 6" said my friend sadly "An my gun's a 12 bore. I don't reckon I'll stand much show at them blame geese with no sech outfit."

"Take two of my cartridges, cut them open, and load your gun with part of the charges," suggested I,

My friend accepted with alacrity and to my consternation, at once proceeded to load his old muzzle loading twelve bore with a whole charge taken from one of my cartridges in each barrel. That is, with five drams of powder and nearly two ounces of shot. "I reckon she'll stand it," he remarked, with a tranquil reliance in providence. "A feller wants a whalin' load to fetch one of them geese"

I endeavored in vain to dissuade him. Hezekiah was a good sportsman. A better hand after ruffed grouse I have seldom met. But he obstinately held to that foolish notion common through all rural Canada, that the heavier the load you put in your gun, the better chance you have to fetch your game. So the Canadian farmer goes on loading his old gun with dangerously heavy charges, till some fine day the disgusted weapon retires from business, and disperses itself in fragments in the atmosphere, frequently taking a thumb or a finger with it, whereupon the owner characterises the event as "singler," and his kind neighbors opine "that its a sorter jedgement" on the ole man for cheatin about that line fence."

"The whalin' load" had hardly been rammed down, when we heard voices, and two men entered our shelter. I at once recognized in the first, the gentleman who had frightened away the geese, and taken a shot at myself in the morning. However we made no allusion to this delicate subject nor did we refuse the new comers shelter in our hiding place. though it was a very tight fit for four.

The first man who was a short, stout, jolly looking party, introduced his companion to us as a celebrated goose hunter from D———— a little squalid village about nine miles away. The celebrated goose hunter was a lank, lean, yellow billious looking individual, and I saw at a glance that he was of the worst type of the "swamper" species, and would be no acquisition to our party. I was right. We had scarcely settled down, when the far away sounds of "honking" and cackling across the swamp proclaimed the approach of a large flock of geese. I had already seen enough of the nervousness and awkwardness of our new friends to convince myself that crowded together as we were, it would be impossible to get a fair sight and lift into the coming flock, without a very good chance of getting the top of one's head blown off. Both the new comers, particularly the celebrated goose hunter, were rapidly becoming demoralized. So I proposed to leave them and hide in the same belt of cover about thirty yards behind them. This suited everybody, and I did it at once. I was barely out of sight when a big flock of sixty three geese came in view, coming rapidly towards us over the leafless trees of the big swamp. We were well hidden and nothing but the most unsportsmanlike and idiotic bungling could have prevented us all from getting a good shot at them But the "celebrated goose hunter" proved equal to the occasion, and with the almost inspired stupidity of his kind, managed to spoil all our chances. His gun was, we afterwards found out, loaded with swan shot, so selfishly imagining that he could, by getting the first shot, discount his companion's chances, this fine sportsmen fired at the birds when they were over a hundred yards off, and the birds wheeled to the right and left, and were gone. His comrade followed his example, but Bunce and I remained from firing useless "fool shots."

This shooting at wildfowl coming to you is the favorite and characteristic trick of greenhorns and fools. In flight or decoy shooting the birds should be fired at passing you, or still better when just gone past, or when wheeling to turn off before getting to you. Even

a soft plumage bird like a woodcock or ruffed grouse is very hard to bring down, coming to you: with the thick feathered water fowl the thing is next to impossible. Yet nine out of ten amateur sportsmen will persistently fire at ducks or geese coming towards them, often before they got within range, and then anathematize their guns because no birds fall. In this case however, one of the big swan shot had found by chance its billet, for we saw a goose lagging perceptibly behind the flock, and gradually descending in a long slope towards the far side of the big swamp. With a red Indian howl of exultation, our two valued friends, hurriedly departed and Hezekiah and I were once more alone. "It'll take 'em more'n an hour to git across that" said Hezekiah, jerking his head in the direction of the swamp "We may have a chance yet!" At his words a faint, sickly gleam of hope that the luck might change at last tinged our anticipations. That hope was not elusive. Even as he spoke, seven fine geese, flying low and swift came past a thick clump of pines, close to us, and were on us in a second. I had just time to catch my gun to my shoulder and fire the right barrel at the leading bird, who came "down like a bunch of rags"—stone dead. Even as I fired, I was conscious of an ear splitting roar besides me, the voice of "the whalin' load" which Hezekiah had put in his gun. Mingled with the roar was an impassioned howl of anguish and dismay. I turned round in fear and trembling, missing my chance to get in a second barrel by so doing. I beheld Hezekiah sitting on the ground grasping his face with both hands like a person with a violent tooth ache. His gun lay ten feet off. A chill ran through me at the thought that his gun had burst, but a glance at it reassured me. "What's the matter? Are you hurt Hezekiah?" I cried out. "Aw waw-waw," replied Hezekiah, "What is it? In heaven's name where are you hurt?" I shouted, running to him. 'Aw-waw-waw!' was the vague and somewhat unsatisfactory answer of Hezekiah. At the same time grasping his jaw firmly with his left hand, with his right he held out to me with tragic gesture a large and evidently freshly extracted double tooth. Then the truth flashed upon me. The kick of the "whalin' load" had extracted with anything but painless dentistry, a loose double tooth of the enthusiastic but luckless Hezekiah. I never saw any body's face swell up so fast as his did. In less than three minutes his mouth was about under his left eye.

His spirit however was unsubdued, as was proved by his first articulate remark.

"Ye'd better gather up that goose" he said "before them thieves", he referred to our late companions, "comes back and sez they shot it."

I followed his advice and as I returned with our prey, the distant voices of people who were having a decided difference of opinion about something or other, were wafted to us from the recesses of the swamp.

"Its them two sports fighten about the bird they wounded" mumbled Hezekiah "I hope ez they'll kill each other," he added charitably. Sure enough there had been an altercation on the subject of the goose that had been wounded, and in whose pursuit our late companions had gone. For just as we took our departure, since by this time "the shades of eve were falling fast," they came striding up and over took us, and I must say I never saw two men in such an awfully sinful passion in all my life. I must say also they had some reason. After a most toilsome, cold and disagreable wade through the swamp, they had reached the spot where their goose fell, only to see his carcass born off by a tall and stalwart farmer, on whose land it had fallen, who accompanied by his grinning, hired man, returned a sportive and defiant reply to their loud demands for their property, and added insult to injury by requesting them "to go and soak themselves," a process which their previous wading experiences had rendered quite superfluous. The sight of our goose didn't seem to console them a bit, and they strode on down the hills towards town, vowing loudly to have the law on their despoilers. We followed more leisurely as it was now growing dark, and soon stood at my friend's gate. "Wa'al," said Hezekiah as we paused there a moment, speaking with considerable difficulty, "We hed some mighty rough times hed'nt we? "But," here his still expanding countenance was illumined by a sort of one

sided smile, "ennyways we got a goose!"

This exhibition of optimistic philosophy of the finest sort touched my heart.

I handed him the goose without a word and strode off homewards through the darkness.

Rod and Gun's Birthday

ONE good old custom, which is still maintained in full strength, is the celebration of birthdays. With individuals, periodicals, institutions and all organizations requiring human energy to sustain them, such events are of more than ordinary interest.

With the passing of the years comes the mellowing influence of time, the lessons of experience, the growth of wisdom; while if to these are added the freshness and energy of youth, a combination is secured which cannot be surpassed. We hope we may claim a share of these beneficial influences for the Magazine which, with the publication of this number, celebrates its tenth birthday.

A decade in a young country like Canada means vast changes. The life of the magazine, short in the cycle of time, is long in the struggle for the conservation of the great natural resources of the Dominion. Practically the last ten years covers the period of the awakening of the public to the great importance of forest fish and game. From its first number down to the present Rod and Gun has carefully nursed the steadily growing sentiment in favor ot preservation until at present the whole Dominion is covered with societies having that object in view and all looking to the magazine for assistance in propagating their views. The strength of the movement is largely due to the wide publicity given to the work of all these societies through our pages. There is much yet to be done before any friend of preservation can profess to be satisfied. Here is where the enthusiasm of youth comes in. The work is still going on and will receive the same steady support from the Magazine in the future as has been accorded to it in the past. Its growing strength is a cause of great satisfaction and we regard it as a stimulus to renewed exertions in the cause.

New readers and new friends have been found in ever increasing numbers during the past year. Progress has been our watchword and progress all along the line has been achieved. The Magazine has filled a position in the public life of the Dominion with increasing efficiency and from all sides we have received gratifying testimony to that effect.

Our supporters may be assured that the lines which have proved so effective in the past will be those that will be followed in the future. Rod and Gun will support protective work throughout Canada while at the same time declining to antagonize public opinion (without the support of which no movement can prove successful) by taking extreme views. There is plenty of room for differences of opinion upon how the work may best be done, though we are at one on the principle, and upon the principle our support will never be of a doubtful character.

We desire to take advantages of this opportunity to thank our many friends without whose valued assistance, shown in many ways, the production of such a Magazine as Rod and Gun has now become, would be impossible. The wide and varied interest marking each number is due to our many contributors who have given of their best for the entertainment and edification of our army of readers. As one result of their efforts, Canada is becoming better known to Canadians and some clearer and better ideas of the extent aud resources of the Dominion are being disseminated abroad.

Our readers, likewise, have done excellent service. Interested themselves in the excellent fare supplied each month,

they have told their friends and by this means have added largely to onr subscription lists. Every new subscriber means additional strength to the Magazine and material assistance in its work for the country.

Judging from the increased support secured our advertising clients have been satisfied with their investments. We believe one and all have obtained good value for their expenditure. None the less recognition is due them for their enterprise and for the increased interest they have given to our pages, an interest all the deeper from the fact that sportsmen are enterprising people, quick to take advantage of new devices, always open to new ideas and willing to adopt every new invention which they believe will add to the efficiency of their sport.

The gospel of the open air life is growing everywhere, and Rod and Gun, as one of its foremost exponents, has a bright future. Each year has shown progress and we believe that with its present strength an increased ratio of growth will mark the coming year and that on the next anniversary we may congratulate contributors, readers and advertisers on even greater achievments than the past has witnessed.

Ontario To Have Licensed Guides.

The Ontario Government have decided to follow the example of the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and license guides in Ontario. Both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have made great successess of their systems and the licensed guides of those two provinces take high positions in the estimations of those employing them. For some years the Ontario Government have possessed powers for carrying out a similar system but up to the present have not enforced them. They now think the time has arrived to adopt a forward policy and accordingly have issued an Order-in-Council, which was approved by the Lieutenant-Governor on March 20th last. This Order makes such a difference to the guides, and is also of such deep interest to those who employ them, that we reproduce it in full as under :

Upon the recommendation of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, dated 25th March, 1909, the Committee of Council advise that pursuant to the provisions of sub-section (e) of section 9 of the Ontario Game & Fisheries Act no person shall act as a guide for hunting or fishing parties except under an authority of license as provided by section 52 of the said Act, said license to be issued upon the recommendation of any Inspector or Warden appointed under the said Act. The fee for such license to be the sum of two dollars ($2) and to be good for the calender year in which it is issued unless sooner cancelled for cause.

The Committee further advise that each registered guide be held responsible for the extinguishing of any fires that may have been kindled by the party employing him as guide upon leaving same; and that he be required to report any violations of the game and fishery laws that he may be cognizant of to the Superintendent of Game and Fisheries within one month after such offence has been committed, giving name and address of the offender and such other particulars as will lead to the conviction of the party or parties committing the offence.

Guides neglecting or refusing to comply with these regulations will be subject to the penalties as laid down in sub-section 1 of section 62 of the Game and Fisheries Act together with the cancellation of their license which shall not be reissued for a period of two years from the date of application for such license.

This regulation to take effect on the first day of July 1909. Certified.

J. Lonsdale Capreol,
Clerk, Executive Council.

Wild Life.*

BY CY WARMAN.

THE white man is just beginning to realize that the most attractive thing in life is wild life. He is learning that when you rob the river of its fish, you make it empty and uninteresting. When you take the wild life out of the woods, the forest becomes a silent, melancholy, camping place, where thoughtful men sit and think and think—and sometimes they just sit.

A dying man once remarked : that

"Earth like some familiar face,
At parting, gains a graver grace."

And so I say that the white man is beginning to feel the loss of what he has helped to destroy. The Indian, too, feels it, but swears it all on the white man, with his "Express" rifle. The best we may hope for now is to check the slaughter, to stay the hand of the pot-hunter—red and white. Bye and bye, when we have educated the rising generation, they will understand that by the obliteration of the wild life of the woods, they rob, not only themselves, but generations unborn. Just because we happened to be born before our children does not give us license to strip the earth of its native wealth and beauty, to leave it empty and silent for those who move in when we move out. The grace and beauty of a wild deer racing down the runway, in the full enjoyment of life and liberty is an inspiring sight. The same superb creature, reduced to a mute and motionless carcass, hanging head down, with trailing tongue and blind, staring, bloodshot eyes is pitiful and appalling.

Perhaps it would be too much, having taken possession of the red man's country, to expect him to have the same regard for the forest folk that the white man should have, but we should endeavor to educate him to understand that if he kills the mother deer, there will be no baby deer to people the wild, and if he kills the baby deer there will be no mothers or babies. The worst Indian is the half Indian, who is all Indian when he wants to kill, and all white man when he wants a drink of Scootawahboo. I am willing to give him credit for all the Indian that is in him, but he should at least be half decent when he goes armed into the woods.

At a summer resort near Montreal last August, the children about the hotel were noisy with the story of a half breed guide, who had slaughtered a dozen land birds and three or four water birds in a single day. He could not plead hunger. He was a bachelor with a savings bank account.

Early in September a young deer raced across the field in front of the hotel, and instantly every man who knew where to reach a gun or pistol leaped for his firearms, and as the beautiful creature cleared fence after fence, the farmers fired at it until it cleared the country. None seemed to know that to shoot a deer in September was a crime !

Of course the Province of Quebec Society for the Protection of Fish and Game has done a lot to check the slaughter but much remains.

Somewhere I have seen a pen picture (it may have been my own) of a hunter standing on the run all day long, waiting, waiting. He watched the sun swing up along the south eastern sky, the shadows shorten. He saw it swing west, the shadows lengthen. He had taken his midday meal from his hunting pouch, standing. When the hunger for a pipe grew strong, he smoked. At length, when the glow of the sinking sun sifted through the forest, setting the red and russet leaves aflame, he heard the far-off hoof beats of the wild thing for which he had waited so long.

Nearer and nearer came the drumming feet of the flying deer and now the far-off melancholy cry of a hound. The heart of the hunter hammered his vest as the hoofs of the hunted hammered the trail. Nearer and nearer he came, and louder rose the cry of the hound who pursued him. A moment later, a splendid buck flashed out from the forest,

* A Paper read at the Conference of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association at Toronto.

leaped across a little opening and came to a dead stop in the clear spot fifty yards from the hunter. The man could see the wild thing's quivering flanks, and almost hear the whistling rush from his dilated nostrils. A sunbeam shot through the forest, and made the deer's wild eye glow like a ball of fire. The hunter lowered his rifle, for he was a real sport. He would give the deer a show for his life. He was about to step forward to start the deer when a rifle cracked, and the beautiful creature dropped to the earth, while a half-breed rushed from cover to cut his throat. That is the difference between a sportsman and a slaughterer !

There is another breed of Indian known as the Lumber-Jack, who is hard to handle. The millionaire lumbermen in Minneapolis or Toronto is unable to control him, or does not take the trouble. The only way to prevent the slaughter of deer by the Lumber-Jack, is to disarm him when he goes into the woods, just as tourists are disarmed when they enter Algonquin Park or Temagami.

I have heard men tell of coming upon the untouched carcass of a fine deer, bleaching and rotting on the trail, killed in the opening days of shooting season by alleged sportsmen. My notion is that there has been too much of the song of slaughter. Not long ago I asked for a juvenile book for boys, and got an animal story off the juvenile shelf in a Public Library. Before giving it to the children, I tried it on their mother, but she would not stand for it. I finished it, shuddering, and returned it to its place in the library. That story reeked with slaughter from cover to cover—wolves slaughtering deer, Indians driving buffalo in battalions into pitfalls, gorging till the stars came out. The grey wolves sitting in a semi-circle by the camp fire, waiting to gorge in turn, when the Indians had done their worst. That is the sort of thing we feed to little children, and expect them to grow up gentle and kind, and to love animals.

Not only by writing but by example must we educate the rising generation. In one of his books, the mighty hunter who sits in the White House tells of the tragic end of the great elk in Montana—the last in that section. Mr. Roosevelt had a ranch out there, and one would have expected such a sportsman to set about to devise ways and means to protect this last surviver of a slaughtered tribe, but instead of this he put himself on the trail of the buck, and lay for him until he was made to bite the dust. Now, can you wonder at the actions of other Indians. This most interesing, many sided man seems eager not only to kill but to wipe from the face of the earth certain rare birds and beasts. While this gives him the passing glory of killing a thing out of the ordinary, it robs the rest of us of that family. And yet Mr. Roosevelt is not a wicked or vicious man. Some of his sides, many of them in fact, I admire, and I like him personally, but I wish he had never learned to shoot. We read now, that having heard of a rare animal known as a white rhinoceros, he announces his intention to kill, not only one but two of these. This is a very bad example.

Out in Saskatchewan for the past four or five years one fine buck has defied the best hunters. For years tne crack shots of Saskatchewan, have heen upon the trail of this kingly beast who baffles them all. Sometimes at dusk, sometimes at dawn he has been seen feeding upon the farmer's fodder shocks. Sometimes at noon he has sunned himself on the south side of a homesteader's barn, but with the click of a door latch, or the creak of a door, he has gone. Now, this buck should have been reserved as an ornament for these picturesque plains, but because he was big and brave and beautiful, and the last of his kind in that community, every man was against him and finally, only a few weeks ago, a dead shot dick of that district, having the wind in his favor, came near enough to the great elk and sent an express bullet tearing a furrow through his wild heart, and stained the snow with the red blood of the last in that community at least, of his race. And the story of this tragedy was telegraphed far and wide as a great feat, as a heroic deed, but I think that buck was more beautiful bounding away over the billowed plains than lying dead upon the cold, white carpet of the earth. But until we can persuade men that there is a limit to the slaughter, until we can

control or convert the game hog, the half breed, the lumber jack and above all the camp hunter, we can never hope to preserve the big game for the glory of the woods, for the benefit of the real sportsmen. We make laws to protect the wild and the things of the wild, and at the same time I have been told men go out and make contracts to supply a lumber camp with "meat," which means moose and deer, and everything eatable that roams the wilds or wings the air.

This crime of contracting to kill unlawfully should be punished. And wherever a fine specimen of any race of wild thing is found, it should be protected until such good time as we can teach man that other animals should not be destroyed utterly.

In scientific lumbering we leave a few fine trees for seed. Just so, we should see to it that the last of any kind should be spared to repeople the wild. For if we remove all our forest without re-planting, and if we destroy all the wild things of the air, the land and the lakes, this luring last wild will become cheerless as the Holy Land.

Where mournfully the dry winds sweep
The Hills of Galilee ;
Where murmurless the Jordan creeps
Down to the deep Dead sea,
O'er barren rocks the deep vines trail,
And by dead tendrils cling,
And on the hills and in the vale,
Comes not a breath of Spring.

The Ross Rifle and the Lee Enfield

BY HEBER LOGAN

In placing the following few remarks about these rifles before the reader, I wish to speak only of the Ross Rifle used by the permanent Candian Army at the present time, and of the Lee-Enfield in use in the British Army. Any reflections on the merits of these rifles will not cast a shadow upon private or match rifles made after these styles, for the Ross Rifle company can produce some of the best match rifles in the World, as was shown at Bisley last summer.

The great advantage the Lee-Enfield has over the Ross is its strength of construction. There is no doubt that the Lee-Enfield is strong, for it was proved by a severe test in South Africa. I have seen a number of Ross Rifles, but I have never seen one which I would take into a campaign with me. The general idea that the bolt is the defective part is a mistake. The lack of strength lies in the stock-butt, butt-plate, and rear sight. The latter in the new model, has been replaced by a leaf sight like that used with the Lee Enfield.

The butt-plate of the Ross Rifle is made of steel, which is not as substantial as the thick brass butt plate of the Lee-Enfield. The butt-trap closer is also made of steel, and forms a great contrast to the thick brass closer of the Lee-Enfield butt-trap.

The stock and butt of the Ross Rifle are made of a wood which will stand very little. The wood placed in this weapon is a poor sample of the Canadian forests. I have known cases where the butt would split when it came gently in contact with some substance, not quite so susceptible. On the other hand I have seen Lee–Enfields which came from South Africa, dented slightly by a great friendship with the rough African surface, but as whole as when they set out.

And now we come to a great advant-

age which the Ross Rifle has over the Lee-Enfield. The bolt action of our Canadian rifle is considered superior to that ot any other military rifle. Its action is quicker on account of the revolving principle, only one movement being required to open the breech, whereas the Lee-Enfield requires two. When the Ross bolt is pushed in, the catch, which keeps the breech-block from flying back, revolves into an aperture in the side of the breech near the barrel. At the same time the cocking piece is kept back by the trigger until released. Thus, although the breech is easily opened by the bolt from the outside, it is impossible to open it from the inside, as the revolution of the catch can only be caused by pulling back the bolt.

The magazine of the Ross Rifle is easier to load than that of the Lee-Enfield. It has, however, a very inferior cut-off, which is worked from within the trigger-guard. The great objection to the Ross magazine is that the lever, by which it is worked, is placed just back of the rear sight, on the right side, and is in the way of the left hand while aiming.

The trigger is inferior to that of the Lee-Enfield on account of its lack of smoothness of pull. The trigger of the Lee-Enfield also allows the finger to get a better hold, as it is rough, while that of the Ross is smooth.

One of the worst features of the Ross Rifle is the rear sight. As I have said this has been replaced, in the latest mark, by the ordinary leaf sight, which is interchangeable with the Sutherland, Reardon and other sights made for this kind of leaf. The Ross sight is made of thin steel, or as it is called by many, "sheet-iron." This is formed into a leaf, and attached to the barrel, on the end nearest the muzzle, by a device somewhat like a hinge. Under this leaf slides a vernier which lifts it. The scale of this vernier is graduated only in hundreds. The vernier for minute elevation is a revolving ring, just above the hinge of the leaf. This is marked off in tens. At the end of the leaf nearest the breech is a V which slides laterally as a windgage, and is regulated by a screw.

The covering over the fore sight of the Ross is far ahead of the Lee-Enfield on a sunny or on a rainy day. Smoke, or paint, is still necessary on the fore sight even with this. In times of war, smoke is useless, for it is easily rubbed off. The best way to keep the fore sight black on such an occasion, is to paint it with some black paint which has little or no glare. This also applies to the rear sight.

The length of the barrel of the Ross Rifle is 28 inches, while that of the Lee-Enfield is 30 3-16 inches. The length of the barrel has a great deal to do with the flight of a bullet. We all know that a carbine is useless at 600 yards for good shooting. With a long barrel the bullet is sent on its course after having been carefully guided while in the barrel. In a shorter barrel the bullet leaves before it has had sufficient guidance, and is carried out of its course by the wind and other forces. This is plainly shown in the shooting of a revolver beside that of a rifle of equal calibre.

The system of rifling in the Ross Rifle is concentric. The twist of rifling is right, one turn in ten inches. The twist of the Lee-Enfield is uniform left handed, one turn in ten inches. The Canadian rifle has four grooves, while the British has five. The latter are harder to keep clean on account of their depth, which is .0065 inches—.0015 inches greater than that of the Ross. This is another point in favour of the Ross, for the depth of the Lee-Enfield grooves is too great. The Lee-Metford, used with such success in matches, has a groove depth of only .004 inches.

The muzzle velocity of the Ross Rifle is 2000 feet per second, the same as that of the Lee-Enfield; for both rifles fire the 303 calibre cartridge. The explosive of this cartridge is cordite. The bullet has a metal jacket, which is coated with nickel to prevent rust.

The Lee-Enfield has many advantages over the Ross The Ross has also many advantages over the Lee-Enfield. When we consider that the latter is Mark XIV, while the latest mark of the former is only IV, we cannot be surprised that the Lee-Enfield has some superior qualities. The Ross Rifle is quickly rising to fame. The imperfections with which it started out, are slowly, but surely, fading away. And as our pioneer fathers paved the way for a successsul country, so shall our pioneer rifle pave the way for a successful weapon.

Physical Culture.

Weak Lungs and Wasting Sicknesses.

NO. VI.

BY FRANK E. DORCHESTER, N. S. P. E.

TUBERCULOSIS, Consumption or Phthisis, a disease which carries off many thousands, might be largely prevented if *proper* Physical Education was made compulsory throughout the Nation. The writer's father was carried off at an early age by the dread scourge, but thanks to physical culture, I hope and believe that it has been conquered in me, and as I firmly believe in future generations.

Medical experts say that my lungs and heart are perfectly sound, in fact, although less than 140 lbs. in weight when stripped, a chest measurement well over 40 inches and an expansion of more than ordinary number of inches besides, makes this appear a fact. As a medical man has kindly written : Mr. Dorchester is not a big built man, but, on examination, I find he has a perfect physical and muscular development, with full control of *all* voluntary muscles. He has obtained this state of *physical perfection* by his method of culture which he has clearly set forth."

These few words of kindly appreciation are taken from a preface written by Dr. W. R. Coles, a genial practitioner of Regina for a book of mine, yet to be published, and I think the reader will consider them sufficient endorsation of my assertion.

The Consumption germ may attack any part of the body, but to most persons the lungs are more generally known as the point attacked. The following rules will, however, aid greatly in preventing, and indeed may assist in curing when the complaint is not too deeply rooted. I must ask the reader to always bear in mind, that I am not undertaking either to train or cure individuals, by means of these series of articles, but to throw a little light upon the possibilities of physical culture. Of course the average person can reap wonderful benefits from them, but individul needs require individual instruction.

Now the germ of consumption on attacking the lungs, irritates the tissue, which becomes inflamed and then congested. The centre finally becomes pus, and is thrown out when the patient expectorates, gradually the lungs becomes more torn, and eventually exhaustion carries off the victim.

If this can be stopped, the lung may not regain what is lost, but the parts around the hole may heal, and no further trouble be experienced. Sometimes indeed tissue may form, and entirely enclose the hole caused by the loss. It is not however necessary to go into these details, but it is sufficient here to say that just as tissue will form over a sore, or as an illustration to a larger hole—just as a stump will heal after an amputation, so may the lung tissue reform and heal the remaining parts, which may have adjoined the wound. In such cases no further trouble or even discomfort may be felt.

I remember a few years ago reading a witnessed statement of a man, who after losing one lung, tried physical culture, and did so well that he could lift 800 lbs. from the ground, and do other feats—both of strength and endurance. Personally though I've never had a case like that, yet I've had serious cases and have succeeded in curing old standing stomach complaints, and many other weaknesses, some directly under medical supervision. Quite recently a doctor advised a parent to bring his boy to me, as he had tuberculosis tendencies. In less than one month owing to several inches having been gained in chest measurement and lung expansion, he was considered free of trouble. I have a testimonial at hand from the grateful father. The main point always to be considered is—care in commencing and avoidance of strains of the lungs.

Consumption is infectious, always remember that. The patient should have a special spitting dish at home, and a flask when out, both of which holds a carbolic disinfectant mixture. It is wise also that all food vessels be used by patient exclusively. After use they should be boiled (sterilized.)

Presuming the patient is at home, he or she should sleep in a room with open windows in which the fresh air can circulate freely. During the day he should be in the fresh air more or less all the time.

Heavy curtains or hangings are bad for a consumptive's room, better be without. At the same time the room should be as cheerful as possible. Pictures, which can be taken down and replaced by others, are best.

The clothes should not be too heavy, but warm, if it is a question of either more clothes or less air, always increase the clothing.

No matter what the weather is like outside the patient should dress to suit, and remain out as long as possible.

Exercise should be taken in a quantity and of a nature in accordance with the state of the patient. The effect of exercise in fresh air will be a quickening of the circulation, repair of the torn tissues and a throwing off of the waste (see effect of exercise in articles 4 and 5.) The same rules for bathing apply as in the articles, except that tepid water should be used instead of a cold bath in the morning, also strictly observe the rule of not exercising until digestion is well under way.

Regularity should be observed, as for example stated times for meals, whilst everything else should be as regular as possible, especially exercise. Here it might be well to point out that as exercise quickens the circulation, and as the lungs are constantly being called on to supply oxygen to the blood, so, owing to its closeness, the lungs should reap the first benefit of exercise if done judiciously ; also by increasing the respiration more oxygen reach the lungs, which will aid in drying up the wound. Thus from two directions is repair assisted and by the most direct route.

By increased respiration through exercise, I do not mean exercise till exhausted and thus cause the breathing to become laboured, but exercise with enough muscular exertion to increase the circulation, and thus increase the respiration, causing the lungs to expel and inhale the air in full deep breaths, allowing every cell in them to become filled with life-giving, tissue-building oxygen.

The more oxygen the blood absorbs each hour, the quicker health may be gained. At the same time exercise *must* be taken *judiciously* ; *too much* is as bad as *too little*.

With regard to other wasting diseases the same rules being observed, benefit will follow, and in the majority of cases I believe the arrest of the disease is assured, certainly assisted.

Always breathe through the nose—long deep, steady breaths, trying to fill every cell, but do not *strain* the lung if it is affected.

Practice judiciously any exercises which have been given in these articles, especially breathing exercises or those which open the chest. Most trunk exercises will do good to the patient. Always remember however on no account must the breath be held when exercising—deep, regular breathing throughout must be the rule. Another point may be noted so that the novice may know what exercises may help. Any exercise in which the arms are *raised* or opened give an opportunity to breathe deeply, as the ribs are raised by these motions. Expel the air, when lowering or closing, unless the exercise is in quick time.

The most valuable assistants a physical culture expert can have are Faith and Hope. Many a patient having given up these allows himself to give up effort also, and slowly but surely—sometimes quickly, is overwhelmed by his trouble. Quite recently I had a case of a young fellow who had almost given up hope of gaining the use of a limb. After consulting me he regained both Faith and Hope, and results followed which have surprised both of us.

The whole secret of success, whether in curative exercise, or for development, is to concentrate the mind on the muscles, perseverance (will power) and some patience. Too often are beginners entirely cut adrift from healthy exercises, owing to the fact that they expect a great deal in a

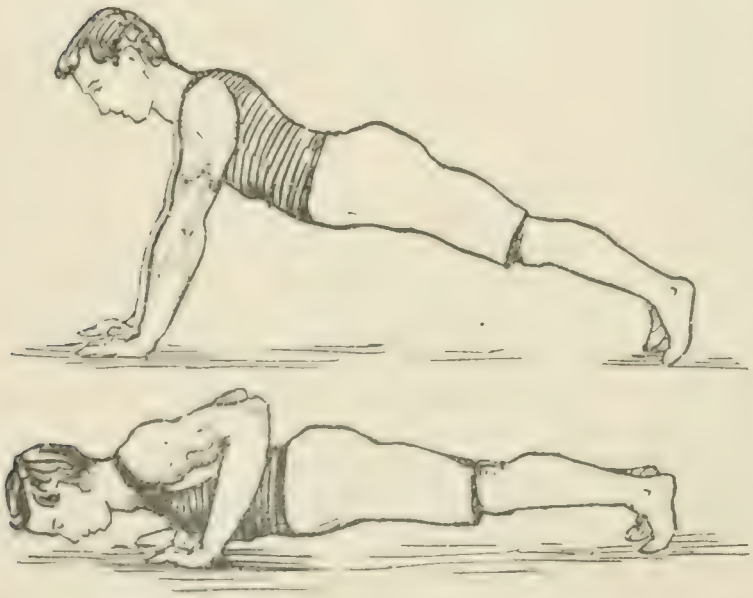
very short time. Give *Nature* a chance to effect the necessary changes, and in good time results will show. What is even more pleasing to the novice if he works properly, the results will astonish him by their actual rapidity, which he will only fully comprehend *after* he has persevered long enough.

I am willing to state that one month's work will show such good results, as to firmly convert a very dubious worker into a firm follower of the Cult of Physique.

Attention ! raise arms *straight* above head taking deep breath—step well out to *right* turning the body but keeping left foot still—bend and touch floor at right foot, expelling the breath as you bend. Return to upright position bringing right foot back, same time taking full breath again—make turn to *left* bending and touching left foot i. e :—alternately turning and touching left and right, breathing as instructed.

NOTE : If this exercise is done in fast time, the breathing should be normal, during any exercise if done in quick time, the movement must not interfere with breathing normal, but full breathing no matter what position is assumed—only practice breathing as instructed in the exercise if the movement is slow enough to allow it, otherwise it forces you to shorten each breath, thus preventing full lung breathing.

STEP TO RIGHT, KEEP LEFT STRAIGHT; BEND AND TOUCH GROUND AT RIGHT FOOT ; REPEAT TO LEFT.



HANDS ON FLOOR, BODY RIGIDLY STRAIGHT ; BEND AT ELBOW AND OPEN CHEST WHEN LOWERING.

Assume position as in figure, body rigid, hands on floor at about shoulder's width apart—fingers to front, keep face looking ahead (not as in figure.) Now lower chest to floor bending elbows only — keep body rigid, touching only hands and toes, press to straight arm again ; repeat. This exercises the whole body, especially *the shoulders*, triceps and fingers.

Trout Fishing in British Columbia.

BY H. G. BYRNE

THOSE of my brother fishermen who have never caught trout in British Columbia are to be pitied. The fishing is unsurpassed anywhere and good sport, amidst the most entrancing scenery, means perfect enjoyment. Those who can afford the time and the cost should not fail to try a visit and they may depend upon it they will enjoy the time of their lives.

On a beautiful Saturday afternoon towards the end of last July, my friend Alf and myself left Vancouver for Hope on fishing thoughts intent. The Canadian Pacific train landed us at Hope some three hours later. Here we were met by our good friend, Frank Boulter, and taken across the Fraser River, on the further shore of which is situated the Coquhalla Hotel, owned by one of the best fellows fishermen can meet, Fred Parnaby. Visitors may be assured of good treatment at the hands of Mr. Parnaby and rely upon moderate charges. Mr. Parnaby is always ready to give his experience of the best spots to fish and what to use in the way of bait, to all new comers. We passed a pleasant evening and retired early with high anticipations of a successful fishing trip.

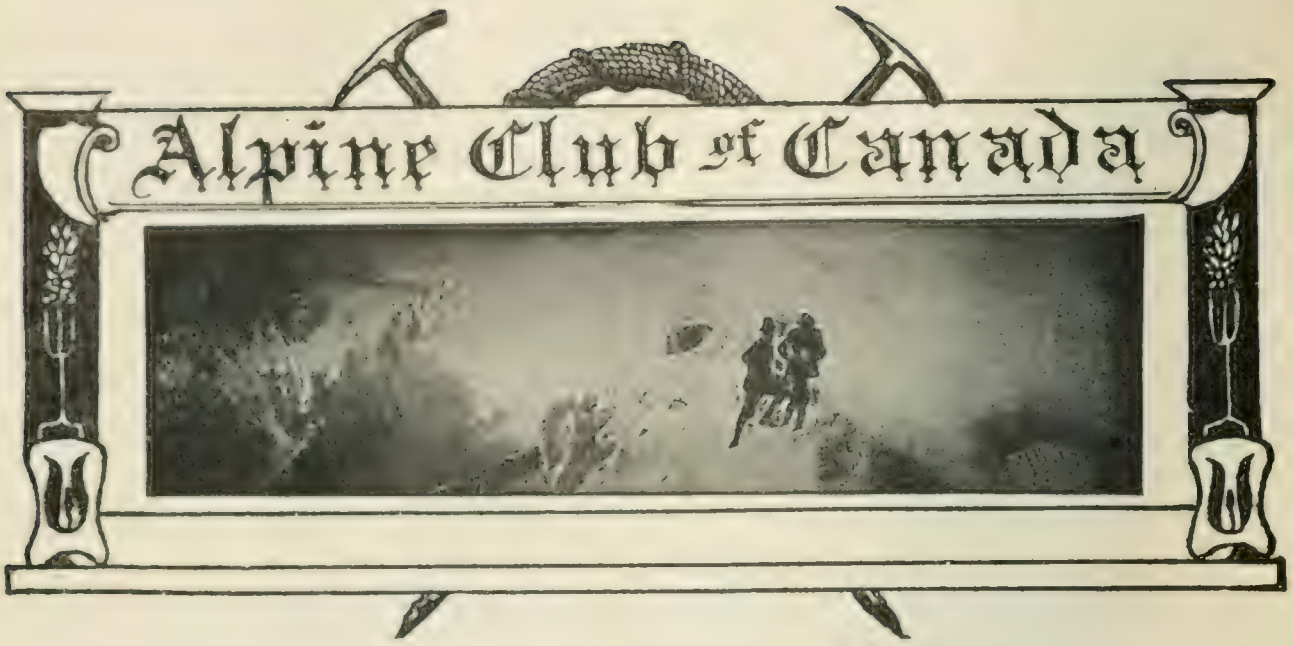
H. G. BYRNE AND ALFRED FIELD WITH THEIR CATCH OF DOLLY VARDEN AND STEELHEADED TROUT CAUGHT IN THE COLQUHALLA RIVER, NEAR HOPE, B C. WEIGHT 9¾ LBS TO 3 LBS. FROM 4 A.M. TO NOON.

Early in the morning we were astir and shortly afterwards on the banks of the river, half a mile distant. Before nine o'clock we had caught eleven fish, giving us all the sport we wished for and a good deal more weight than we cared to carry any distance. When we went to breakfast we hid our spoils.

After our exertions in the fresh air of a balmy omrning we did enjoy that meal! A smoke followed and we again hit the river trail. Before we stopped for lunch we had seventeen fish to our credit, a total weight of 137½ pounds.

Methinks I hear someone in the distance saying "game hogs!" Not so my friend. Remember there were two of us and though the fish were biting well we stopped at noon, and seventeen fish amongst our hosts of friends did not leave us any great supply. There are many amongst our friends who only get trout in this way.

There are many pretty trails through the mountains to distant streams where even better fishing can be had than that we enjoyed.



Third Anniversary

Message from the President

The Alpine Club of Canada celebrated the third anniversary of its birth on March 27th last. Advantage of the occasion was taken to hold meetings at the various centres of the Club, where much enthusiasm was aroused and many plans formed for the coming summer. The President addressed an official message to the members, which outlines the arrangements for this year, and is printed below for further information.

"I am taking advantage of the anniversary gathering of our members at your centre to lay before you a statement of the standing of the Club, and give you a brief outline of the programme for the coming season.

First, I wish to express my appreciation of your prompt action with regard to my recent suggestion that a meeting or some social function should be held on or near the date of this anniversary for the purpose of holding our members together and keeping alive the interests in the objects we have in view.

The standing and prospects of the Club were never brighter than to-day. The membership stands as follows : Honorary members, 9; Associate members, 13; Active members, 233; Graduating members 121; Subscribing members, 35; Total 411. Not a bad showing for three years of existence in a country where mountaineering was practical unknown when we began. There have, of course, been defections Some have and will join us for the sake of experiencing the delights of an outing in camp amidst the beauty spots of the Rockies and the Selkirks. The Alpine Club provides the cheapest and most attractive outing, so the Club has been taken advantage of for that purpose. There have even been a few, though I am pleased to say a very few, who, while they could not avoid paying camp dues, have repudiated the obligation of Club dues, though it was only through membership they were enabled to attend the camp. These are marked men for the rest of their lives ; they have against them the fact that the Alpine Club of Canada is not open to them. Our members, therefore, must not feel hurt that the Executive is compelled to take measures to secure the interests of the Club. It is the way of the world; the many suffer for a few, and the few grow exceeding fat.

The election of our present Hon. Treasurer, and the instalment of our Executive Secretary, Mr. S. H. Mitchell, have meant the placing of the Club on a thoroughly business-like basis with regard to its financial department. The methods adopted have been up-to-date business ones, and the result the gathering in of a large amount of arrears that would have other-

wise been lost, and a most satisfactory payment of current dues. You will, of course, understand the necessity of businesslike methods. The Club has grown considerably and is spreading its tentacles all over the world ; consequently, expenses are also growing and to meet them our finances must be in good shape. At present they are in a most satisfactory condition. I must not anticipate the Hon. Treasurer's Annual Report, therefore, I cannot tell you more than that we see our way clear to meet all obligations for the current year and that, as yet, bankruptcy is not in view.

We are now an incorporated body, our legal name THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA. We have power to hold property to the value of $100,000 to borrow to the extent of $25,000 and to sue for and to collect from our members all just dues to the Club. The Bill of Incorporation was passed at the recent session of the Alberta House. The legal work in connection with the preparation and passage of the Bill has been a gift to the Club from Mr. Stanley L. Jones.

Our first corporate act will be to receive from the Government of Canada a lease of land at Banff for a Club house and permanent headquarters.

The Club house is well underway. The plans are made, the specifications are drawn up and tenders are now being called for. The work will commence the moment the Spring at Banff is sufficiently far advanced, and the contract will call for the completion of the building by the 30th June next.

It will be remembered that the building was to cost $6,000 complete ; that is, furnished for use. Of this amount $4,000 has been subscribed by a loan among our Club members, and it is expected that the balance will come in between now and date named for completion. It was part of the stipulation of the loan that unless the full amount were subscribed the building could not be proceeded with. In order to get over the difficulty an individual member has guaranteed in writing to the Executive Committee that he will loan the Club such amount as may be lacking up to $2,000. It is felt by the Committee that, while this covers the ground, there are many members who have done nothing and that they should assume some share of the deficiency rather than allow it to fall upon one person's shoulders. It is now our business to prove the Club house and summer camps a success, and then, I have no doubt, there will be much greater faith in us. What we particularly want is plenty of patronage at them next summer.

The Club house will be a handsome building, comfortably and sufficiently, if not luxuriously furnished. It will be open to all members for the months of July, August and September. Our library, photographs and maps—and we have quite a number—will be there. It will be the head quarters of our Executive Secretary who will be ready to give full information on all mountain matters to members, and assist them in every way possible to complete their plans. It will be an ideal spot in which to make them. There will be the large assembly room, 30 ft. square, commanding a magnificent view, the finest in Banff; there will be a comfortable reading room, and a smoking room with plenty of comfortable chairs and tables for letter writing. In time, I have no doubt, we shall have have a piano for evening amusement when gathered round the cheery wood fires in the assembly room and hall.

The camping arrangements are as follows : There will be a "Ladies' Quarters" and a "Gentleman's Quarters" as at the annual general camp; also what we shall call a "Married Quarters": fifteen tent-houses with accommodation for two in each. These tent-houses will measure 9 by 11 feet and will be furnished with two cots, two chairs, toilet arrangements and plenty of clothes hooks. Occupants must bring their own bedding—camp bedding, and toilet necessaries such as towels, soap, etc.

The meals will be served in a tent house erected immediately behind the Club house. A door from the hall will open into this at one end and from the kitchen at the other. The meals will be in camp style, the same as at the annual general camps, and will be served at tables accommodating from four to eight persons.

The staff will consist of a cook, a maid to look after the dining room and ladies' quarters and a Chinaman to look after the gentlemen's quarters and assist

with the dining room. The whole will be in charge of the Executive Secretary.

Rates will be as follows; Active and Associate members $2.00 per day, graduating and subscribing members, $3.00 per day. Graduating members who intend to graduate later in the same season from one of the Club camps will be given credit slips for the difference of $1.00 per day and these slips may be used at face value in payment at any camp from which they graduate when such graduation has been certified thereon by persons authorized to make such certificate. On permission from the Executive Secretary members may bring guests to meals at the camp, such meals being paid for at the established rates, but in no case will guests be permitted to interfere with the comfort of members.

If desired, tea will be served in the dining tent at stated hours and a regulation charge made for the same.

Transport for members and their baggage will be provided to and from the trains at the lowest charge obtainable, but such transport will not be included in camp rates.

A tent house will be provided where compartments can be rented for storage of trunks and surplus baggage. The rate per day will be a minimum to cover the actual cost of providing such accommodation. No trunks will be allowed in the tent houses.

It is expected that all rules governing the Club house and camp will be carefully observed.

In connection with the Club-house and Banff camp a camp will be established at Lake O'Hara and run in conjunction with it. As the accommodation at the Banff camp will be only for thirty and but a small overflow can be provided for, it will be necessary to establish a time limit for any one person's stay, probably two weeks, at the end of which period a member will be expected to move on to one of the other camps. Early in April a circular will be issued embracing the regulations. When issued no time should be lost in making application for accommodation. In all cases priority will be given to Active members, then to Associate members then to Graduating members; and finally to Subscribing members, the last at the Banff Camp only.

If a sufficient number of applications are received, a second camp will be established in the Sherbrooke lake valley, to be operated in conjunction with the O'Hara camp. These camps will be on the same plan as the annual general camps, but on a smaller scale. Each will be provided with a cook. There will be accommodation for sixteen with ladies' quarters and gentlemen's quarters as arranged at all camps heretofore.

Owing to the cost of bringing Swiss guides to this country, it will be impossible to provide permanent guides at these camps, but it is hoped that parties going to them for climbing purposes will be able to secure one of the Swiss C. P. R. guides, by making previous arrangements. Such guides would be paid for at the C. P. R. rate, $5.00 per day, by the parties engaging them.

Hector will be the nearest station on the railway, and transport will be provided from it to the camps at the lowest possible cost. The O'Hara camp will be nine miles from Hector and until arrangements have been made about ponies, it is impossible to say what the charges will have to be. It is not intended to have outside camps pay any more than their running expenses.

The annual general camp will also be held at Lake O'Hara. This will be the camp, par excellence. Here you can wander in spruce shaded glades carpet-with heath and heather, and bright with flowers, where brilliant coloured lakelets lie hidden amougst the trees, and close at hand—all round—are the snow-clad giants of the Rockies. Here you may climb to the highest and most difficult peaks of the range, or you may idle away the sun-lit hours in a dreamy appreciation of perfect peace amidst the beauties of the hills. There is no more beautiful spot than the vicinity of Lake O'Hara. Those who enjoyed the Yoho camp will know when I say that it is not unlike, but more attractive.

The general camp will be held commencing the first week in August. It is set thus late to accommodate our English guests, eleven of whom have so far signified their acceptance of our invitation. Among these are Prof. H. B. Dixon, of Manchester University; G. B. Solly,

vice-president of tne Scottish Mountaineering Club, and Mrs. Solly Dr. Benson, of the English Alpine Club, and Mrs Benson; A. L. Munn, and possibly Hermann Woolley, President of the Alpine Club.

The camp will be on the same lines as all the other general camps, and the annual meeting of the Club will be held at it. The programme will be very varied, owing to the exensive facilities offered by the locality. There is so much to see in the vicinity that short daily trips will be a special feature. The celebrated round trip of the Paradise Valley camp will be repeated, but in the opposite direction, with the night's stop at Paradise Valley.

When the circular goes out next month no time should be lost in applying for accommodation. First come, first served is our motto, and if we know what we have to handle we can make better arrangements.

In conclusion, I beg to call the attention of our lady members to the fact that our Club house requires furnishing and that comfortable pillows for the cosy corn ers and lounging chairs will be very acceptabie,

The Club ribbon is made in England and if any is required orders for it should be send at once to the Executive Secretary. The price is 50 cents per yd."

Fish and Game Protection in Ontario.

BY W. A. COWAN.

In the March number of Rod and Gun a letter written by Mr. W. J. Moody, of Berlin, Ont. to E. Tinsley re fish and game protection, which in itself is a good article and throws out some good suggestions to that end, goes a little too far. In self detence I throw down the gauntlet, and protest against that particular clause in his letter where he quotes from Mr. Brazier, his informant, as to the wholesale slaughter and destruction of fish and deer by the proprietors of summer resorts in the Magnetawan Lakes district, at all times of the year, and feeding it to their guests; also that many tourists kill deer and leave the carcases to rot (I would infer for the mere pleasure of shooting them.) This is a very strong statement and to me reflects very discreditably on the community which should tolerate such open violations of the law.

Now in contradiction to these misleading statements I will say that I have kept a summer resort for eighteen years on Lake Ceicbe, Magnetawan River and challenge any of my patrons, or visitors, to say that in that length of time they ever saw venison on my table killed out of season, further, to my personal knowledge, no deer were ever killed by my guests, nor did I see any wanton waste of fish by those who were under my daily observation. Now what I have written I am prepared to stand by in so far as I am concerned.

It is now up to my brother resort keepers (as we are all on the same load of poles) to clear themselves of the odium and reckless disregard of all game laws, and clean sport, which the letter referred to would convey. In conclusion I feel that in honor and fair play we who are scored unjustly have an apology due to us from Mr. Moodie, or his informant, Mr. Brazier, through Rod and Gun. If in any case Mr. Brazier can make good his statement I should admire him for doing so. But he should discriminate between the innocent and the guilty.

At its organization meeting the Barrie Aquatic Club elected officers, as follows: Hon. President, Major Peauchen; Hon. Vice-President, R. R. Cromarty; President, H. E. Jory; First Vice-President, Capt. Lyon; Second Vice-President, Donald Ross; Third Vice-President, J. A. McLaren: Captain E. W. Bassett; Vice-Captain, G. N. Miller; Secretary, Oliver Cameron; Treasurer, Laurier McNab; Patrons, Mayor Vair, Mr. H. H. Strathy, K. C., Mr. Pugsley, Mr. Somerville, Mr. Campbell-Reeve, Mr. H. J. Grasett, Mr. C. R. Latimer, Mr. W. D. Morton, Mr. S. Dyment, Mr. Frederic Nichols, Judge Wismer.

OUR MEDICINE BAG

The fine cover cut of our April number, about which many inquires have been made, is a photo of Dr. Wycliffe Marshall, Owen Sound, Ont. The Doctor is an experienced fisherman as well as a keen hunter. He began fishing as a child on the Credit River and on his removal to Owen Sound has spent his recreations in his favorite pursuit, recently visiting Manitoulin Island for the purpose and meeting with much success. The Doctor told of this outing in our pages and his story did a good deal to direct attention to the fishing possibilities of that portion of the province. The photograph from which the cut was made was so good that with the Doctor's consent we retained it for nearly a year in order to give it appropriate publication on the cover of a fishing number. The best illustration of Mr. Marshall standing as a fisherman is his appearance on our cover with the fine string of fish caught with his own rod. Our readers as well as ourselves are indebted to Dr Marshall for his courtesy in allowing such an interesting illustration to appear.

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On the fourth of March, Game Warden Wilmott fined J. J Matthews, foreman of the Ontario Lumber Co's camp in the Township of Hardy, Parry Sound District, $150.00 for having in his possession three deer skins. This was Matthews' second offence.

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A correspondent writes from British Columbia pointing out that the Fernie men are entitled to a little more credit for the establishing of the Kootenay Game Preserve in that province than our article in the March number gave them. We gladly repair the omission, knowing as we do from experience that no outside influence however strong could prove of great value without the support of good men inside the province. The Fernie men stood by the project from the beginning and though opinions differed upon many points there was perfect agreement over the general principle. To the members of the Fernie District Game Preservation Society and its energetic President Mr. H. W. Herchmer much credit is due and now that success has crowned the strong efforts put forth all may well join in congratulations and agree to forget minor differences in the triumph of the principle. British Columbia has now started on the right path and may those who have guided her so far continue until other reservations are set aside for public use forever. Mr. Herchmer has retired from the Presidency of the local association in favor of Mr. Wriglesworth

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A circular letter has been issued to the Secretaries of the branches of the Ontario Forest, Fish and Game Protective Association stating that in view of the fishing treaty which comes into force next June, and which affects the fisheries of the Great Lakes and Rainy River district, it has been decided to omit the Provincial Convention this year. Under the treaty, which was signed on April 11th last, two commissioners representing Canada and the States will prepare uniform regulations to govern the fisheries in international waters. Draft regulations have been drawn up by both commissioners and these will so change the whole subject of the future of these fisheries that it is thought it would be a waste of time to hold a convention while these matters are still sub judice. By the time the annual convention of Easter 1910, comes round the new regulations will have been in force a sufficient time to enable delegates to report upon their efficiency or need of amendment.

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The Parks Board of the City of

Winnipeg have issued a statement regarding the losses of the buffaloes under their charge in the course of which they take exception to the statement, made in our last issue, to the effect that they failed to act upon the recommendations of the Superintendent in charge. On the contrary they acted in accordance with his advice on all occasions but one, and that was an instance in which his advice conflicted with a recommendation he had previously made and which was carried out. The herd originally consisted of 13 animals and they have been reduced to three, most of the animals dying from general debility. Every means was taken to check the mortality amongst the animals but without avail. In the light of what has happened the officials and committee are forced to the conclusion that the first year's confinment, in the swampy uncleared corral, a spot entirely unsuited for buffalo, undermined their health and started the disease and "which either from reproduction by bacillus or some irritant in the herbage," they could not check. "The stamina of the animals was none of the best, owing to their inbreeding but the introduction of new blood could have made no possible difference to the health of these animals" A detailed statement is given of the various efforts made in the direction of stopping the disease A prairie run was tried, the best upland hay fed to them, the corral cleared and seeded with grass and other means taken with a view of stopping the ravages in the ranks. Veterinary surgeons were called and their advice followed. For two years these efforts have proceeded until the last animals appear to be entireiy clear of the mysterious disease. With all the care bestowed it should now be possible to increase this number and put the small herd on the up grade.

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The great differences between eastern and western Canada in bird shooting is well illustrated in the letter of a correspondent who writes from Alberta: "I have killed forty seven wild geese in twenty minutes—that I got, to say nothing of those I didn't get." Eastern readers should remember that those in the line of flight of these birds make no impression upon their ranks and that the birds take heavy toll of the farmers fields. For those reasons bags are not limited but the Protectective Associations of the West will move in the direction whenever they see a need for it.

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Those interested in pursuit of mountain sheep are probably aware that the closed season for these animals in the Province of Alberta expires this year. Numerous enquires made by the tourist department of the C. P. R. have resulted in full information as to how to get to the best grounds, who to employ as guides, and other particulars. The result of these enquires has elicited the fact that sheep are extremely plentiful and that the three years' period of protection afforded them has accomplished the desired object. One correspondent states that during the last year, in his section, he has counted some two or three hundred sheep. To any of our readers intending to go after sheep, goat or mule-deer, we would advise writing to the Department mentioned for particulars.

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An important address on "The conservation of Canada's Natural Resources" by the Hon Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture in the Dominion Cabinet, was delivered before the Canadian Club at Montreal. The hon. gentleman dealt at length with the recent Conservation Congress at Washington, explaining that its recommendations left both nations free to conserve their natural resources in their own way. The Congress advocated that all the natural resources should be available for the public benefit and not be controlled by corporations, but by the people at large. "If we are prosperous in the utilization of these resources we should hand them down unimpaired to the coming generations said Mr. Fisher. The majority of the people, he added, were only living for the day, but he did not consider that good patriotism.

"We are to-day in the same position that the Americans were in seventy-five or one hundred years ago. We have not to any great extent impaired our natural resources; let us take heed now. We to-day think of our forests as an in-

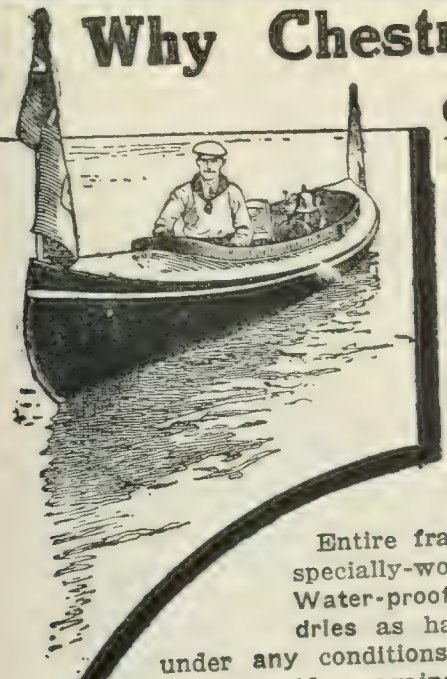
exhaustible possession. We have been slashing here, there and everywhere, as if there were no limits to the forests. Our experienced lumbermen tell us that our present forest supply will not last out many years at the present rate of destruction. As a check upon this ruthless destruction the Dominion Government is setting out forest preserves. We have already started on the way to forest conservation." In 1908 there were just under seven million persons in this country, and he had no hesitation in saying that in 1910 the census would show that the population was eight millions. They should see to it that the twenty millions of people in 1930 should have an abundance of timber and an abundant flow of water for municipal and domestic purposes. In concluding his address Mr. Fisher pointed out the close relation existing between forest resources and agriculture and navigation. "Our boasted supremacy of the St. Lawrence route is dependent on the timber supply of the Laurentian Mountains. Cut off that timber, and Montreal's future as an ocean port is doomed," were his concluding remarks.

The Canadian Club of Halifax in conjunction with the Halifax Branch of The People's Game and Fish Protective Association of Nova Scotia gave a luncheon at the Halifax Hotel in that city on February 23rd at which the guests were addressed by Mr. A. Kelly Evans, of Toronto on the subject of the preservation of our natural resources with particular reference to game, fish and forests. There was a large and representative attendance including Premier Murray and all the members of the Local Legislature. Mr. Evans attributed the present extraordinary interest in the subject of his remarks largely to the action taken by President Roosevelt, and proceeded to show the advantageous position of Canada as compared with other countries whose natural resources have been more largely drawn upon. Switzerland and Italy, he said, depend for their wealth on the attraction their mountains and climate have for tourists. Nova Scotia had a similar mine of wealth in her game and fish, especially when her advantageous position with regard to the United States is considered. He then gave statistics showing how the state of Maine derives a revenue from these sources of $25,000,000,-00 a year. This he instanced as a result of that state keeping its game and fish free to the public. Similarly in Ontario there was now an annual revenue of $600.000.-00 from game and fish, whereas Quebec, which leased large territories to private parties received from the same source only $200,000.00. The address of Mr. Evans was much appreciated and at its close Mr. Hugh McNab, president of the Halifax branch of The People's Game and Fish Protective Association of Nova Scotia, moved a vote of thanks. In doing so he referred briefly to the work the association was endeavoring to accomplish and had no doubt the address just given would be productive of much good Mr. F. W. Russell, secretary of the provincial association, in seconding the motion spoke of the necessity of a campaign of education in order to make the people realize the importance of the conservation of their natural resources. The meeting was a pronounceed success, and it is to be hoped that it aroused in the members of the legislature a determination to stand for popular rights as against private preserves.

The Fisheries Committee of the Halifax Board of Trade has forwarded to the Chairman of the Standing Committee on Fisheries at Ottawa a letter urging the reorganization of the Fisheries Department under a Deputy Minister separate from the Marine Department and the appointment of a commission to investigate the condition of the Canadian Atlantic fisheries, with a view to inaugurating a progressive educational policy.

A copy of the booklet advertised by James Heddon & Son, Dowagiac, Mich. has just reached the desk of the editor of this magazine. We do not hesitate to pronounce it one of the handsomest booklets in point of typography and illustration ever seen. A portion of the booklet cover a treatise on the "Art of Bait Casting," which is very interesting

Why Chestnut Motor Canoes



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are staunchly built with strong, rigid, perfect New Brunswick Cedar wide ribs, and Cedar lining. Ribs are close together; the canoe is double-built, insuring enormous strength.

Entire framework covered with one seamless sheet of specially-woven Canvas. Canvas is coated with special Water-proof preparation, which fills up Canvas-Pores and dries as hard as flint, insuring dryness and tightness under any conditions. Will not cake or dry out. No fear of chafing sides against rough objects—they are entirely protected by hardwood "Rubbing Strips. Chestnut Motor Canoes are double-built, are light, yet very strong and speedy. Comfortable, roomy, clean, safe and handsomely finished—an ideal family Motor Canoe. The pleasure derived the first season easily overcomes the thought of small cost of famous Chestnut Motor Canoes.

FREE—Write to-day for descriptive Booklet, showing many styles of Chestnut Canoes—it's interesting.

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and instructive. Mr. James Heddon, who is undoubtedly the most experienced artistic angler in the country, gives experienced as well as amateur anglers, some very good pointers. In addition to the information on bait casting, this little booklet contains illustrations of the "Dowagiac" Rods and Minnows in colors which reveal the silk windings and ornamentation of the rod, as well as the beautifully blended colors on the minnows. Altogether this booklet is well in keeping with the exceptionally high grade goods made by this well known firm, and according to their advertisements will be sent free on request to any address.

The following resolution was passed by the Sault Ste Marie branch of the Ontario Forest, Fish and Game Protective Association on the motion of Mr. J. B. Way, seconded by Mr. C. Kocot; "Whereas it has been brought to the attention of this Branch of the Association that the time for taking whitefish and salmon trout was extended in the Fall of 1908 from November 1st to November 7th inclusive, which period forms part of the closed season for such fish. And whereas after looking into the situation we have been unable to discover any good and sufficient reason why fishing should have been allowed during such period. And whereas it is a well known fact that the supply of white fish and trout from the waters of Lake Superior has in recent years been rapidly decreasing, and that if the said waters are to be kept from entire depletion a rigorous enforcement of the laws, especially as to the close season, is required. Now therefore, be it resolved that in the opinion of this Branch of the Ontario Forest, Fish and Game Protective Association the extending of the time for the taking of white fish and trout in the Fall of 1908 so as to permit of fishing during the first week of the closed season, was altogether unnecessary as regards the interests of the fishermen themselves, and tended very largely to cause further depletion of the whitefish and trout in those waters. Be it further resolved that in the opinion

of this Branch of the Association this matter is of such importance as to justify its being brought to the attention of the Government, with the request that in the future no extension beyond close season be granted for the taking of white fish and trout from the waters of Lake Superior."

In the beautiful Canadian summer every means should be taken of enjoying the out-of-doors to the utmost possible extent and no better way can be found of doing this than by installing an Eagle Steel Swing on the lawn. These swings combine the most desirable qualities, safety, strength, convenience and beauty, which makes their constant use a pleasure and a sensible addition to the joys of life. Such a swing can be used by every member of the family, providing healthful enjoyment for all, with real rest and comfort. The swing can be set up without the use of tools and is so arranged that it can be used as a reclining chair or thrown perfectly flat for a couch. The Ontario Wind Engine and Pump Company, Toronto, the holders of the patent, make a small table that is easily set up on the platform of the swing for the convenience and comfort of the grown ups and for sewing or luncheon use. Adjustable head rests, side and end curtains add to the uses and comforts of the swing which has been constantly improved until it is as near perfection as human ingenuity and skill can make it. The same Company manufacture other lines and will send descriptive catalogue to any interested reader.

At a recent meeting of the Bobcaygeon branch of the Ontario Forest, Fish and Game Protective Ass'n, Mr. A. E. Bottum, President in the chair, the Secretary, Mr. Hickson, reported having met Mr. Kelly Evans in Toronto and stated that he was as enthusiastic as ever, and had great hopes of the Government taking a real live and practical interest in the preservation of our Fish and Game. The enforcement of the laws was discussed and instances were given of reported cases of law breaking, in distant parts. It was agreed that there should be more co-operation among associations, individuals, and the Wardens, and the Secretary was instructed to write the Wardens of the district asking them to try and co-operate together, by sending each other word of any infractions they may be aware of in each other districts and when possible of meeting each other for joint work in adjoining territory. The following motion was passed:—That the Secretary write the surrounding Wardens and request them to co-operate with one another, and also to write the Secretary of Association if they knew or even suspect any violation of the Fish and Game Act in the District." The fish, game and bird life of this neighborhood is one of its most important assets. The summer tourist business is a source of large revenue to the neighborhood and summer people will soon steer clear of a region that has no fish and is void of bird life. This neighborhood has now a good supply of fish, small birds and squirrels are numerous, but there should be strenuous efforts made to prevent all illegal destruction of either fish or birds. The carrying of firearms, particularly these small toy guns might well be prohibited except in the open seasons and the destruction of bird's nests by children should be vigorously dealt with. As to the fish poaching during the closed season everyone should take sufficient interest in the welfare of the neighborhood to see that this great asset of revenue production is strictly preserved.

The following is a copy of the petition which is being circulated throughout the Province by the members of the People's Game and Fish Protective Association of Nova Scotia; "To the members of the House of Assembly and of the Legislative Council. The petition of the undersigned humbly sheweth, That your petitioners believe that the Game of this Province is a most valuable asset and that all reasonable means should be adopted for the preservation and increase of the same. That a great deal of Game is destroyed by reason of the illegal killing of the same and that unless the laws now in force for the preservation of our Game are strictly enforced many species will in the near future become extinct. That the funds at present available for

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and Cream every day. They like it and you can be absolutely certain you are feeding them wisely and scientifically.

A few weeks will prove it to you by the appearance and activity of the child.

Do your duty by the children.

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the protection of the game are entirely inadequate for that purpose. Your petitioners therefore pray that an act be passed requiring all resident hunters of big Game to procure a license yearly therefor, the fee for which should be one dollar, which should be paid to the Game Commission, and be used for the protection of Game." We understand that the petition is receiving many signatures.

The Annual Meeting of the Brome Lake Fish and Game Protection Club was held at The Lake View House, Knowlton, Que , on Saturday Ferbuary 20th. Reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were submitted, and were found satisfactory. Among the large number present were the following:— C. A. Nutting, K. C., Dr. S. H. Martin, M. Kilbourn, F. H. Perkins, C. W. Candlish, G. S. Walsh of Waterloo, Q.; W. M. Hillhouse, G. McClay, J. Gillam: Bondville, O. Lachambe, H. E. Hibbard, Brome; L. E. Dyer, Sutton, H. E. Williams, F. Williams, Dr. Harris, L. A. Perkins, E. Fleury, J. N. Davignon, R. N. England, F. A. Knowlton, M. H. Bede; J. E Fay, H. G. McDowell, A. W. Pettes, J. N. Robinson, A. Leach, M. H. Hunt, A. C. Carter, T. K. Foster, C. K. Temple: Jos. M.O'Halloran,Major J. G. Gibson, Dr. G. F. L. Fuller, A. E. Ross. During the Close Season the Lake was carefully watched by the Club's Warden with the result that very little illegal fishing was done, only one offender having been brought up to give an explanation. This offender was afterwards convicted.Some lengthy discussion took place as to the advisability of opening Brome Lake for Pickerel fishing on May 24th instead of June 15th as formerly and it was finally decided to petition the Government to have this done. The protection of our trout was the next subject brought up, and it was decided to get the Government if possible, to prohibit trout fishing in the district of Bedford, for a period of three years. The establishment of Fish Ways, which are very much needed and necessrry on the dams of the Yamaska River was also taken up, and a committee was appointed to interview Mr. W. F. Vilias, M.P.P. on this important matter. The following officers were elected: President, Maj. J.G Gibson, Secy & Treasurer H. E. Hibbard. The executive committee is composed of the following: Messrs C. A. Nutting,Jos. M. O'Halloran, W. M. Hillhouse, John Gillam, A. W. Westover, Dr. Geo. Fuller, A. E. Ross, H. E. Hibbard, E. S. Chapman. The meeting was followed by a banquet at which letters were read from the following gentlemen, Hon. S.A. Fisher, Geo. G. Foster, K. C. Sir Melbourn Tait, Hon. Mr. Justice Lynch, James McKinnon, and others. The chief speakers at the dinner were Maj. J. G. Gibson, C. A. Nutting, K. C., F. H. Perkins, G. S. Walsh, L, A. Perkins, A. E. Ross and H. G. McDowell.

For the duck-hunter sitting in a blind for hours there is no such luxury as the Raino waterproof jacket and overalls as protection from dampness and cold winds. Those who are fortunate enough to possess these garments not only enjoy their hunting trip most, but possess also a health protection that every sportsman ought to have. As these garments are so easily available now they have only to be better known to ensure their general use. Made by the Raino Company 771 S. Halsted St. Chicago.

The position of the hundreds of prospectors and workers at Gowganda when the roads break up has caused no little anxiety and comment throughout Ontario and suggestions of all kinds have been made as to the possibilities of relief. With a view of contributing its share to the solution of a great problem the Canadian Pacific Railway, with the public spirit that has ever distinguished that great Corporation, has organized a canoe freight route from Biscotasing, a station on the main line, thirty-five miles west of Sudbury, to the centre of the mining region. On the rivers canoes will be used and on the lake stretches fast launches. The portages are said to be less than half the number between Elk City and Gowganda. Just as soon as the weather renders navigation possible the route will be opened by way of Duncan's Lake, Shinning Tree Lake, and Wapoos River. The Montreal

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River is struck in its higher reaches and followed throughout its course. It is likewise claimed that this will be the best natural route for the location of a permanent railway. Probably the opening of a new dry wagon route will be the next step taken in the direction of developement.

"The First Engineers," a beautiful woodland scene with Canadian beavers at work tree felling and building one ot their wonderful dams, is the subject selected for their calender by the Allis-Chalmers-Bullock, Limited of Montreal. One beaver is cutting down a white birch, a second is skillfully severing the branches from a tree that has been fallen, and a third is guiding a tree trunk to a position in the water required for effective erection of the dam. The little animals, each engaged upon its separate task, are working in that quiet, steady manner which always proves effective. Their skill and energy have made their dams objects of wonder and admiration to all who have seen them. The coloring of the picture is good, the light and ishade fine, while the poses of the animals busied in their several duties, exemplify the sentence quoted from Kipling:—"Who has seen the beaver busied?"—they are wholly absorbed in their occupation. The calendar, with the days of the months in plain white letters on a dark back ground, shows up well while the paper, made with an appearance similar to wood has an admirable effect. The Allis-Chalmers-Bullock, Company, Montreal are makers of Hydro Electric Power Machinery and their advertising on this calender is neat, well worded and likely to prove more valuable as a result.

At Toronto on Saturday, March 13th, Island Constable Batemen made a seizure of 40 yards of five feet gill net in Ashbridge's Bay. The nets were full ot fish. This is the third capture this year.

The equipment of arms and ammunition for the Roosevelt-Smithsonian African expedition embraces guns suitable for shooting all kinds of game, from birds and small animals to the big and dangerous armor-skinned rhino. For hunting the latter, the party will rely on Winchester .405 caliber repeater, known as the model 1895,which are the most powerful repeating rifles made. They will shoot a steel patched bullet through about fifty inches of pine wood, or a half inch steel plate, and no animal living can withstand a shot from one of these guns. For less dangerous game, rifles of the same make and model but handling .30 Government Model 1903 cartridges will be used. For small animals, the party is provided with Winchester .22 caliber Automatic rifles. These guns are reloaded by the recoil, it being only necessary to pull the trigger for each shot. For birds, Winchester Repeating Shotguns, 12 gauge, shooting six shots will be used. These repeaters are calculated to stand rough, hard use, as they bear the stamp of approval of the U.S.Ordnance Board for strength, safety and reliability. A big assortment of Winchester ammunition of various kinds and sizes was of course provided for the different guns, making the equipment complete in every detail.

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That there are bears left in Old Ontario was shown by the experience of Albert Baxter, of Melvin, Winchester township, who shot one early in March. The man was fetching a load of wood when his dog located the bear. Mr. Bruin was obliging enough to wait till the farmer fetched his gun with which he shot the bear, which was found later to weigh 180 pounds.

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With Spring it is said that the young man's thoughts lightly turn to love ; however that may be summer usually brings its dreams of vacation, with its attendant pleasures. For the man who contemplates putting in his days off in the woods, the subject of camp furniture holds special interest. We would advise those of our readers who have not yet completed their arrangements for their season's camping to get in touch with the "Gold Medal Camp Furniture Manufacturing Co., of Racine, Wisconsin, and secure a copy of their catalog on the camp furniture which they manufacture. "Gold Medal" Camp Furniture derives its name from the fact that it has been awarded numerous gold medals in every exhibit in which it has been entered in competition with camp furniture of other makes. For comfort, portability, compactness, simplicity and utility it easily holds the palm. Every article of furniture manufactured by this company is guaranteed to support a weight of from 300 to 1,000 pounds, not to double up when in use and to live fully up to its guarantee in every respect. For the protection of the buying public, the manufacturers have adopted a trade mark, which will be found in their advertisement on another page. It is put on every article they manufacture. This trade mark should be looked for in case dealers endeavor to substitute something else. If your dealer does not carry "Gold Medal" Camp Furniture send his name and write to the manufacturers for a copy of their catalog.

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At Quebec on March 17th summonses were sworn out against two of the decendants of the Huron tribe, named Sioui, on the charge of having been found hunting in the Laurentides National Park without a licence, and also with shooting game out of season. The defendants, however, claim that as Indians they have a right to hunt where and when they please, and that this right is guaranteed them by the treaty with the English Government.

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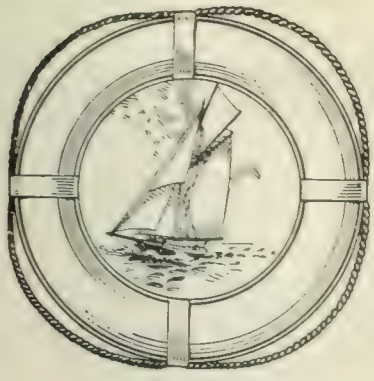
The Canadian Camp of New York succeed admirably in maintaining their reputation year after year for new and unheard of dishes. This year they included in the menu, broiled Pacific whale, grilled blubber from Nootka, roast Amazon monkey, baked Winnipeg porcupine and boa constrictor cutlets. All these came at the end of a feast, after the diners had whetted their appetites upon less outlandish fare. The dinner was a great success and the Canadian campers of New York were one and all enthusiastic in praise of their experiences in the Dominion.



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The annual Meeting of the Sault Ste. Marie Branch of The Ontario Forest, Fish and Game Protective Association, postponed from January 30th, was held in Lecture Room, Post Office Building, Sault Ste, Marie, on Monday evening, February 8th, Mr. C. A. Leaney, Vice President, in the chair. On account of the inclemency of the weather, the attendance was small. After dealing with correspondence and other matters, the Secretary Treasurer's report was presented, which showed an active Membership of over sixty. The election of Officers resulted as follows :

Honorary President, W. H. Hearst, Esq., M.P.P.; President, Mr. C. A. Leaney ; 1st Vice President, Col. T. H Elliott ; 2nd Vice President, Mr. D. Lynn; Secretary Treasurer, Mr. Chas. Fitzsimon, re-elected ; Executive Committee, Mr. J. B. Way, Chairman ; Mr. C. Kocot ; Mr. Geo. Richardson ; Mr. R. Ellis ; Mr. A. W. Dunlop ; Dr. E. S. Rogers, V.S.; Mr. J. H. Hugill ; Honorary Solicitor, Mr. G. H. Hayward. A resolution respecting the necessity for the appointment of a Salaried Deputy Warden and Fishery Overseer in this District, was laid before the meeting, and was adopted, with an ammendment recommending said Officer to have control of the issue of fishing licences between Sault Ste. Marie and Pancake Point in Lake Superior.

A story of heroic endurance comes from Gladstone, Man. Francis Roulet, while on the trail north of that place, had his leg shattered through a gun explosion. He lay out in the marshes for two days during March before he was found and then hurried to where medical assistance was obtained. His endurance was truly regarded as marvellous.

A gruesome story comes from Saskatchewan. A trapper in the northern portion of the province is said to have secured a number of young timber wolves which he trained for driving, finding that the animals possessed remarkable endurance and speed. After one hard day's work,

in the course of which the wolves had had no food, they were approaching the shanty at night when the man's little three year old daughter ran out to meet them. When the famished wolves reached her they jumped upon her and she was dead before the agonized father could raise his hand. The man is said to have despatched the whole five animals with an axe before his frenzy was exhausted.

Every shooter is interested in new firearms particularly when placed upon the market by a firm of such high reputation as the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co. of Chicopee Falls, Mass. This same firm has been responsible for many advances in arms of precision and the sportsman is indebted to them for much that makes his shooting recreation a pleasure that endures in the memory long after the actual experience is over. Now, consideration is asked for their new No. 70 Repeating Rifle and No. 520 Repeating Shot Gun. The rifle is known as a "Visible Loading" one and embodies several novel and meritorious features. The Visible Loading feature is new and simple and appeals to the shooter because he can see the cartridge fed into the chamber. The magazine tube and breech block are in one piece and having extra strong double extractors, the extraction of the empty shell is absolutely positive. The breech block has a positive lock and is operated by the slide handle after the breech block is closed. The hammer also has a positive lock and is always locked. The rifle is also very fine for single shot. It is made in two sizes, for 22 short and 22 long cartridges—the one for short cartridges handling 15 and for long cartridges 12. The barrel is 20 inch round with an extreme length of 35 inches. The list price, with varnished stock and slide handle, case hardened frame and rubber butt plate, is $9.00 and fitted with sights $11.50 and $12.00. The Repeating shotgun is 12 gauge, 28, 30 and 32 inches, 7¾ lbs., was designed by Mr. John Browning, an inventor of international prominence, and is complete in every particular. The barrel is made of Stevens forged steel, the receiver is a solid drop forging, allowing none of the interior parts to protrude and interfere with the pleasure or safety; the slide lock is unlocked by the recoil, the locking block is visible and made of half inch square tempered steel, the firing pin is drawn back and locked in opening the gun and remains locked; compensating is perfectly arranged; with the safety, unloading is easy, by leaving the gun open after each shot, and the sighting is just right. The finish is in black oxide with walnut pistol grip stock and slide handle. Cylinder bored modified choke or full choke barrel as specified, and list price $27.00. Such perfect specimens cannot fail to appeal to any shooter and both guns are assured of a large sale. The Company will gladly forward full particulars to any interested reader.

A brush between the frontier police and some fish poachers from across the line is reported from St. Catharines, Ont. Chief Reid, of Niargara-on-the-Lake, and officer Taylor were secreted on the banks of the Niagara River when they saw two men in a boat dragging the river bed with nets. When the men landed the two officers made a run for them, but the men abandoning their nets and fish made a dash off in the boat, and although several shots were sent after them, they escaped without harm as far as the officers could ascertain.

A perfect copy of the first edition of Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler" brought £1,085 sterling, at an auction at London, England, on March twentieth.

In preparation for his African hunting trip, President Roosevelt was represented by Justice James W. Gerard, of the Supreme Court of New York, with a gold-headed, jewelled hunting knife. "The end of the handle is an eagle head of solid gold, with eyes of rubies. The hilt is of heads of bears in solid gold. The coat of arms of the United States and the monogram of President Roosevelt are worked on the handle. The gold is intermingled with platinum upon the bright surface of which are hunting scenes and figures of native Africans. It is estimat-

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again at nearest ink-well by simply dipping in pen and pressing Crescent-Filler. No bothersome dropper, no fuss, no muss, no cleaning up to do. Self-filling, self-cleaning. Won't scratch, blot, balk or skip. There is no other pen in the world like it.

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THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO.
315 Manhattan Bldg.
TOLEDO, OHIO . . . U. S. A.

ed that the knife is worth $1250." From this discription it would appear that the present is more ornamental than useful for an African trip.

On Monday, March twenty-second, seven boxes of fish, weighing over one thousand pounds, were seized at London, Ont., the reason being that the consignment, mainly consisting of mullets and suckers, also contained pickerel. The fish were consigned from Bothwell to New York. Under instructions from Toronto, Inspector Weldon seized and sold the fish and forwarded the proceeds to headquarters.

They have been having a pretty good fight in Nova Scotia over the question of incorporating the "Kedgemakooge Rod and Gun Club" which it was proposed to do by an Act of the Provincial Legislature. To read the bill, the whole of the fourteen clauses appeared to be aimed at the establishment of a club, the members of which would have a monopoly of its fishing and shooting rights over the area granted to them. The cudgels were taken up on behalf of the rights of the public by Mr. H.D. Ruggles, President, and Mr. Frank W. Russell, Secretary, of the People's Game and Fish Protective Association, Mr. Geo. D. Blackadar, Secretary-Treasurer of the Yarmouth branch, and Mr. C. W. Mills, Annapolis Royal, the promoter of the bill, defended it. The correspondence supplies some piquant reading, Mr. Mills calling his opponents "peanut politicians." In brief, Mr. Mills contends that he and his associates were engaged in a legitimate business concern, founding a summer hotel and tourist resort, and for the purpose of more efficiently carrying out their plans, they sought wide powers. The gentlemen named retorted that such powers were unnecessary for the purpose of running a tourist resort business and that nothing appeared in the bill giving any such intimation. They opposed the bill on principle, for although in this case there might be nothing wrong, yet, if once allowed, others would be proposed and

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before the people knew it, they might be deprived of their rights over the whole of the wild lands. Apparently the contention of the opponents prevailed and the Legislature declined to pass the bill.

It is remarkable how inventions have altogether unexpected results at times. The future of our forests, about which we are all so much concerned, is going to owe a great deal to concrete. According to Dean Galbraith, of the faculty of Engineering and Applied Science of the University of Toronto, "we can now do what we were unable to do before ; we can, thanks to cement, economize the wood used in buildings. When we are told how largely the future of our country depends on the conservation of the forests and see how much building will be done in this young country, we can appreciate the added significance of concrete. One might almost say that it is at the bottom of our future prosperity. It was once used only for mortar and foundations, but now the range of its adaptability includes even bridges and railway ties."

A new feature in game preserves is proposed by the Province of Ontario and the State of Minnesota. It is proposed to reserve two million acres — one million on each side of the border line— and to secure joint operation in the great work of preserving the forest, fish and game of that region. Minnesota is one of the four states in which the moose remain, and on the Ontario side there is much woodland beauty with a wealth of fish and game well worth preserving. Game wardens and constables will co-operate if the scheme goes through to maintain the reserve against being despoiled. Public opinion on both sides appear to be sufficiently awakened to allow the scheme to get on its feet with a fine prospect of successful work.

There passed through Montreal on their way to England about the middle of March, Frank Johnson, an Australian, and George Martin, two of the survivors of the ill-fated Hudson Bay Company's Steamer Stork. It was as long ago as June 18th, last year when the Stork left London, England, with the usual supplies for the Company's Posts on the Hudson Bay. The vessel arrived safely on August 25th of the same year, delivered her cargo and took on board a return load of furs. In the effort to leave James' Bay the vessel was wrecked by the ice and the weary crew were compelled to abandon her on October 10th. They complained of their treatment at Moose Factory and described with vividness their adventures in snow-shoeing from that place to Cochrane on the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario, 210 miles. They struggled against severe climatic conditions, want of digestable food and proper sleeping accommodation. It was March first when they left Moose Factory and they did well to reach Montreal in eighteen days.

Professor Prince gave some important evidence before the Committee on Marine and Fisheries held at Ottawa at the

beginning of March with respect to lobster fishing. He stated that in value lobsters ranked second in Canada, the salmon being first, with a value of five millions of dollars. He further stated that the Canadian Fisheries Department had done more effective work than any similar department in the world. It was true he thought that the Department should have an administrative head. There was an idea in some quarters, said Prof. Prince, that the lobster industry was doomed to extinction, but he did not take that view. Canada had lobster grounds that were unparalleled in the world. It was almost impossible to exterminate the lobsters on the Canadian coast. Then hatching ponds were a valuable source of repletion. It was calculated that if only two out of one thousand young lobsters reached marketable size extermination was not to be feared, Though the supply would be kept up. he anticipated that the supply would continue to decrease and that prices would be higher.

Another success has been scored by the Marble Patent Safety Axe Company, of Gladstone, Mich., with their Game Getter Gun, the essential features of which were fully described in our March number. The gun is one of the results of the long and practical experience of Mr. Marble himself and in placing it upon the market the Company believed that it would eventually meet with moderate success. Immediate and widespread was the interest aroused amongst sportsmen, and the demand has so speedily overtaken the supply that the Company are planning the construction and equipment of a separate gun factory. Sportsmen who examine the Game Getter for the first time find it difficult to believe that so much gun can be produced within so limited a weight and space. A trial however invariably results in satisfaction and surprise — its utility, novelty and shooting qualities are so far ahead of expectations. Experience proves that every detail of the Gun Getter has been designed to provide what cannot be obtained elsewhere—all round service in condensed form. The Company are so confident of the Gun Getter giving satisfaction that they readily offer to accept return of the same and refund the amount paid if every claim made for it cannot be sustained.

Mr. G. B. Smith, of Ayton, Ont., writes protesting against the manner in which poisons can be obtained and the uses to which they are put in destroying valuable dogs. He describes the evil as mainly prevalent in towns, where people, for the purpose of destroying rats and mice, leave the poison lying about to the danger of dogs and even of human beings. Mice will carry such bait around and drop it whenever startled and dogs may easily pick it up. For the purpose of preventing such incidents he would have the Government lay down more strict regulations for the sale of poisons and rigidly enforce them. He gives particulars of the losses of valuable dogs in his own neighborhood through carelessness in these matters.

AUTOMOBILES AND AUTOMOBILING

The Automobile, Motor Boat and Sportsmen's Show at Toronto

From the exhibitor's standpoint the third annual Automobile, Motor Boat and Sportsmen's Exhibition, which was held in Toronto at the St. Lawrence Arena from Feb. 18th to 25th, undoubtedly eclipsed either of the two previous shows. The success of the exhibition was due largely to the fact that business conditions generally in Canada are more promising than for the past two years as well as to the fact that the manufacturers are producing both automobiles and motor boats that have passed the experimental stage and are within the reach of the man of ordinary means as well as the millionaire. Almost without exception the exhibitors were enthusiastic over the business actually closed during the week and the large number of prospects to be developed later in the season.

The exhibition was formally opened by Mayor Oliver of Toronto who was greeted with a chorus of "honk-honks" from cars all over the Arena. In a brief address he referred to the wonderful improvements being made in both automobiles and motor boats and to the fact that good cars are being offered at lower prices. He was glad to note that the evil name the auto had won for itself in rural communities through the inconsiderate conduct of some motor drivers was rapidly passing into oblivion and that types of cars were now on the market suited to the needs of farmers. He referred to the well known joys of motor boating and complimented the builders on the graceful and commodious models they had on exhibition.

The Arena was prettily decorated in white and pale pink and throughout the week presented a scene of gayety and animation suitable to such a costly display. Practically one hundred automobiles representing the finest products of Canadian, English, French and American manufacturers were assembled for the inspection of buyers and interested visitors. Besides these there was a magnificent display of accessories from the least expensive necessities to the high priced luxuries which received a good share of attention. Altogether nearly half a million dollars was represented in the various exhibits and the interest shown in the costly collection was not only ample evidence of the growth of motoring as a means of enjoyment and as an adjunct to many lines of business but it was a revelation as to the importance of the industry that has sprung up in supplying the demand thus created.

The motor boat and marine engine exhibits were the occasion for much favorable comment, while the various models of motor boats shown have been designed with a view to speed, the idea of comfort has been kept well to the front. Wonderful progress is being made from year to year in respect to both features and the models shown this year seem to satisfy the tastes and requirements of the most fastidious. In the marine engine line there seems to be considerable competition between Canadian and American manufacturers and the merits of the different kinds of engines shown were very carefully considered by the prospective purchasers. It is doubtful if any one engine has all the advantages in its favor and the question of selection is largely a matter of fancy. It was pleasing to note, however, that the Ca-

nadian manufacturers are wide enough awake as to the possibilities and are keeping pace with their American competitors.

The sportsmen's end of the exhibition was maintained solely by the Grand Trunk Railway system and to the credit of that progressive corporation it can be said that the task was well performed. Their exhibit was the first to attract the attention of visitors as they entered the Arena, and few there were who did not stop to admire the beautiful collection of mounted heads of various kinds and the photographs of charming scenes to be found only where Nature reigns supreme. The central feature of the exhibit was a record moose head with a spread of about 72 inches shot by Mr. M. A. Kennedy. The fine representations of the delightful summer resorts of the Rideau Lakes, the Kawartha Lakes, the far-famed Georgian Bay, Lake of Bays, Muskoka and the beautiful Highlands of Ontario had a fascination for the residents of the crowded cities that was hard to resist and the fact that these have been brought within easy reach of all was a great consolation To the ardent sportsmen the splendid bass fishing of the French River district and the speckled trout fishing of the Algonquin National Park, as shown in many beautiful pictures, were exceedingly alluring. The exhibit was so elaborate and so impressive that one almost forgot the Grand Trunk as one of Canada's greatest commercial enterprises and saw it only as a convenient and easy means of access to the pleasures which Nature has so bountifully placed at the disposal of her admirers. Mr. C. W. Lett, a gentleman who has a very thorough knowledge of the excellent fishing and hunting territory reached by the Grand Trunk, was in charge of the exhibit and his courteous answers to the numerous and varied questions asked was typical of the conduct of the officials of the entire system.

The wide and constantly growing demand in Canada for light, high speed motors has led the Premier Motor and Garage Company, Toronto, to place upon the market their New Premier, an engine which they believe fills all modern requirements. The New Premier is a development—a result of long practise and thorough study of the work for which such an engine is wanted. A strong guarantee is at the back of every motor, all parts of which are made to standard gauge and can thus be duplicated at short notice. Premier motors are reversable, although reverse gears are recommended. They are smooth running, give big power and are subject to perfect regulation. The company hold that the two cycle type of engine is unquestionably the most satisfactory marine engine where light power is required. It is the simplest, best balanced and with fewer bearing parts is the most free from trouble. Durability and lightness combined in a substancial piece of work best describes the Premier. Great care has been taken with the lubrication which has been made as perfect as possible. Satisfied customers testify to its advantages and value from practical experience of its working. Severe tests have demonstrated its efficiency and the best comment on the trials is that "it has proved reliable under all conditions."

AN OLDSMOBILE SUCCESS.

During the Toronto Show week the Oldsmobile Company held their own independent exhibit at 80 King St. East, and were successful in not merely attracting attention but also in effecting sales. This is highly significant when it is borne in mind that bombast goes but a little way in Canada and merit alone really tells. By general consent Canadians have displayed keen judgment in purchasing automobiles and to win out under such circumstances is all the more creditable.

So many Oldsmobile sales have been effected that it looks like an Oldsmobile year, and quite a considerable portion of Toronto's best known citizens will be seen early in the season in these popular cars. Numbers have already been delivered and others will follow in due course.

A further gratifying feature is that it is the high-grade cars that are winning out in Canada. Here the Oldsmobile come in with their Model D, a four

cylinder touring car selling at $3,000 — "the logical car at the logical price," as the makers put it. The long, beautiful body with lines of exceptional grace, and superb as to finish, is clearly destined to become more familiar to people throughout the Dominion. Every detail shows exceptional care and forethought on the part of the manufacturers while the completed whole is a masterpiece.

A further excellent testimony to the car is to be found in the number of repeat orders. Men who have used Oldsmobiles in the past, and wishing a more up to date model, sell their old cars and purchase a new one, the Oldsmobile keeping them "faith keepers" as well as "claim makers."

Mr. Frederick Sager, the manager at Toronto, feels deeply gratified at these evidences of success, for although he never doubted that the Oldsmobile must make its way and take a foremost position in Canada, it is always better to know that one's confidence is justified and that the general public shares one's belief to the extent of giving orders and investing their money. Both manufacturers and purchasers alike are to be congratulated upon the exceptional value to be found in the Oldsmobile.

Autos and Motor-boats

Most satisfactory reports were presented at the annual meeting of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club. With an increase in membership, a snug balance on hand, handsome new club house and a splendid racing season, the club could look back with pleasure upon the records of 1908. The reports were adopted with enthusiasm and resolutions passed confirming the recommendations of the executive authorising the club to purchase the club house debentures and to donate $500 to the yacht chosen to defend the Alexandra Cup.

A committee consisting of Messrs. W. Thicke, F. G. T. Lucas, C. O. Julian, William Macdougall and E. B. Deane, was appointed to consider the question of mixed racing for the coming season, with instructions to report to the sailing committee.

A notable feature of the evening was the presentation by the commodore to Mr. E. B. Dean of a very handsome gold medal to commemorate the victory of the Alexandra over the Spirit in the international contests of last season. A similar medal in silver is to be presented to each member of the crew of the Alexandra as soon as prepared.

The election of officers resulted as follows: Commodore, C. B. Macneil, K. C. vice-commodore, Frederick Buscombe; rear commodore, W. J. Thicke, (acclamation); hon. secretary, J. J. Banfield (acclamation); hon. treasurer, W. G. Breeze (acclamation); hon. treasurer, William Macdougall (acclamation) hon. hydrographer, W. H. Archer (acclamation). Committee, H. D. Hulme, C. A. Godson, Alexander Marshall, R. W. Holland, R. M. Maitland.

THE HILDEBRANDT SPINNERS

are spinners that spin; no swivels required. Suitable for all kinds of fishing. Made in 9 different sizes and 50 styles of pearl, polished brass, and brass spoon blades, nickel, copper, and gold plated. In fancy feather and squirrel, fox and buck tail flies. Send for catalogue.
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Ontario Motor League Undertakes Good Work

As a guidance to motorists and others on the country roads, the directors of the Ontario Motor League at a recent meeting decided upon a comprehensive plan to erect direction signs along the principal routes. A permanent enamel type of sign will be adopted, with a background in blue and letters in white. Similar work has been done by automobile clubs in the United States, Great Britain and France. The motorists are entering into the scheme heartily, many of them volunteering personally to assist in erecting the signs.

The affiliated clubs in Hamilton, Ottawa and Kingston will also be given a number of signs each for distribution in their vicinities.

The following committee was appointed to carry out the scheme: Wm. Dobie, A. E Chatterson, H. B. Wills, Oliver Hesslewood, F. E. Mutton and E. M. Wilcox. This committee will also take up the question of appointing officially recommended hotels, for which special signs will be supplied.

SPORTS AFLOAT

A section devoted to those who brave wind and wave.

Motor Boating For Women

By Christie Carew.

The joys and pleasures of a motor boat, that is the practical side of it, have not as yet been greatly indulged in by the feminine world, owing, possibly, to the old and popular idea in which there is more truth than poetry, that women have little or no mechanical genius and also a very distinct dislike to getting clothes, hands, and yes, even face, in such a state of grime that one's nearest and dearest might be forgiven for a passing glance of non-recognition.

The Authoress in her Motor Boat.

To be a successful engineer, one has to become callous to fine feathers, don the very oldest garments and in the early stages of the game especially, positively wallow in a mire of oil and grease.

Two years ago the motor boat fever seized me and notwithstanding the many pleasantries predicted by "mere man" on the foolishness of a woman attempting to run an engine, I purchased a small sixteen foot launch from H. E. Gidley & Co., Penetanguishene, Ont. with an Adams 1½ H. P. engine installed, and from that day to this have never regretted either following up the fad, as it was called, or the choice of boat or engine.

The little craft holds five comfortably and is fitted up with dark green velvet cushions, oil cloth, and in fact all the pomp and vanity one is so apt to bestow wherever the reigning interest lies.

In the outstart even a man with his natural born mechanical tendencies, meets defeat, in a gasoline engine and it is small wonder then, that at first, a woman trying to make the wretched little thing "go" finds trials and tribulations at every turn. It means for the first few weeks, spending all one's sum and substance on positively owning an engineer and the most maddening part is, that after one has been toiling for perhaps an hour or two, when he finally ar-

rives on the scene of action, it takes about two minutes to locate the trouble. However, all that is done away with when you pluck up enough courage to take the engine to pieces yourself and find out how "the wheels go round." After that it is plain sailing, and any woman, mechanically endowed or not, who is fond of out door sport, and doesn't object to now and again making somewhat of a sight of herself, can not only run her own boat, but repair it herself as well, unless, of course some serious break occurs. It is all very simple, the main thing is to keep every part spotlessly clean, watch every little detail and as someone more forcibly than elegantly remarked, "not to monkey with anything as long as it goes." We all, more or less, go through the stage of starting off, or at least trying to, with the switch open, the gasoline off, or worse still, none in the tank; but the joy of finding that is all that is the matter, usually consoles for the stupidity of the act and also for the shrieks of laughter from those on shore, if in a weak moment you reveal the cause.

In 1907 I took the little boat to the Eastern Townships to spend a three weeks' holiday, and up to that date, Iam sure I never fully realized what a real holiday meant.

Lake Memphremagog, so well named the "Canadian Switzerland" is an ideal spot for motor boats. The lake is 40 miles long and from three to four miles wide. The view from the Georgeville side, with Mount Orford, Mount Elephantis and Owl's Head looming up in the distance is a sight one never tires of and which in fact, becomes more fascinating with every visit. There are any number of bays and getting off points where picnicers may spread out their repast, and if a longer trip is on the tapis, Newport, Vt. at one end of the lake, and Magog at the other affords a jolly destination.

Lady of the Lake Leaving Georgeville Wharf, Lake Memphremagog.

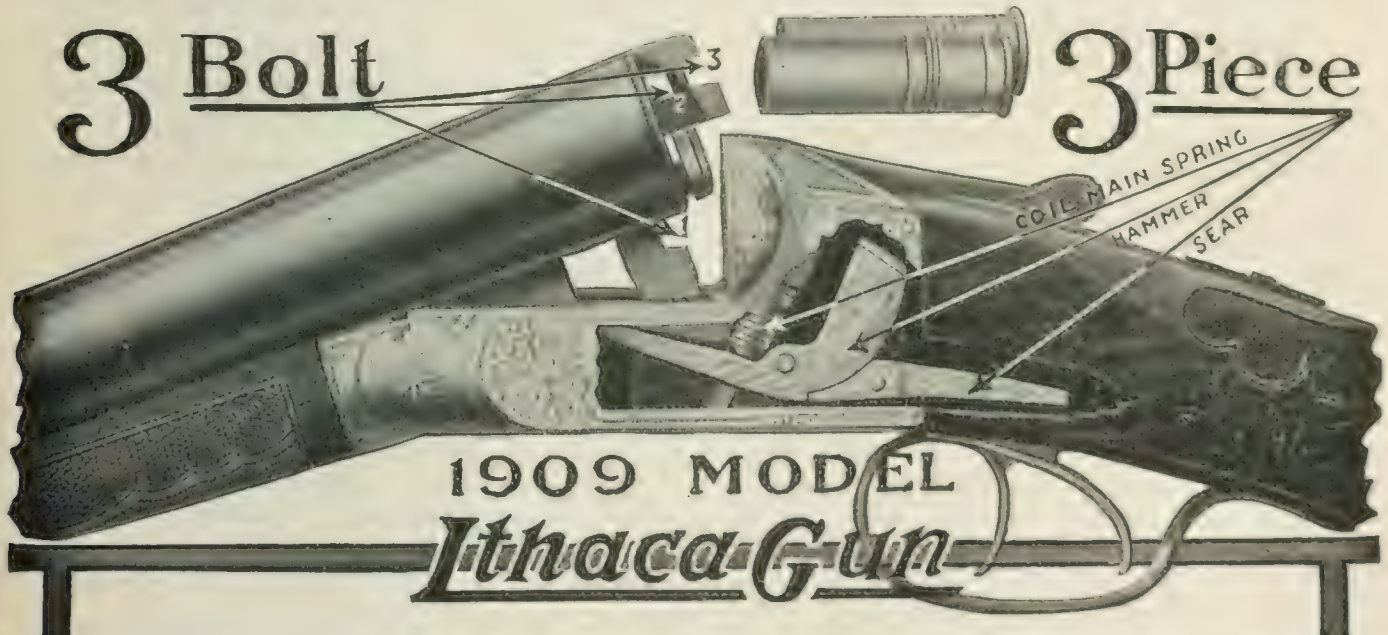
To start out in the early morning armed with lunch baskets, fishing rods, to say nothing of pleasant companions, and return home possibly by moonlight, your little craft dancing over the waves, with its merry puff puff, is something one looks forward to from one year to another, especially those who belong to the busy world and perforce spend at least eleven months out of the twelve at their desks.

I wish more women would take up motor boating. It is not only a splendid recreation necessitating one's being in the open air and sunshine all day long,

A Glimpse of Lake Memphremagog with Mount Elephantis in the Distance.

but it is such an entire change for both mind and body. To spend perhaps half an hour each morning pottering about the engine, getting it in perfect condition and then to start off on a thirty or forty mile trip and come back without a break down sends one to the land of dreams that night with a great sense of satisfaction

3 Bolt 3 Piece



1909 MODEL

Ithaca Gun

Our new "3 Bolt—3 Piece" 1909 Model gun has the simplest and fastest lock ever put in a gun. Some makers claim a three piece lock but do not show or count the main spring—now we both show and count the main spring—see cut above. Please note we have cut out all cocking bars, levers and push rods and hook right on to the toe of the hammer. This not only makes a lock with large strong parts but a lock that works as smooth as oil. We use an unbreakable coil top lever spring, also a coil main spring, which acts directly on the hammer, and a horizontal sear, which makes a very fast lock with a quick, clean, sharp and snappy pull. The hammer has only a half inch to travel as compared with over an inch travel in other guns, which makes the lock 50 per cent. faster. If you are a trap shooter you will readily see the advantages of this lock—we figure it will increase your score 5 per cent. We make dainty little 20 guage guns in all grades hammerless. Send for Art Catalog fully describing our 1909 Model gun. Request special prices on our entire line, 18 grades, $17.75 net to $300.00 list.

Ithaca Gun Co., Dept. No. 13, Ithaca, N.Y.

N. A. A. O. Regatta for Detroit.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen of the United States, held at the New York Athletic Club on March 20th, it was decided that the thirty-seventh annual regatta of the association be held at Detroit, Mich, on August 6 and 7.

The following regatta dates were assigned for other rowing associations affiliated to the N. A. A. O:—

American Rowing Association, Philadelphia; May 22; Harlem Rowing Association, May 31; Mohawk and Hudson Rowing Association of Troy, June 12; Schuylkill Navy, Philadelphia, June 19; Peoples Regatta Philadelphia July 4; New England Rowing Association, Springfield, July 4 and Labor Day; Connecticut Valley Rowing Association, July 4; Long Island Rowing Association, July 10; Central States, Quincy, Ill., July 12; Hudson River Rowing Association, July 17; New York Bay, July 4; Middle States, New York, September 6; Hudson and Fulton Memorial September 29.

James Fox of Boston, had forwarded an amendment for consideration to article 10 of the associations by-laws, proposing to cut out the clause barring Canadian clubs not affiliated with the Canadian Rowing Association from entry in regattas held under the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen. After a short discussion it was decided to let the by-law stand as it is, the amendment of Mr. Fox being negatived.

The only other business transacted at the meeting was to shorten the distance of regatta races from one mile and a half to one and a quarter.

———

A Motor Instruction Book

Now that motors have come into such general use a book of instructions for their care and operation fills a great and widespread need. The Gray Motor Company, of Detroit, Mich. have issued such a book, bringing it up-to-date and publishing it at the nominal price of ten cents. While of course intended as a guide for those who possess Gray Motors there is much, indeed the major portions, that will apply to other motors, and all motor users and owners would gain from the possession and study of the plain and careful instructions here laid down. In four preliminary sentences it is effectively pointed out how the knowledge thus given may save hours of unnecessary work and may possibly save the manufacturers from being condemned when they are "not at all to blame." The company express a preference for placing their engines in the hands of those who will master the contents of this book and follow the instructions rather than many so called experts. Under many headings clear instructions are given and with these at hand the motorist should be able to overcome any little difficulties that may beset his path at first. If the guidance, pleasantly and plainly given, is followed many difficulties will be avoided altogether. Illustrations help to make the instructions clear. A price list of repair parts and a reprint of the Rules of the Road add much to the value of the book, which may be confidently recommended to every user of a marine engine. Interested readers should apply to the Company at Detroit for a copy.

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Motor Boats at the Toronto Show.

There was a fine display of motor boats at the recent Toronto show. As one manufacturer declared "people who go to summer resorts have commenced to realize that the rowboat and canoe are not equal to the motor boat."

One attractive boat was thirty six feet over all in length. with seven feet six inches beam. It can carry twenty passengers comfortably, and is finished in white oak with a regular automobile top.

"This boat has been sold for use in Muskoka," said the salesman. "It will be one of the most comfortable boats of her size in that locality, and one of the roomiest at present in use anywhere. Twelve miles an hour is the speed claimed for her, with a three cylinder 22 1-2 horse power engine, Another boat guarranteed to make between 11 and 12 miles an hour is equipped with a 15 horse power engine. It is 30 feet by 5 feet 6 inches, and is one of the prettiest and at the same time most useful boat in use.

"What class of boat has the best demand?" was asked one of the exhibitors. "That is a difficult question," he answered. "On the whole, though, I think

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BISHOP AUCKLAND, ENGLAND

tast boats are desired. Slow boats afford no more of an advantage than the rowboat or canoe.

"Recently a man owning a small island on an inland lake desired a fast runabout to he used between the town and his residence on the island. We showed him quite a few, but the one that attracted him most was a twenty-eight foot runabout, with a beam of 5 1-2 feet, while the draft was limited to two feet on acconnt of the shoal water. The engine is three cylinder 12 horse-power, and drives the boat at a speed of more than fifteen miles.

"This undoubtedly represents an excellent type of boat," said a motorist. "It is constructed for a man who has but very little time to spare or who cares to use a power boat for afternoon sailing."

The manufacturers say that so far this year the great majority of orders for motor boats have come from the Thousand Islands and Muskoka. Residents of the Islands and the two Toronto beaches, however, do not appear to be behind the times, and from these resorts a good representation of orders for the new model boats have already been received.

"So great has the demand for motor boats become" declared a man who takes an active interest in such things, "that the manufacturers will soon have to pay more attention to the equipment of their repair shops and increase their repair staffs to a large extent. This need shows that motor boating is no more a fad than automobiling and that it has come to stay."

J. C. Eaton's Fine Auxiliary

Mr. John C. Eaton of the T. Eaton Co, has purchased in New York a big ketch-rigged auxiliary yacht, one of the finest in the New York fleet, and she will be brought to Toronto.

The new yacht will fly the burgee of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. She has a reputation as a speedy sailing ves-

sel, and in addition is equipped with 100 horsepower gasoline motors.

Mr. Eaton is well known as a fast motorboat enthusiast, but this is his first venture into the fore and aft class of yachts.

To the ordinary observer all yacht and motor boat tenders look alike but those who are "wise" know better. The experienced yacht or motor boat owner wishes a tender up-to-date and well made in all respects. Just such a tender is manufactured at the Capital Boat and Canoe Works, Ottawa. The material used is cedar and the tender complete weighs from sixty-five to seventy pounds with a length of ten feet and a forty four inch beam. Care is taken to so build the tender as to allow the boat to run on the flat surface at the stern, doing away with the ziz-zag motion which is an objectionable feature of a good many tenders. Five people can be safely carried in one of these tenders the price of which is $35 built lapstreak and $40 when built smooth.

The Canadian Fairbanks Co. Ltd., who have been distributing houses at Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver and St. Johns have taken the agency for the Stickler Weedless Wheel Company of Portage, Wisconsin. They will carry a stock on hand of both bronze and iron, and will fill all orders promptly from their houses at those places.

Launches, canoes, skiffs, both sailing and fitted with motors, and intended for racing, family use, or quiet holiday trips are all included in the catalogues of The Capital Boat Works (E. F. Dey andS on) Bank St., Ottawa. Their motors include such well known ones as the Little Giant, Victor, Waterman, Lockwood Ash and Gilmore, the latter company also making for them the Ottawa Special, which proved a particular favorite last year. These motors, with complete outfits are quoted at very reasonable prices especially when it is remembered that they are all sold under a strong guarantee for one year both as to material and workmanship. The very rapidly growing numbers of motors, and the increasing variety of uses to which they are put, suppiy overwhelming proofs as to their efficiency. Boating men of all classes know that much enjoyment can be had with a motor boat and many of them are taking an increasing inteerst in motors, to the great advantage of such concerns as The Capital Boat Works whose principals make the wants and wishes of their customers a constant study.

Argos Annual Meeting

The annnal meeting of the Argonaut Rowing Club was held at the summer club-house on March 26th. The officers elected for the coming year are:—Hon. President, Robert McKay; President, A. P. Burritt; Vice-President, R. K. Barker; Second Vice-President, Joseph Wright; Hon. Secretary, A. C. Snively; Captain Philip Boyd; Vice-Captain, N. B. Jackes. For the Executive Committee the following were nominated:—H. L. Shapley, J. L. Bigley, S. F. Smith, C. K. Dodds, Hugh Hoyles, W. D. Greer, J. F. Dixon and W. Harris.

At the close of the meeting, Major R. K. Barker was presented with an easy chair by the ciub. "Bert" was recently married.

A resolution proposed by Mr. Henry O'Brien, K. C., and seconded by Mr. Jas. P. Murray was carried unanimously declaring the meeting's desire to join with other public bodies in expressing its sense of the obligation of the Dominion to bear its share of the burdens of the Empire, and urging prompt action, so that the world might know that England had at her back the support and sympathy of her children across the sea.

Famous Oarsman Dead

George Price, bow oar of the famous Paris crew, the St. John oarsman who won world wide fame by their rowing prowess, died on March 26th at his home at St. John N. B., after two months' illness of heart trouble. He was 70 years of age, and leaves a wife, four sons and four daughters.

At Forty Six

At forty-six your stomach begins to "talk back" to you—sometimes before you are forty-six—sometimes later. It will not always stand bad treatment without vigorous protest. If you are wise you will heed its warning before it is too late.

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the steam-cooked wheat, drawn into filmy, porous shreds and twice baked in the cleanest, finest bakery in the world—a food for children and grown-ups, for invalids and athletes, for the toiler with hand or brain. Better than mushy porridges—crisp, nourishing, easily digested.

When you get tired of the same old breakfast every morning, try this for a change: Heat one or more Shredded Wheat Biscuits in the oven to restore crispness; cover with sliced pineapples and serve with milk or cream and sugar. The Biscuit is equally wholesome and nutritious with baked apple, peaches, berries or other fruit. TRISCUIT is the Shredded Wheat wafer eaten as a Toast with butter, cheese or marmalades.

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Canadian Built Boats and Launches

With the return of summer weather, boating will occupy a large share of the attention of every lover of out-doors, and arrangements will be hastened for vacation trips on the many delightful water stretches for which Canada is famous. All who are able to indulge in boating, may be heartily recommended to procure the latest catalogue issued by Messrs H. E. Gidley and Co., Penetanguishene, Ont., whose productions are now so widely and favorably known. This firm, from a small beginning, has grown to one of the largest designers and builders in Canada and now produce boats of all kinds from canoes to Club Launches. Favorably situated, with excellent shipping facilities and with a perfect organization which has been built up as experience has suggested, the Company has now attained an enviable position. They purchase lumber in large quantities, season and prepare it for use with all care, and employ skilled artisans to follow up the designs which are the result of careful thought and experience. While they give general specifications of their standard productions, they are prepared at all times to submit special designs or to work to designs supplied, thus ensuring attention to particular requirements. Their canoes have been used under circumstances ensuring severe tests and have emerged from the ordeal with satisfaction to their owners; and their rowboats, made with a view to use on Georgian Bay waters, where only strong and well built boats are saleable, have proved reliable, easy rowing and good fishing boats. Power boats are made by them in many designs, including the 16 ft. square stern power fishing boat; the 18 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 9 in. stand and runabout launch, sporting and family launches, a 30 ft. by 7 ft. pic-nic launch, a 35 ft. by 7 ft. 6 in. semi-racer or cruising launch, a 35 ft. by 7 ft. 9 in. hunting cabin launch, a 42 ft. by 9 ft. 6 in. cabin launch, and the very fine 50 ft. by 9 ft. 6 in, cabin cruiser or club launch. The same care is given to engines and fittings as to the boats themselves with the result that it is not necessary today to leave Canada to get an up-to-date gasoline launch. Reliability, durabilty and satisfaction are guaranteed by this firm who will gladly forward a copy of their catalogue to any of our interested boating readers.

Steel Boats and Launches

The many advantages of Mullins steel boats and launches are becoming more widely known each boating season and Canadians are not falling behind in their appreciation of the trim, staunch, efficient craft which have made the name of Mullins famous in the boating world. Puncture proof, leak proof, unsinkable, dry and clean at all times and requiring only a coat of paint as the cost of upkeep, with an underwater exhaust ensuring noiselessness, it is no wonder the demands keep the factory, with ten thousand boats annual capacity, busy. Steel row boats are light, easy to row, dry, clean and comfortable, and above all, absolutely safe. The launches, fitted with Ferro engines, embody every point experience and skill can suggest with the result that for pleasure or sport they are unequalled. Mr. J. B. Hall, 115 Simcoe St., Toronto, is the Canadian representative and reports many inquiries for the present season and fine prospects for an extensive business.

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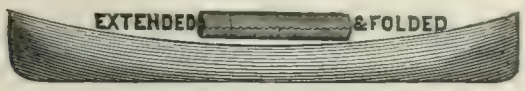

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Q. C. Y. C. Nominations

The nominations of the officers of the Queen City Yacht Club are:—

For commodore—Mr. T. A. E. World and Mr. W. C. Whitney

For Vice-Commodore—Mr. W. G. H. Ewing and Mr. Mervin Armstrong.

Honorary Secretary—Mr. S. W. Salmon and Mr. Arthur Somerville.

Honorary Treasure—Mr. F. S. Knowland.

Board of Management—Messrs C. W. Embree, John R. Foster, Arthur Durnan W. G. Self, Wilbert Duff, Arthur Stewart, Max Tettelbaum, Charles S. Armstrong, Edward Ball, John A. Browne, C. F. Boulton, Harry Turner, Edwin H. Prattis. Jasper Wilson, Percy Kerwin, John A. Nicholls. John C. Greig, Louis D'Entremont, Herbert Henderson, Arthur K. Somerville, S. W. Salmon and H. E. Muckle.

For Auditors—Messrs Wr D. Thomas Robert Tyson, Percy Kerwin and John A Browne.

The Sporting Spanish King

The King of Spain, wires The London Globe's Madrid correspondent, has announced that he intends to race four yachts at the Cowes Regatta this summer.

Quite a few Canadian Anglers have ordered the

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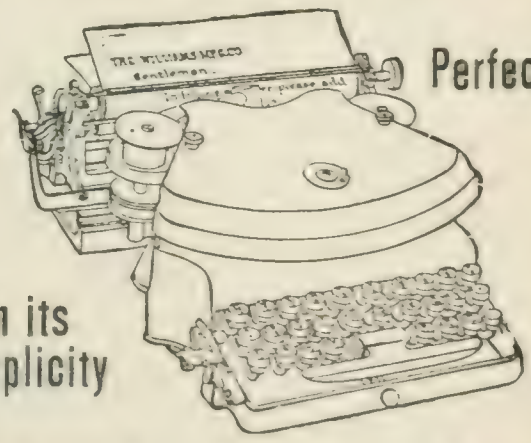

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THE TRAP

Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada is the Official Organ of the Dominion of Canada Trap-Shooting Association. All communications should be addressed to W. A. Smith, Editor "The Trap" Kingsville, Ont.

Tournament Dates

April 29—Blenheim, Ont. Blenheim Gun Club, W. E. Hall, Secretary.

May 6 and 7—Ridgetown, Ont., Gun Club. C. H. Eastlake, Secretary-Treasurer.

May 24—Stratford, Ont. Stratford Gun Club. Wm. Boles, secretary.

June 30, 31 and July 1 and 2—Joint Tournament of Canadian and American Indians at Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont. Thos. A. Duff, Maynard Avenue, Toronto, High Scribe, Canadian Indians.

Stray Pellets

Thomas A. Duff, Toronto, High Scribe of the Canadian Indians, and Ernest H. Tripp, of Indianapolis, chairman of the tournament committee of the American Indians, met recently at the Palmer House, Chicago, and completed arrangements for their joint shooting tournament on June 29 and 30 and July 1 and 2, on the grounds of the Queen's Royal hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont. June 30 will be practice day and two hundred targets will be shot at on each of the other three days, on the handicap basis, the handicap committee being composed of Ed. Voris, Crawfordsville, Ind.; Geo. S. McCarty, Philadelphia and Georg? W. McGill, Toronto, Ont. It was decided to put up $1000 as "added money" and to give in addition, as daily average prizes, some eighteen trophies, to the value of $800, making, besides the purses, a total of $1800 in specials, thus establishing a record in Canada in the trapshooting sport.

Harrow Gun Club suffered a severe loss in the removal of its president, C. H. Lloyd manager of the Imperial Bank there, to Cochrane, Ont. Mr. Lloyd took a very active part in the club and its success as a shooting organization was largely owing to his enthusiasm, energy and great popularity. He is a good shot., a good sportsman, a good, level headed business man and a gentleman always and was extremely popular with all classes both in a social and qusiness way. As he is gone into the best big game district in the world he will, no doubt, have opportunities to indulge in his favorite sport and to gather in many trophies of the chase.

An enthusiastic meeting was held March 15th on the occasion of the annual of the Ft. Garry Gun Club. A large number of the old trapshooters, together with many new ones, were present, and everything points to a most successful year. The reports showed the club to be in excellent financial standing, and everything points to the club soon having extensive grounds of its own.

At the Brampton tournament on the 17th and 18th of March, the Merchandise event turned out to be one of the most exciting events of the shoot. Only three men succeeded in getting twenty straight, viz., Joe Jennings, D. M. Scott and Phil Wakefield. Joe entered nine times, Scott twice and Phil Wakefield twice, and in the shoot-off for first prize (a very handsome clock) Phil made another straight score and won out, making a total of 59 out of his 60 shot at. Phil used his favorite load, Imperial shells loaded with Empire powder.

Mr. W. T. Ely, president of the Stanley Gun Club, won the Graham House cup at the Brampton shoot. This is Walter's first cup. He gives his trainer, G. M. Dunk, much credit for this his first win, but Walter is shooting good enough to win a good many others in the near future.

The Brampton Gun Club tournament was a very successful affair. The wind was an hindrance to good scores on the first day, but the second day was very pleasant and better scores were in order.

At the Parkdale Gun Club grounds on Saturday afternoon, March 27th, in a five-man team race at 25 targets each, the five men made the good score of 113 out of 125, shooting Dominion Imperial shells.

Dr. A. B. Cutcliffe and Charley Mitchell of Brantford are organizing a new gun club. They intend getting in touch with Stratford, Ingersoll, London and Woodstock and forming a League for the coming summer. This should make the shooting game hum. There is no sport to compare with shooting, either at the traps or in the field.

The Brampton Tournament

The second day of the Brampton Gun Club's annual tournament was an ideal one for the sport. The high wind of the first day had subsided, and warmer weather prevailed, consequently the scores were greatly improved, as was the attendance. The Merchandise event was shot on a separate trap and well patronized. The winner was Phil Wakefield of Toronto, who scored 20 straight, and, in a tie with J. Jennings and D. M. Scott, made another 20 straight, winning the handsome clock. High amateur average for the day was won by W. T. Eby of Toronto, who scored 164 out of the 195 on the regular program. W. Pedrick being a close second with 163.

High professional average was won by H. H. Stevens, who broke 171 out of 195.

The Graham House Cup was won by W. T. Eby, with 23 out of 25, and the Queen's Hotel Cup was won by George L. Vivian, with 24 out of 25.

For the two days J. E. Jennings was high amateur, with 289 out of 375, Geo. L. Vivian second with 281.

High professional average for the two days was won by H. H. Stevens, who broke 310 out of 375.

The twenty handsome prizes donated by the club in the Merchandise event were presented to the winners by Mayor Golding, who made an appropriate address.

Much credit is due to the officers and members of the Brampton Gun Club for the efficient conduct of the tournament, and the visit-

THE HARROW—KINGSVILLE SHOOTERS AT HARROW, MARCH 2ND, 1909.

ing sportsmen who attended were generous in their praise of the successful shoot, and all promised to come again and bring others with them. The cashier's office was in charge of H. H. Stevens, the well known professional, who rendered valuable assistance to the local Hanagement. The scores:—

	S. A.	Bke.
*H. H. Stevens	195	171
*G. M. Dunk	195	156
*E. G. White	195	139
W. E. Ely	195	164
W. Pedrick	195	163
W. R. Fenton	195	161
J. E. Jennings	195	160
W. Joselin	195	160
G. L. Vivian	195	159
P. Wakefield	195	148
F. A. Parker	195	147
C. J. Packham	195	141
J. S. Beck	195	137
E. J. Marsh	195	126
W. Hamilton	175	100
D. M. Scott	155	117
Geo. Beattie	155	112
T. Bennett	130	83
J. Kidd	115	80
R. E. Choate	90	54
R. Haggart	65	33
R. E. Hamilton	65	25
J. W. Campbell	50	31
C. P. Wilson	50	30

Darmouth Doings

Dartmouth (N. S.) Gun Club held their weekly shoot March 3rd. The weather was not very enticing, with snow squalls in the morning and a cold and raw northwest wind.

Only six members turned out. The regular program consisted of two ten and two twenty bird events. Some extra birds were shot at. High average badge was won by H. Greene, with 44 out of 60, or '733 per cent, the lowest yet, but with finer weather better scores are looked for. This badge started on Thanksgiving Day with 90 per cent, but the cold weather since has reduced this average. The scores:—

	S.A.	Bke.
H. Greene	70	53
A. M. Stuart	70	46
H. D. Romans	70	44
J. A. McLaughlan	70	42
G. E. McInnes	80	47
F. Monahan	70	41

Harrow—Kingsville Shoot

Thirteen members of Kingsville Gun Club journeyed to Harrow on March 2nd to shoot a return match with an equal number of the Harrow shooters. The number proved an unlucky one for Harrow, as they were beaten by the small margin of twelve. The Harrow boys, as usual, gave their visitors a good time and entertained them royally at the Halstead House. The sad feature of the occasion was the removal of C. H. Lloyd, manager of the Imperial Bank, who is most popular with all the boys and King pin of the local club, to Cochrane, the new town in Northern Ontario, of such great possibilities. The scores at 25 targets each man are as follows:—

Kingsville—W. A. Smith 11, Del Quick 4, T. Pastorius 21, Theo Wigle 19, W. Malott 20, N. C. Wigle 19, Byron Wigle 15, Monroe Wigle 14, Ott Ferguson 21, Windle Wigle 8, J. E. Pastorius 14, L. Brackin 14, Angus Baltzer 16. Total 196.

Harrow—E. Pastorius 15, K. Ferris 16, B. Pigeon 18, O. Pastorius 18, C. I. Pastorius 14, F. Pigeon 14, A. C. Cunningham 15, F. Pastorius 11, E. Ford 12, Ed. Davy 14, C. H Lloyd 14, C. Pigeon 14, R. Wright 9. Total 184.

Enthusiastic Meeting of Fort Garry Gun Club

An enthusiastic meeting was held on March 15th on the occasion af the annual meeting of the Fort Garry Gun Club. The reports showed the club to be in excellent financial standing, and everything points to the club soon having extensive grounds of its own. It was decided to affiliate with the interstate association of trap-shooting of America.

The following officers were elected: Patrons, Sir Daniel McMillan, C. C. Chipman, Dr. A. W. Bell; Hon.-President, J. McLeod Holiday; President, Dr. F. T. Cadham; Vice-president, H. A. Lightcap; secretary-treasurer, Paul Johnson; committee, Dr. E. E. Cowdrick, W. J. Simpson, E. H. Houghton, W. Sutton, F. Yates; field captain, Frank Simpson

It was decided to place the initiation fee considerably lower and all birds will be thrown at a cent.

TORONTO DOINGS

Parkdale Gun Club

The regular weekly shoot was held on Saturday, March 6th. The first prize, a medal presented by Mr. Henry Buth of England, was won by W. R. Fenton with F. Hooey second and A. Godson third: Scores:

A. Wolfe 34, Fenton 40, Parker 32, Hooey 38, Pickering 29, Godson 36, Gillies 25, McAdam 33, Mason 32, Devins 19, Thompson 28.

The regular weekly shoot of the above club was held on Saturday, March 13th. W.H. Fenton and I. N. Devins tied for the first prize, a handsome picture presented by Mr. E.J.Marsh,

while for the third E. Mason and E. J. Marsh were tie. A number of visitors from other clubs were present and a most enjoyable afternoon was spent by all. Following is a list of the club members who took part in the competition, with their scores:—

Targets 40.

Fenton 37, Parker 32, Devins 37, Pickering 33, Hooey 29, A. Wolfe 28, McAdam 32, Godson 28, Marsh 35, Mason 35, Woodburn 30.

At the regular weekly shoot of the above Club held Saturday, March 20th, the first prize, a silver medal, presented by Mr. Henry Butt of England was won by. Hooey with the very creditable score of 40 out of 41 birds shot at. George Ward and I. N. Devins tied for second place, the shoot off was won by Ward, who thus took second prize, while third went to Devins.

Scores:—

40 targets—Fenton 34, Parker 30, Devins 36, Pickering 30, Hooey 40, A. Wolfe 33, McAdam 29, Godson 25, Marsh 30, Ward 36, Mason 33, Woodburn 29.

At the Club's weekly shoot held on Saturday, March 27th, the gold medal was won by F. A. Parker; second, C. Woodburn. F. Hooey and W. R. Fenton tied for third. In the series of shoots held by the Club, of which the above was the last, first: High average prize was won by F. Hooey, second A. Wolfe; third W. R. Fenton; fourth tied for A. Godson and I. N. Devins. Mr. Fenton shot through the series from scratch. A number of visitors from other clubs were present and during the afternoon a five-man team shoot was held between Allcomers and Parkdale. The first event resulted in a tie and in the second Parkdale was defeated by a total of ten birds.

Following is a list of shooters and their scores:—

40 targets—Fenton 35, Wolfe 33, McAdam 29, Pickering 33, Woodburn 38, Godson 32, Marsh 30, Devins 33, Mason 32, Parker 40, Hooey 35, Ward 34, Fox 20, G. Wolfe 32.

Other scores:—

	S. A.	Bke.
White	95	77
Dunk	95	84
Duncan	60	49
Ely	75	66
Wakefield	85	78
Vivian	55	34
Jennings	135	110
T. Woodburn	35	19

Toronto Rod and Gun Club

The final handicap shoot took place Saturday, March 27th, when the winners of the previous eight handicap contests at sparrows competed for a souvenir shield donated by Dr. W. R. Patton, Captain. The shoot, which was closely contested, was at 15 sparrows, first five from 21 yards, second five 23, and third five from 25 yards, and resulted in a tie between P. G. Blatchly and G. W. Meyer. The shoot-off at five birds from 25 yards resulted in a second tie. The final tie was won by G. W. Meyer, with four to his credit.

A consolation cup presented by the President, P.G. Blatchly, was won by F. Summerhays. The club championships were won by W. G. Meyer, pigeons and clay birds, and Roy VanVlack, sparrows. The officers for next season were elected:—President, P. G. Blatchly; Vice-president, and captain, Dr. W. R. Patton; second Vice President, W. R. Skey, treasurer, F. B. Poucher; secretary, F. Summerhays; official referee, W. W. Jeffers; executive committee, Richard Tinning, W. G. Meyer, L. Strother, P. G. Thomas, C. C. Macnamara, R. S. VanVlack. The club dinner was held in the club rooms after the competition. The sparrow pest was reduced this club's season by at least two thousand.

Stanley Gun Club

On Saturday afternoon, March 6th, the Stanley Gun Club held their weekly shoot for silverware. Mr. Ward of the Niagara Gun Club was visitor during the afternoon. The scores:—

	S.A.	Bke.
Vivian	75	60
Dunk	105	90
Hogarth	50	35
Douglas	65	40
F. Scheibe	75	32
Eby	80	68
Joselin	85	64
Pearsall	100	51
G. Scheibe	70	48
Gens	60	39
Hulme	70	51
Buchanan	45	34
Sparrow	40	24
Townson	35	23
Dr. TenEyck	35	25
Mason	60	35
Edkins	60	40
Massingham	25	10
Thomas	25	12
Richardson	25	12
Halford	75	48
Albert	25	11
Sawden, jr	25	17
Fritz	60	48

The following were the scores on Saturday, March 13th:—

	S.A.	Bke.
Court Thompson	95	86
Wakefield	80	61
Ely	80	64
Douglas	65	48
G. Scheibe	60	41
H. Thompson	55	29
Card	55	38
Ten Eyck	35	19
Fritz	40	28
Pearsall	55	30
Leno	40	22
Edkins	50	30
Vivian	65	46
Black	40	22
Albert	25	12
Richardson@	25	16
Hulme	65	48

Court Thompson, representing the U.M.C. and Remington, was high gun for the day, with over 90 per cent.

The following were the scores made on March 20th. The weather was pleasant and a good attendance of members and visitors resulted:—

	S.A.	Bke.
Douglas	100	62
G. Scheibe	85	50
Hulme	75	62
Wakefield	70	52
Buchanan	60	43
Ely	60	41
Halfond	60	40
Dunk	55	47
Ten Eyck	55	39
Sawden	55	36
Edkins	55	35
Fritz	50	36
Joselin	50	36
Thompson	50	35
Pearsall	50	28
Vivian	45	33
Leroy	40	31
Townson	35	28
Leno	35	22
Thomas	35	17
Card	35	17
Hogarth	25	28
Richardson	25	18
Black	25	11

Scores for shoot on Saturday, March 27th:

	S.A.	Bke.
Hulme	100	82
Stevens	85	54
G. Scheibe	80	43
Douglas	70	48
Thompson	70	47
Buchanan	65	45
Edkins	60	38

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Card	50	20
Ten Eyck	45	35
Sparrow	35	24
Pearsall	25	13
F. Scheibe	15	8

Balmy Beach Club

Fine weather and a good turnout of members and visitors made the Balmy Beach Gun Club shoot on March 20th a pleasant one. Property Commissioner Harris was on the job and did some nice shooting. Scores'

At 25 targets—Craig 22, Ross 21, J. A. Shaw 21, McGaw 20, Davis 20, Lyonde 20, Mason 20, Harris 19, Boothe 19.

At 10 targets—Dick McGaw 10, R. Harris 9, Lyonde 9, Davis 9, Mason 9, J. A. Shaw 9, Boothe 8, Ross 8.

While at the Saturday afternoon shoot on March 27th of the Balmy Beach Gun Club both the weather and shooting might have been better, the members who turned out seemed to enjoy it, and some fair scores were made.

Ag 25 targets—Mason 21, Brooke 19, McDuff 19, Ross 19, J. A. Shaw 18, Davis 18, J. G. Shaw 17, Pearsall 16, Hambly 17.

At 10 targets—Ross 10, McDuff 9, Boothe 9, Mason 9, Craig 8, Davis 8, J. G. Shaw 8, S. Pearsall 7, J. Pearsall 7, Addison 6, J. A. Shaw 6.

Petrolea Paragraphs

Petrolea shooters have been making some good scores. March 27th, with a moderate wind and fast birds from 17 yards, the scores were:—

	S.A.	Bke
W. Hyatt	20	10
J. Morrison	20	12
M. Broderick	50	43
Dr. Cassidy	50	49
J. Bolton	20	14

Dr. Cassidy made a run of 41 straight and his work was particularly fine.

On March 29th Dr. Cassidy broke 41 out of 50 and Mr. Broderick broke 44. The next day with a strong wind blowing Broderick broke 25 out of 29 and Dr. Cassidy 22 out of 25. Altogether Dr. Cassidy broke 112 out of 125 and Mr. Broderick 112 out of 129, which is good enough for any company. Both shooters used Soveriegn shells loaded with DuPont powder.

No less than sixty expert marksmen of national reputation competed at the annual tournament of the Zettler Rifle Club, New York city on March 13th to 20th. It is a highly significant fact that no less than forty-five of these sixty shooters had their rifles fitted with Stevens Telescopes. The competitors outfitted with Stevens Rifles and Telescopes took first prizes in the Continuous Target, Zimmerman Target and Bull's Eye Target, and secured third and fourth prizes on the Championship Target. The records above furnish the very best testimony the manufacturers could wish of the efficiency of their rifles and telescopes and of the fact that they claim no more than they can perform.

Mr. W. B. Dartan, representative of the Marlin Firearms Co., New Haven, Conn., was in charge of the Marlin exhibit, with the Salem G. Le Valley Co., at the Detroit show. Orders were taken for several of the new trap guns during the week.

Notes of St. Catharines' Shoot

The ever popular "Dr. Wilson" of Hamilton and his trusty "Scott" were much in evidence throughout the day.

Court Thomson was more than pleased to see the high average won with U.M.C. loads.

George Dunk, the popular representative of the Dominion Cartridge Co., had a smile for everybody.

Dr. Beam, president of the local gun club, was very busy throughout the day, but in spite of that found time to smash targets right and left, mostly "left."

Kiely, Talcott, Charles and Cox of the Audubons of Buffalo are a great quartette and were warm favorites from the start.

Bill Barnes of Hamilton is shooting a great clip and soon will make 'em all go.

H. W. Hunsberry of the Jordan Gun Club found time enough to come in from his "peach plantation" and carry away the high average. He shot in great form through the whole program.

Dick Blank, the genial secretary of the local club had everything in connection with the tournament running smoothly and came in for a great deal of praise from all sides.

The program in the Merchandise events was so arranged that every shooter secured a prize and some four or five.

Scott of Hamilton was the "Candy Kid" with his tea-pot, which he won in a Merchandise event. Rumor says it contained something that did not taste like tea.

Major Singer had hard luck towards the finish. He changed his load. Ask him.

A Combined Shoot on March 13th.

St. Catharines and Thorold Gun Clubs paid a visit to Winchester Gun Club, Jordan Station, and spent a most enjoyable time at the traps. The day was not ideal for high scores, as a fresh north wind blew into the faces of the shooters and also made the flight of the birds erractic. The scores:—

	S.A.	Bke.
Bailey	100	70
Lampman	90	65
R. Blank	100	80
Killmer	100	64
Singer	100	91
Bille	50	30
Brady	90	65
Heckadon	70	48
Hoover	70	35
Deans	70	42
Hunsberry	70	52
Scott	80	55
Fisher	80	56
Caskey	60	45
Cline	20	
J. Blank	80	51

Niagara Shooters

The Niagara Gun Club held their shoot on March 17th in a very strong wind and snow storm. There was not a large attendance, owing to the weather conditions. The five highest scores were:—

	S.A.	Bke.
Singer	50	40
Ward	50	31
Ball	50	25
Taylor	40	20
Millier	25	10

RIFLE AND REVOLVER

The following is the seventh annual report of the M.A.A.A. Revolver Club, season 1908-'09.:—

"In presenting the 7th Annual Report of the M.A.A.A. Revolver Club your committee wish to again direct the attention of the members to the fact that excellence in the art of revolver shooting cannot be attained without systematic and frequent practice. The range is splendidly equipped and lighted and the surroundings are such that there is every encouragement and incentive to the members to put in more time at the score—the effect of which will be a marked improvement in the results.

During the past year we had two matches with the Toronto Revolver Club, winning the first and losing the second, as follows:—

Feb. 27th, 1908—Toronto 1518, M. A. A. A. 1539.

April 30th, 1908—Toronto 1464, M.A.A.A. 1412.

By the above scores you will note that our winning score in the match Feb. 27th was the highest score we have yet made in competition with an outside Club. The Toronto Revolver Club again donated a silver spoon in each match for the highest individual score made by any member of the M.A.A.A. team and they were won by Messrs. J. M. Lockerby and K. D. Young; which favour we reciprocated.

The thanks of the Club are due to Mr. J. M. Lockerby, who was again our sole representative at the D.R.A. and O.R.A. meetings. At the D.R.A. Mr. Lockerby won second place in the Dominion Championship and his score was only one point behind the winning score for the year. At the O.R.A. meeting Mr. Lockerby was two points behind the winning score, but owing to a misunderstanding in regard to putting in a claim card his score was counted out and the competitor who made the third best score got second prize.

The Club was, as usual, well represented at the P.Q.R.A. meeting and Mr. Lockerby again won the P.Q.R.A. Revolver championship with Mr. E. G. Brewer second and Mr. T. Claude Cooke third. The second revolver was won by Mr. G. I. Evans.

The Club ten-shot record still stands at 95 and the 20-shot record at 180, both being held by Mr. K. D. Young.

TheEaton Cup, which has been in competition since January, 1906, was finally won by Dr. George W. Oliver in November, 1908. This competition, as we have already stated, proved to be the most interesting ever held by the Club. Shields on the base, which number nineteen, are as follows:—George W. Oliver 3, K. D. Young 2, J. M. Lockerby 2, E. G. Brewer 2, James A. Taylor 2, H. B. Young 1, E.C. Eaton 1, G. Francis 1, W. P. McFeat 1,

M. A. A. Revolver Club's Prizes.—The Eaton Cup. Finally won by Dr. Geo. W. Oliver.

A. M. Taylor 1, G. I. Evans 1, C. A. Lockerby 1, T. Claude Cooke 1.

This Cup has now been replaced by the Oliver Cup, which was presented by Dr. George W. Oliver at our last annual meeting. The Oliver Cup will be shot for under the following conditions:—

For the best score of 20 shots, including handicap, made on the first Thursday of each month, the winner being entitled to place a shield similar to those on the Eaton Cup on the base. Each win reduces the winner's handicap 7 points, and the Cup must be won three times, not necessarily consecutively, before becoming the property of any competitor. This competition promises to be as interesting as that for the "Eaton Cup."

The Club Championship, 1908, for the best fifteen net scores of 20 shots made in competition was won by Mr. K. D. Young with a score of 2537, and following are the results:

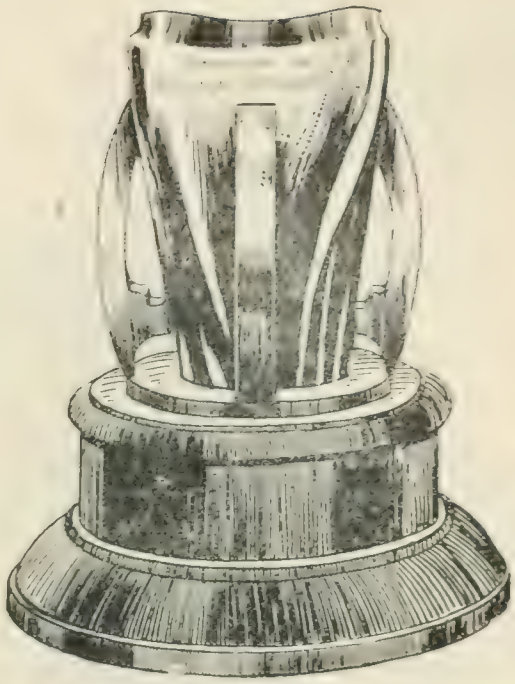
K. D. Young 2537, E. G. Brewer 2482, J. M. Lockerby 2412, T. Claude Cooke 2360, Dr. George W. Oliver 2210, A. M. Taylor 2239, C. A. Lockerby 2208, W. P. McFeat 2203, Jas A. Taylor 2177, E. C. Eaton 2110.

The President's prize, again presented by Mr. E. C. Eaton, for the best 20 double scores including handicap, made in competition during 1908 was won by Mr. T. Claude Cooke with a score of 3817. This also proved again to be a most interesting competition with the result in doubt until the last moment.

Following are the scores:—

T. Claude Cooke 3817, J. M. Lockerby 3,800, E. G. Brewer 3790, K. D. Young 3752, A. M. Taylor 3704, C. A. Lockerby 3702, Jas A. Taylor 3641, Dr. George W. Oliver 3571.

The two man team competition is an innovation for the Club. The teams were picked according to the individual averages made during 1907, the man with the highest score for the year having for his partner in this shoot the one with the lowest average and so on.



M. A. A. A. Revolver Club's Prizes.—The Oliver Cup. Won in January, 1909, by E. G. Brewer; won in February, 1909, by J. M. Lockerby; won in March, 1909, by C. A. Lockerby.

M. A. A. A. Revolver Club's Prizes.—Championship Prize. Won by Mr. K. D. Young.

There was great interest taken in this match and the result was not known until the final scores were shot and the result proved to be a win for Messrs. K. D. Young and C. A. Lockerby. The competition was for two pewters, which were to go to the team making the best 15 net scores each of 20 shots during the competition in 1908. Following are the results:

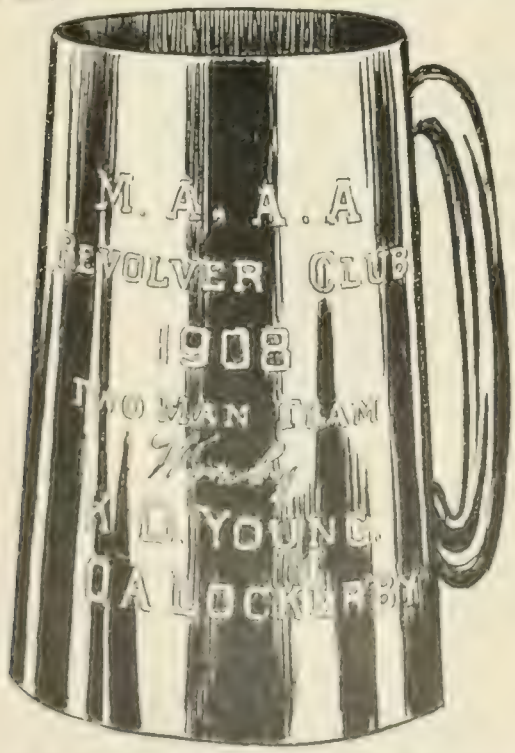
M. A. A. A. Revolver Club's Prizes.—The President's Price. Won by Mr. T. Claude Cooke.

K. D. Young 2537, C. A. Lockerby 2208. Total 4745.

E. G. Brwer 2482, James A. Taylor 2,-177. Total 4659.

J. M. Lockerby 2412, A. M. Taylor 2239. Total 4651.

T. Claude Cooke 2360, E. C. Eaton 2110. Total 4470.



M. A. A. A. Revolver Club's Prizes.—Two-man team competition. A pair of pewters won by Messrs. K. D. Young and C. A. Lockerby.

George W. Oliver 2210, W. P. McFeat 2,-203. Total 4413.

Silver spoons were again kindly presented to the Club by our honourary president, Jas. A. Taylor, and were won as follows:—

January, E. G. Brewer; February, J. M. Lockerby; March, T. Claude Cooke; April, E. C. Eaton; May, E. C. Brewer; October, O. C. Pease; November, T. Claude Cooke; December, J. Lester Heald.

The following members have won medals and bars during 1908:—

Silver medal or bars for 10 scores of 85 or better: E. G. Brewer, medal and one bar; J. M. Lockerby, medal and one bar; K. D. Young two bars.

G. I. Evans, medal and one bar; C.A. Lockerby, medal and one bar; W. P. McFeat, two bars; James A. Taylor, one bar; A. M. Taylor, one bar; Geo. W. Oliver, one bar; E. C. Eaton, one bar; R. A. Lockerby, one bar.

The club averages based on competition for the year show a percentage of 70.82. This percentage includes the scores of a number of new members and is only two points below that of the club made in 1907. Omitting the new members the average is 73.05, which you will see is slightly better than 1907. We hope that these figures will be bettered considerably during 1909 as recent improvements in the range should make a material difference.

The attendance considering the limited membership has been very fair and your committee trust there will be no slipping back in the position and extend a cordial invitation to every member to attend all shooting evenings.

The treasurer's statement which will be laid before you shows a comfortable balance of $133.01 on hand.

Our Chrsitmas shoot was held on December 28th and again proved to be the most amusing event of the year; Dr. George W. Oliver won the prize package of the evening. The following are the individual averages for 1908:

K. D. Young 81.74, E. G. Brewer 78.15, J. M. Lockerby 77.58, T. Claude Cooke 75.26, W P. McFeat 72.08, A. M. Taylor 71.25, George W. Oliver 71.09, E. C. Eaton 70.58, Jas. A. Taylor 70.19, G. I. Evans 68.39, C.A. Lockerby 67.27, O. C. Pease 66.72, R. A. Lockerbh 65.50, J. Lester Heald 63.59, H.B.Young 63.00. Total for 15, 1062.33. Average 70.82.

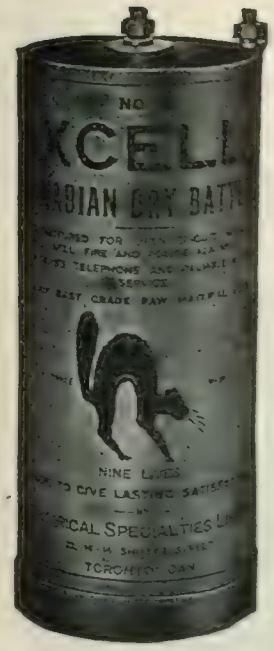
The Toronto Revolver Club beat the Quebec Club on March 13th by 1538 to 1493, as follows:—

Quebec—Hay 157, Whitney 154, Judin 154, Whyte 153, Porter 152, Dawson 151, Brown 149, Lindsay 146, Fletcher 140, Kennedy 137, Total 1493.

Toronto—Todd 168, Rutherford 162, Nasmith 159, Meadows 155, Van Duzer 153, Margetts 153, Thompson 151, McKee 147, Cook 147, White 143. Total 1538.

Premier Ward, New Zealand, speaking of the rifle championship meeting, expressed the hope that New Zealand and all the Australian states would send teams to compete in the empire rifle shooting meeting in Australia in October next, and that Canada and Great Britain would also be represented.

The Cannington Manor Rifle association, Winnipeg, one of the oldest of the civilian associations in the west, and one which had at one time as members such famous shots as Brockman, Appleton and others, who have been annual visitors to the M.R.A. meeting, has disbanded owing to the removal of members and similar causes. Years ago the Cannington association when it was actively backed by the Beckton Bros., a coterie of wealthy English sportsmen and proprietors of the Manor racing stables, had a large membership and one of the finest annual meetings in all of the Canadian west.



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The rifle clubs of Kingsville and Cottam had a series of home and home matches in March which resulted in a victory for Kingsville. Cottam won the first and Kingsville the second and final matches of the series.

The scores of the last shoot which took place on neutral grounds at Essex are given below. The Cottam team made a better showing at rest shooting than the off-hand.

Kingsville—200 yards rest—A. Cascadden 24, Len Malott 22, Chas. Quick 23, Charles Chalk 19, Gordon Fox 12, A. Arner 19, H. Thurston 23, J. Bennett 20, H. Arner 18, H. Lumsden 18, J. Miner 22, T. Wigle 20, N. Wigle 23, D. Wigle 24, J. Langtry 20, C. Pearsall 22, F. Foster 25, Roy Scratch 18, Thos. Pastorius 23. Total 395. Possible 475.

Cottam—200 yards, rest—W. Millen 19, W. Cohoe 19, G. Newman 17, E. Marks 24, J.E. Moore 9, C. Jane 21, A. Gamon 21, H. Orton 13, J. Neville 22, J. Billings 18, W. Small 22, A. Billing 18, T. Bedell 20, W. Malott 21, W. Crosley 21, T. Pile 22, H. Moore 24, H. Speechley 14, D. Hess 21. Total 366. Possible 475.

Kingsville—100 yards, off-hand—A. Cascadden 4, Len Malott 13, Chas. Quick 8, Charles Chalk 10, Gordon Fox 5, A. Arner 13, H. Thurston 7, J. Bennett 5, H. Arner 9, H. Lumsden 8, J. Miner 16, T. Wigle 14, N. Wigle 17, D. Wigle 18, J. Langtry 13, C. Pearsall 15, F. Foster 15, Roy Scratch 12, Thos. Pastorius 10. Total 212. Possible 475.

Cottam—100 yards, off-hand—W. Millen 8, W. Cohoe 0, G. Newman 3, E. Marks 13, J. E. Moore 5, C. Jane 4, A. Gamon 3, H. Orton 0, J. Neville 14, J. Billings 7, M. Small 7, A. Billing 9, T. Bedell 0, W. Marlott 6, W. Crosley 7, T. Pile 9, H. Moore 9, H. Speechley 11, D. Hess 0. Total 115. Possible 475.

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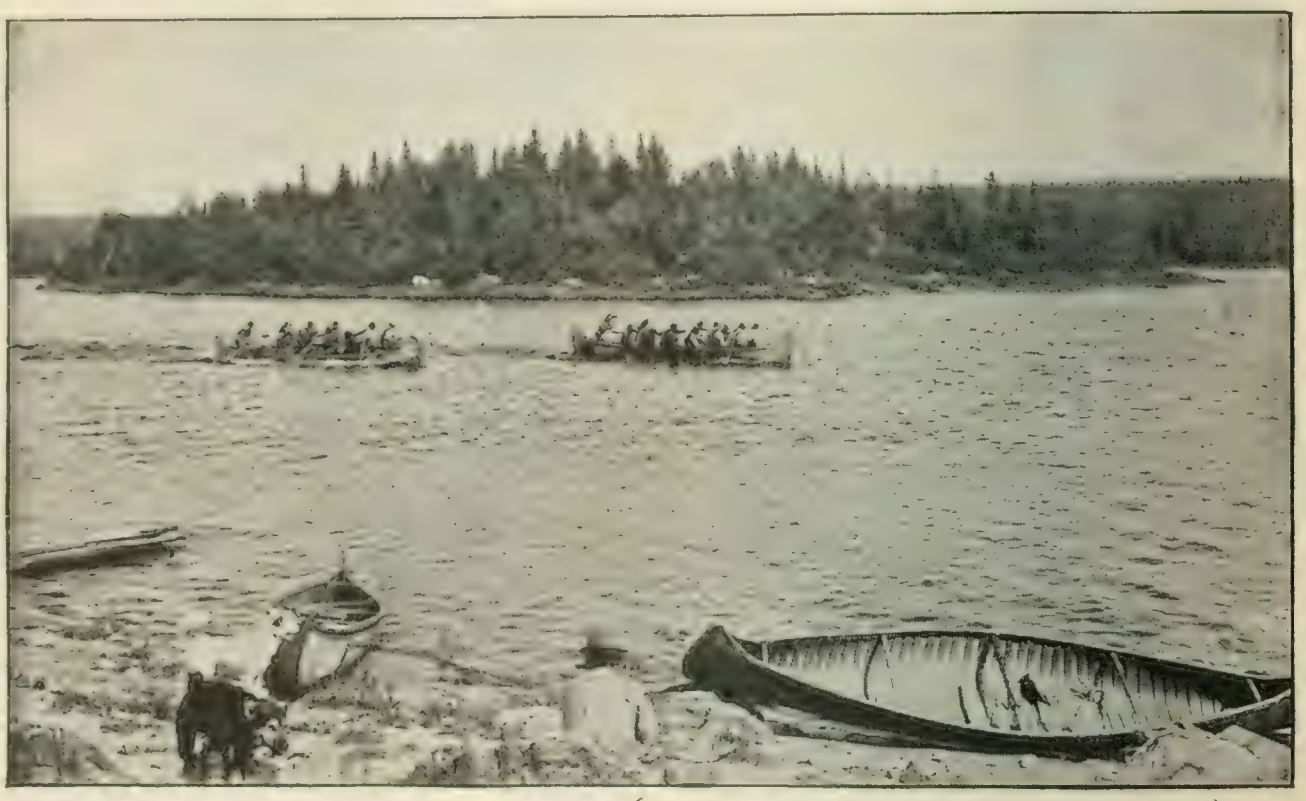

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(2) Leave C.P.R. at Markstay, Wahnapitei or Sudbury Stations. Waggon road to Wahnapitei Lake. Thence canoe via Stull's Branch to Smooth Water Lake, Gowganda, etc.

(3) Leave C.P.R. at Bannerman Siding. Fine canoe trip via Onaping and Deschesne Lakes into the country at head of Montreal River.

(4) Leave C.P.R. at Bisco or Metagama Station. This is possibly the best route into the Silver Country via the Hudson Bay Post at Mattagami.

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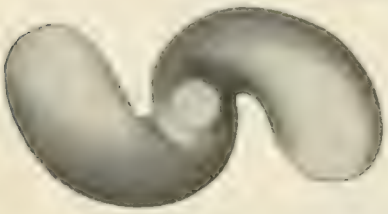

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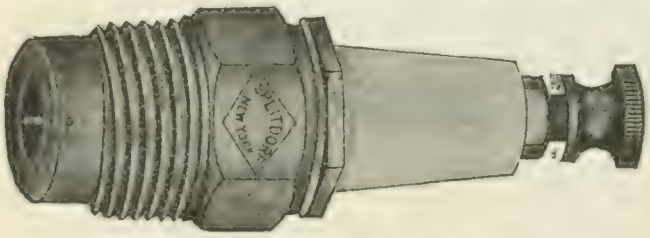

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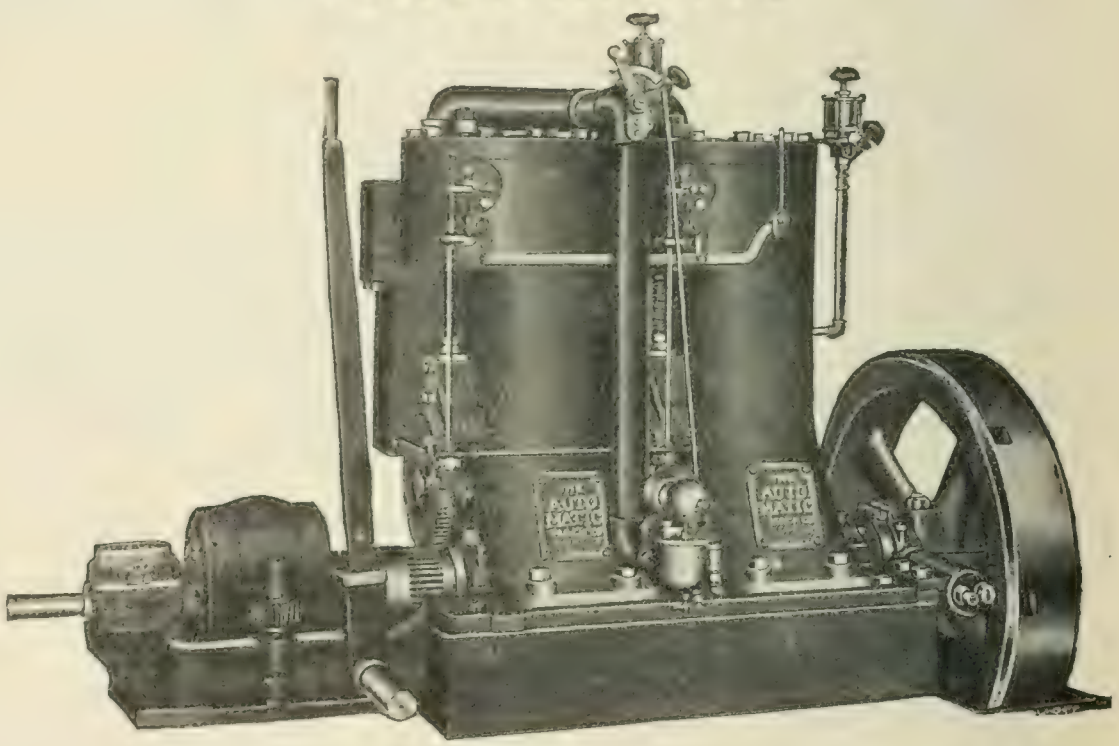

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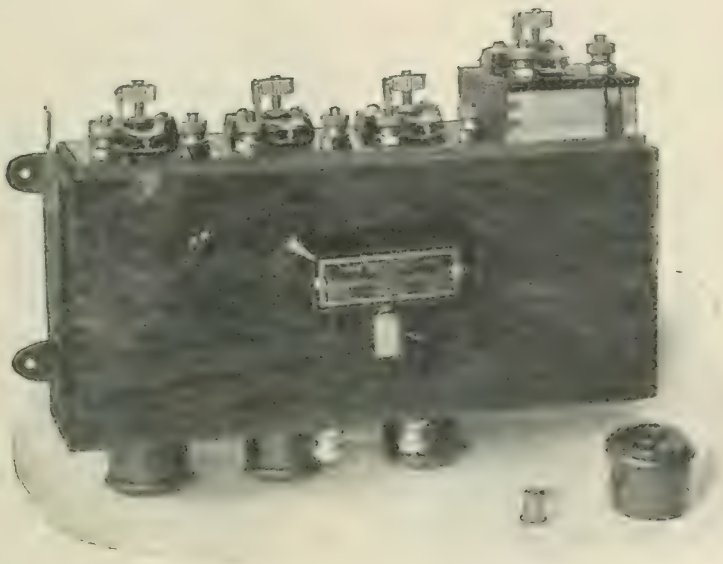

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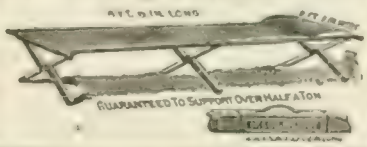

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By years of experimenting we have found that a propeller with blades of a differential pitch and a concave curve from the hub to the outside of blade will hold the water the whole length of blade which lessens the slip more than any other design of wheels. thereby increasing the speed of any launch.

We also make all kinds of bronze trimmings, stanchions, etc., and fog bells at lowest prices.

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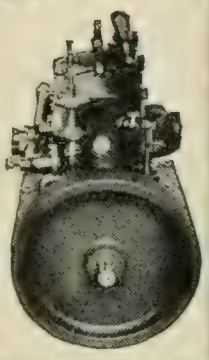
Gasoline MARINE MOTORS



The most economical gasoline motor because of correct design and construction.

Equipped with our new carburetters that are absolutely non-flooding, and never waste a drop of gasoline.

You should not fail to learn all about this carburetter before ordering your motor. Write for catalog.

TEN SIZES, 1, 2 and 3 cylinder, 2 1-2 to 27 guaranteed brake h.p.

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SHOWS THE PATENTED WATER JACKETED

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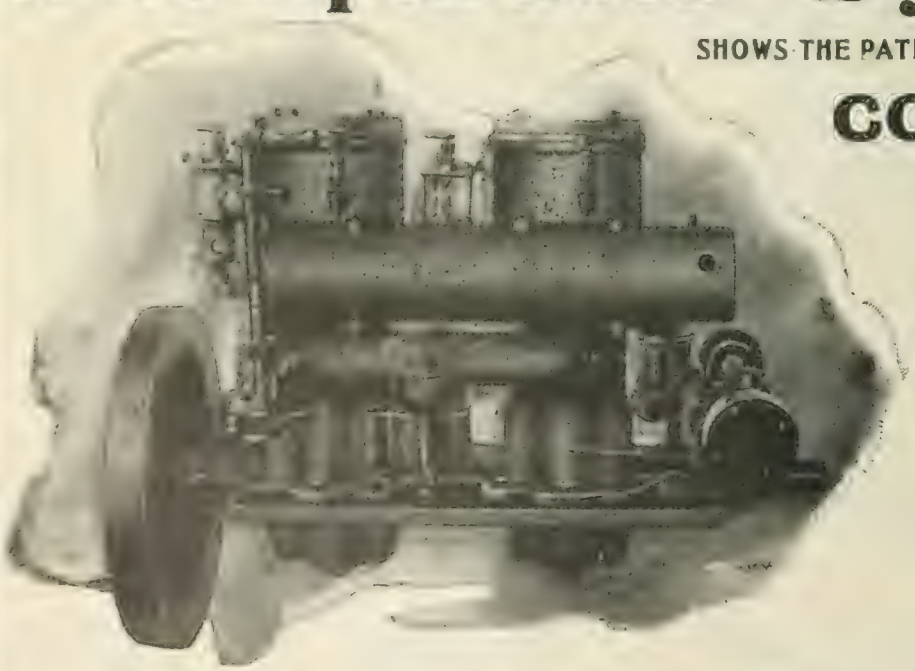

The Carburetor and Timer, with speed control levers.
The starboard side has nothing but spark plugs.
No Other Motor built does or can condense the exhaust, remove back pressure and relieve stress on cylinders as in the

"Syracuse"

In design and operation it is

Simplicity Simplified

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Our catalogue shows these and *other special features.*

SYRACUSE GAS ENGINE CO.

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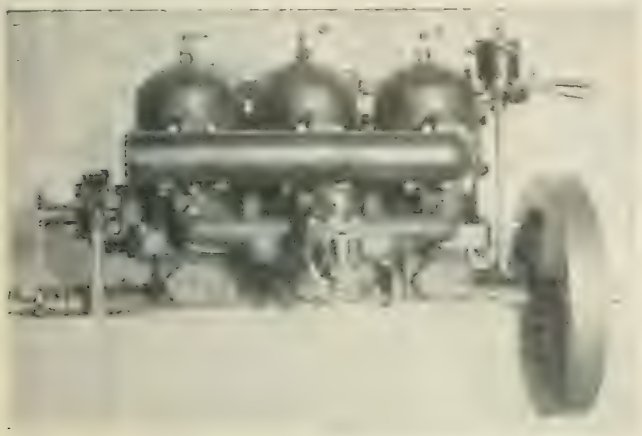

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SPECIAL 30 DAY OFFER.

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Canadian Patent for sale. Agents wanted. Ask for catalog No. 7.
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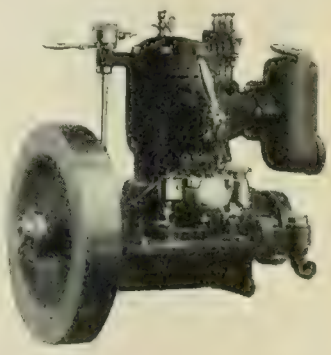
Made in 1, 2 and 3 cylinders from 3 to 25 H.P.
Jump Spark Ignition
1 and 2 cylinders, 4 to 15 H.P. Make and Break Ignition
Just the engine for any boat for work or pleasure



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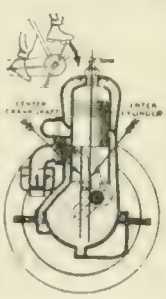

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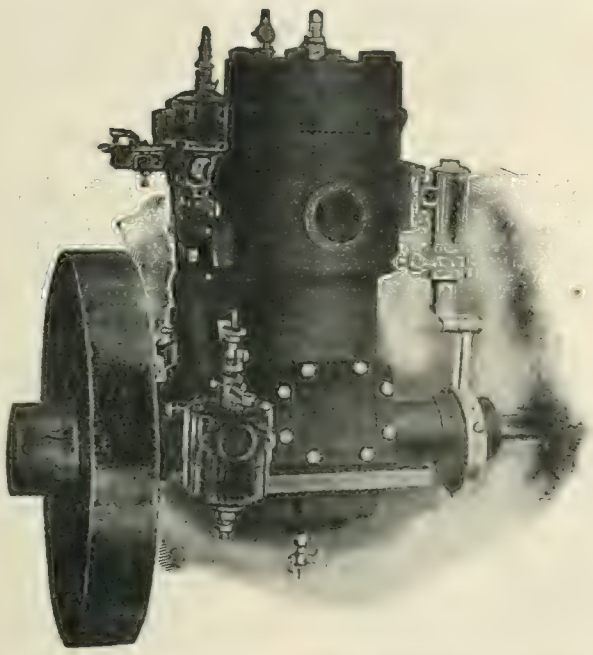

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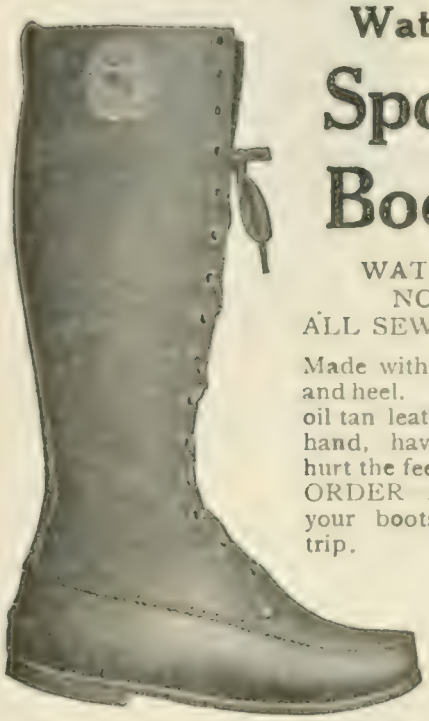

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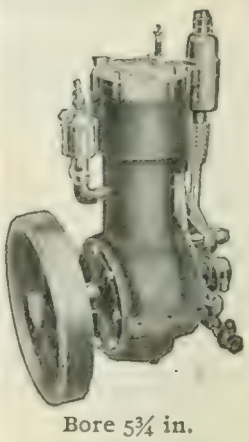

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Engine Only, $33.00

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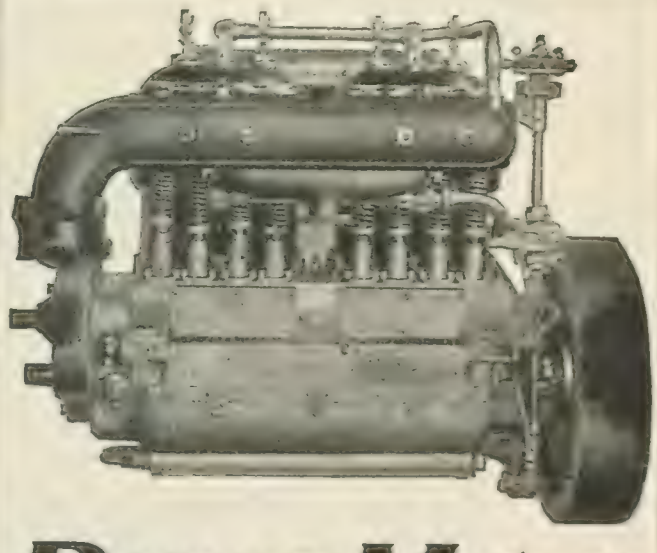

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WORK LIKE BEAVERS.

6 cylinder vertical 4 3-8 x 4 3-4.
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The 4 cylinder horizonal opposed motor is designed specially for commercial trucks. Centre Crank Oiling Device or Constant Level Splash System. All motors 4 cycle. Write for Free Booklet.

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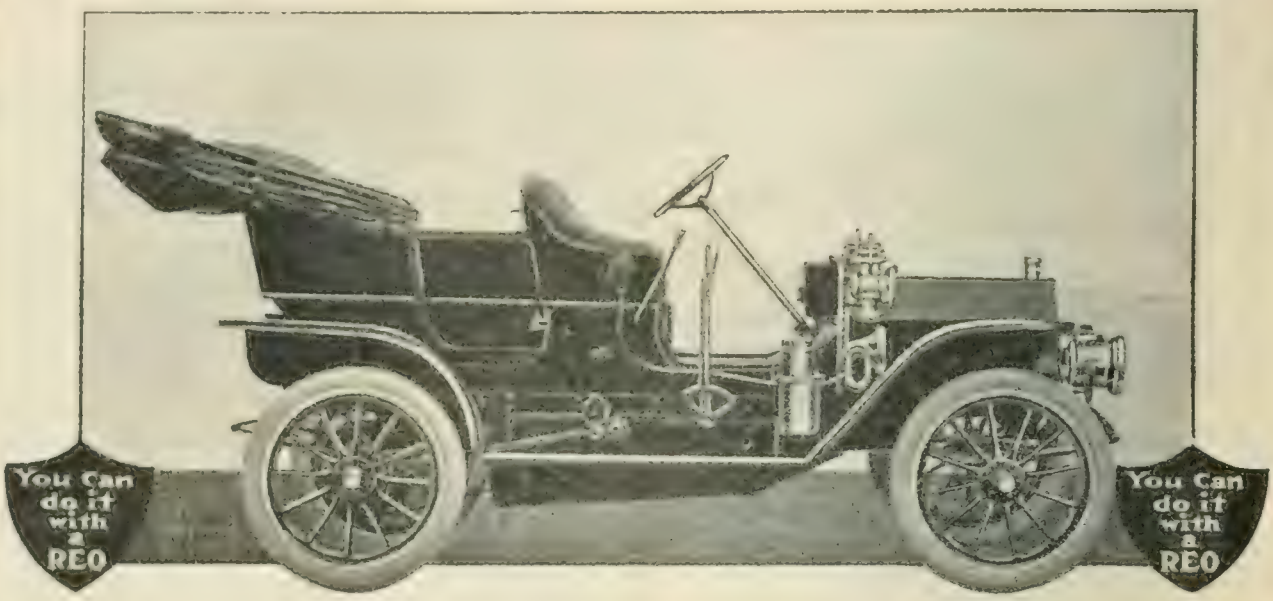

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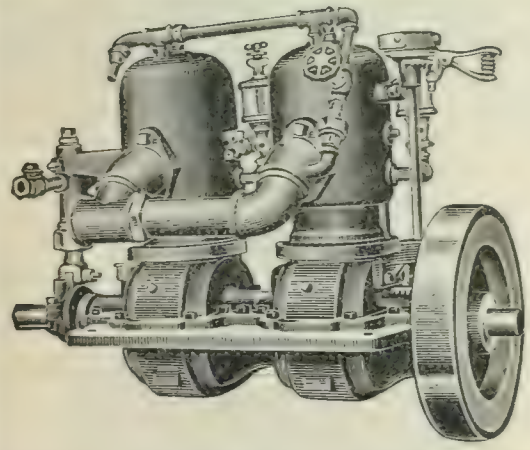

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Speed Launches, Cabin Cruisers and Sailing Yachts built to order.

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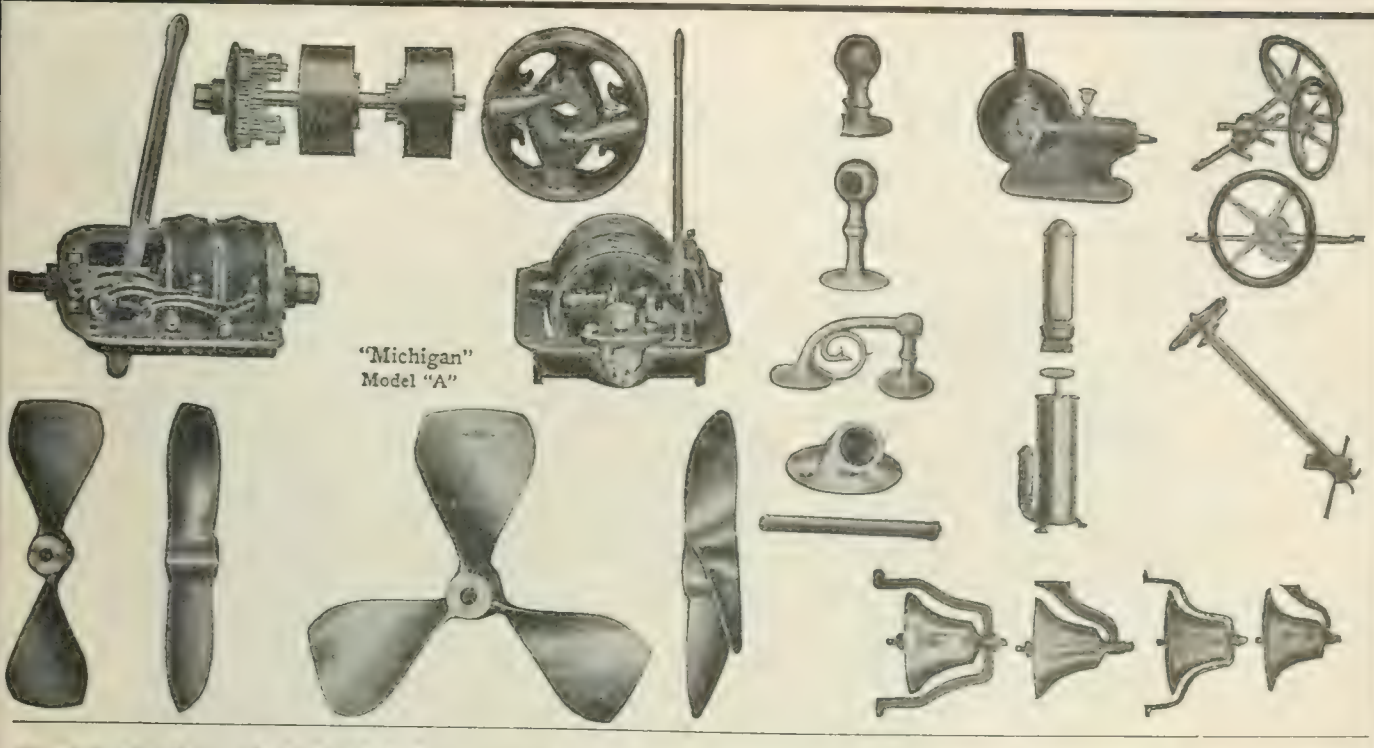

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$110.00 COMPLETE

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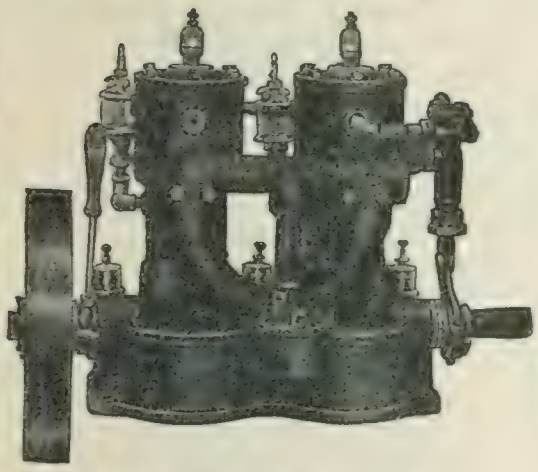

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This two cylinder, two cycle, three port reversible engine, equally as powerful running either direction, weight 128 lbs., coil for each cylinder. Swings a 16 inch 2 blade propeller 800 to 900 revolutions, depending on the design of your boat. Drives an ordinary 18 to 20 ft. speed boat 10 to 11 miles an hour. One customer writes: **"I can cut circles around any of the same model boats as mine that have twice the rated power."** This is a very satisfactory letter to us, but must be more satisfactory to our customer. We would like to furnish you with one of these engines so you or your report would be the same. More power for the weight than any engine made. We have built this same size over 6 years. Send for catalogue of all sizes from 2 to 60 H.P. Very simple; all parts interchangeable. Reliable agents wanted.

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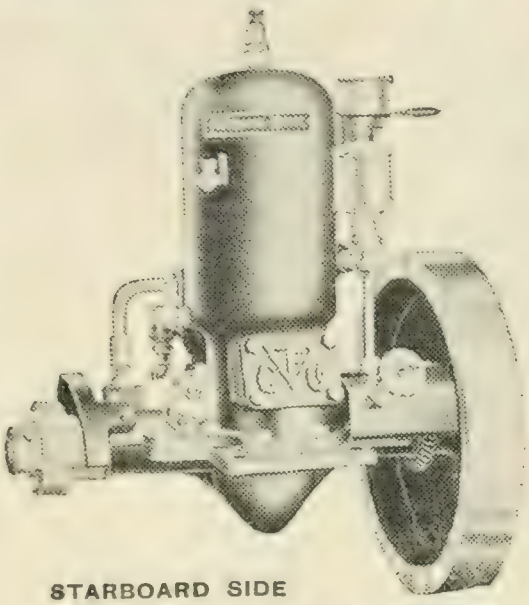

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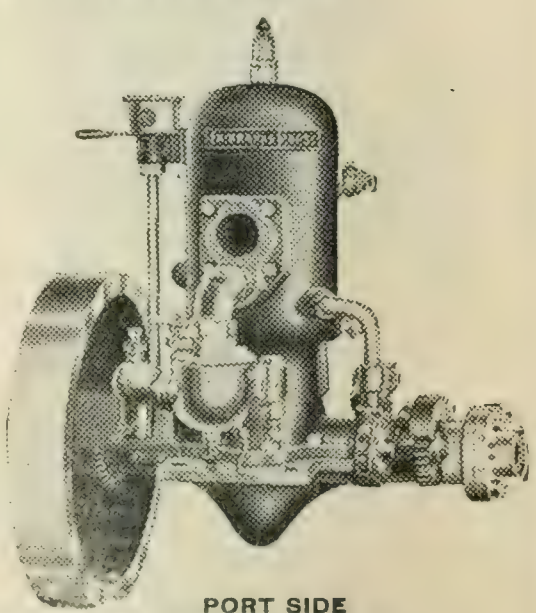
We manufacture a full line of Marine Engines in various types from 1 to 6 Cylinders.



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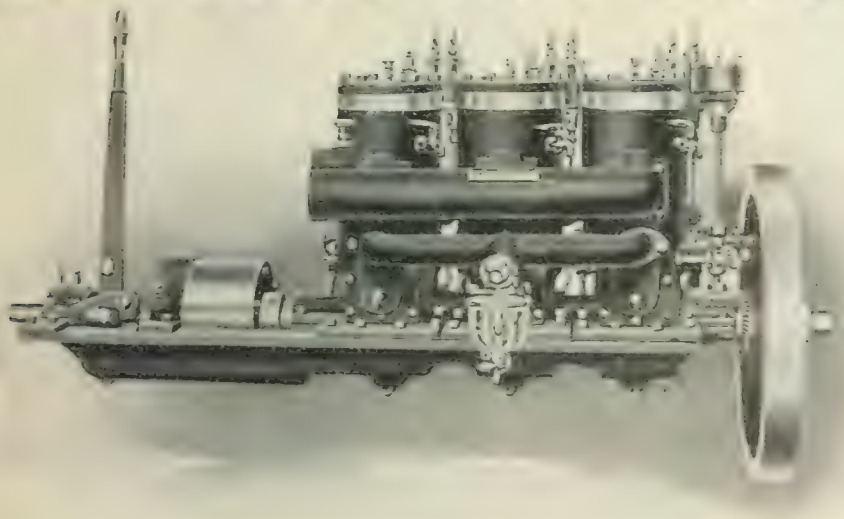

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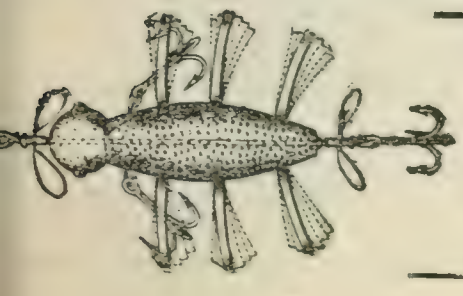

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The greatest Bass Bait ever invented.
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$1 50

DEAN'S Close Ribbed and Metal Joint Construction

A thin strip of hard brass, full length of the canoe or boat, shaped like figure 1 in the cut, the two turned pressed into the wood at each side of the joint. This is held into place by the ribs, which are only 2¼ inches apart. There are no cross battens to obstruct the cleaning as there are in other canoes and lapstreak boats.

In an ordinary lapstreak boat there are about 240 holes under the ribs, which makes a lot of trouble to clean, and when the water is emptied out the dirt catches under the ribs or against the cross battens. No trouble like this with **Dean's Metal Joint System.**

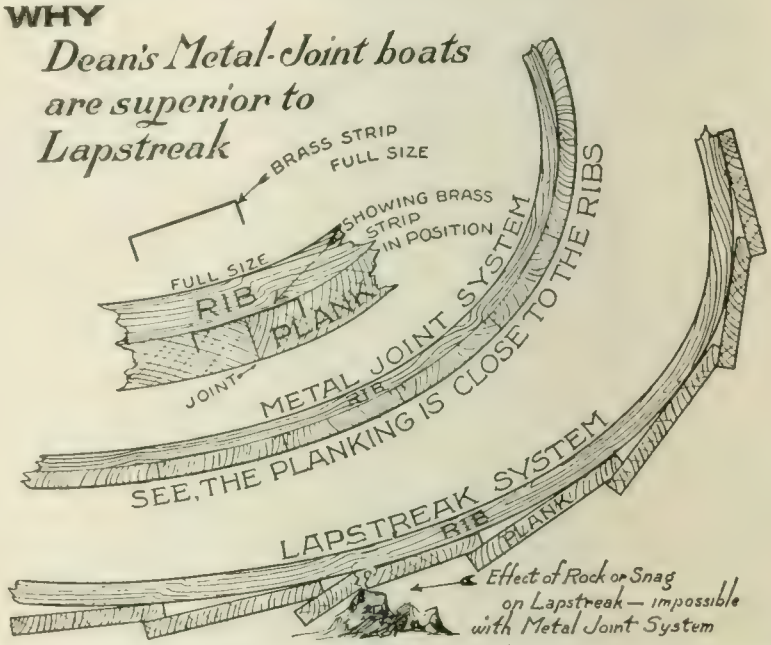
Then they have twice to three times the number of ribs than other makes, which strengthens them beyond comparison.

Carefully Examine the Cut

Send for 1909 Catalog—It's a Real Treat

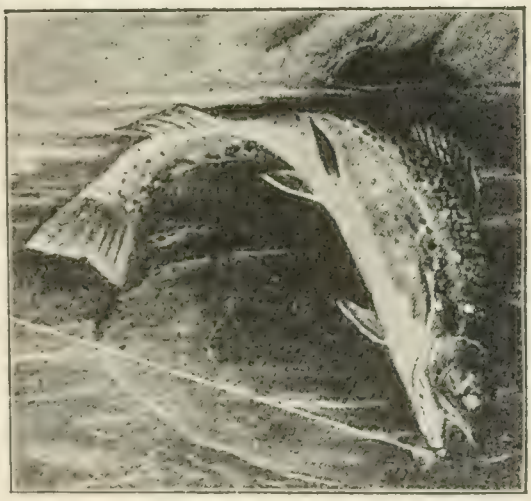
WHY

Dean's Metal-Joint boats are superior to Lapstreak



Walter Dean

1751 Queen Street W., TORONTO



Cortecelli Silk Fish Line

Made on latest improved machinery. Absolutely pure, strength guaranteed, the strongest and lightest line made.

IN 4 COLORS—

White with Black.
Black with Olive.
Black with White.
Black with Brown.

Size 0, 1¼c per yard.
Size ½, 1¾c per yard.
Size 1, 2c per yard.
Size 2, 2⅓c per yard.
Size 3, 3c per yard.
Size 4, 3¾c per yard.

Patent Waxed Lines

Guaranteed not to absorb water, Superior Line for Casting.

Size 0, 2¼ cents per yard.
Size ½, 2¾ cents per yard.
Size 1, 3 cents per yard.
Size 2, 3½ cents per yard.

Enamelled Lines

Not a union line, but the best silk.

ENAMELLED BY HAND.

Size ½, 3¾ cents per yard.
Size 1, 4 cents per yard.
Size 2, 4½ cents per yard.
Size 3, 5 cents per yard.
Size 4, 5¾ cents per yard.

Casting Line—Size 00, 1¼ cents per yard. Size 0, 1¼ cents per yard.

Put up on cards, 25, 50, 75 and 100 yards continuous lengths.

For Sale By

A. E. BREGENT,
192 St. Catherine St. E., Montreal

ART ROSS & CO.,
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After 14 Days of This System Age 18.

Canada's Leading Physical Culture System

"Dorchester's"

Pupil writes: "Your system is the surest and quickest extant." Another says: "I am surprised at the quick results." Whilst others say: "A benefit to humanity."

Write for Curative Course, $10.00, if you have chronic complaints or weaknesses. Send particulars.

Write for Development Course, $5.00, if you wish splendid muscles with GREAT STRENGTH. Give height, weight, measurements and particulars.

F. E. DORCHESTER

Physical Culture Expert, Regina

A Lakefield Canoe On the Zambesi River

This was the first canoe on the Zambesi River and was envied by all the residents and visitors there.
Write for catalogue to

The Lakefield Canoe Building and Manufacturing Co.
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A Matchless Cigar Lighter

Will be sent FREE to anyone sending us One Subscription to Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada. Address,

W. J. TAYLOR, publisher, Woodstock, Ont.

When Buying a Gun

Consider just two points above all others—its wearing and shooting qualities. To these qualities, perhaps more than any others, the PARKER GUN owes its enviable reputation.

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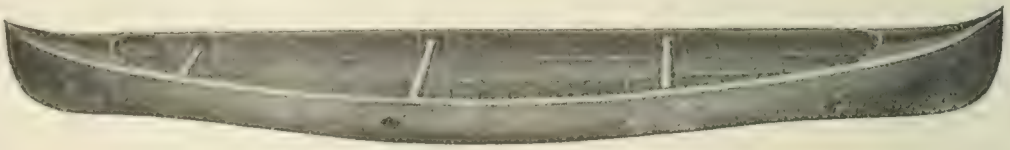
PARKER BROS., Meriden, Conn.

"PETERBOROUGH"
Canoes, Skiffs and Launches

It is time to think of BOATING. If you want to own the



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on the water this spring get a "PETERBOROUGH." The rush is on. Order early.

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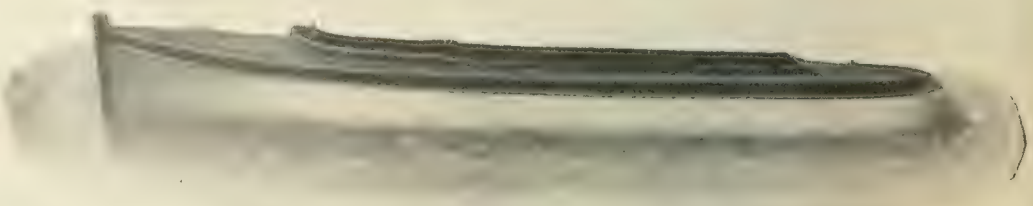

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To every out-door hobby, to every delight of nature, to the very Spirit of Spring itself, there is an added charm for those who

KODAK

Not merely for the sake of the moment's pleasure, but even more for the pleasure in the years that follow, the Kodak is worth while. And it's all so simple now that anybody can make good pictures. Kodak, you know, means photography with the bother left out.

KODAKS $5.00 to $100.00.

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TORONTO. CANADA.

Coward's Simple System of Boat Building

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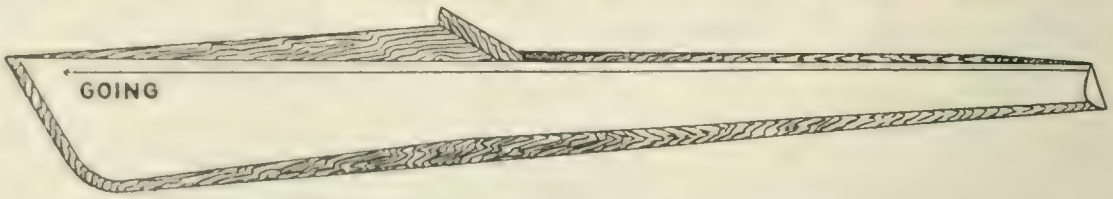

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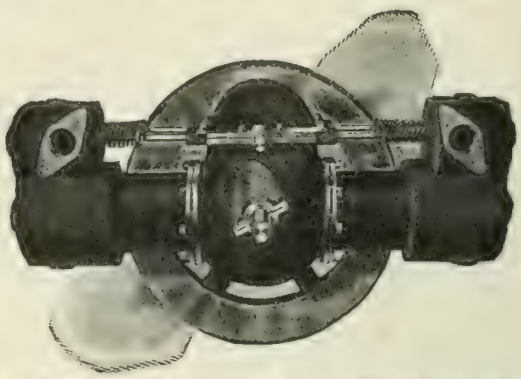
COWARD'S BOAT FACTORY, Kingston, Ont.

AUTO BOAT AND AUTO MOTORS

10--12 H.P.
18--20 H.P.

Four Cycle
Double Cylinder



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Made from Choice Canadian Pigs, Selected and cured under inspection of the Dominion Government, the quality is unsurpassed.
Ask your grocer for it, or send direct to

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Rundel Automatic Stropper

Strops all safety razors, both single and double edge. Absolutely automatic; cannot cut strop or run off strop. Order through your dealer or we will send stropper and strop complete prepaid on receipt of $3.00. Descriptive literature on request. Liberal discount to the trade.

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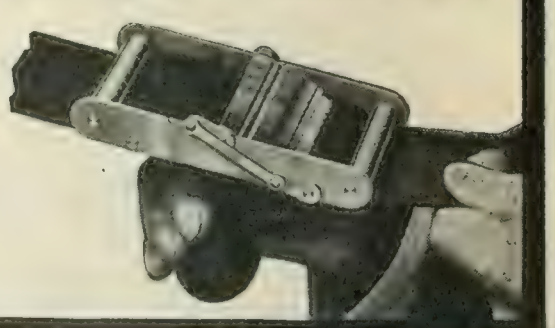

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M. A. SHAW, MANAGER.

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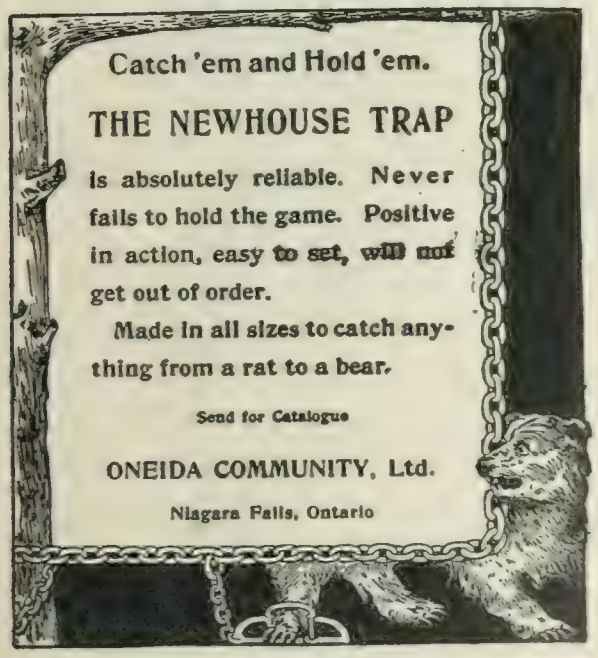
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is absolutely reliable. Never fails to hold the game. Positive in action, easy to set, will not get out of order.
Made in all sizes to catch anything from a rat to a bear.
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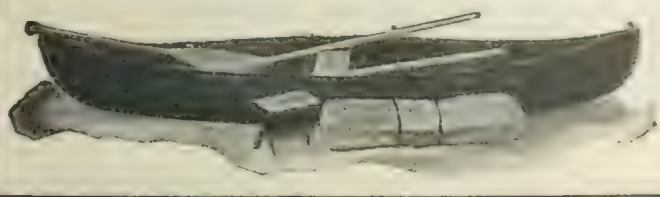

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LYNX, FOX, WILD CAT, FISHER, WOLVES

sold at terrific high prices in January and March in London, and we have demands for more skins than we can get. Ship them in to us. You will be surprised at the high prices we will pay you.

Especially High Prices Paid for Muskrats

Every shipment is held by us ten days subject to your approval of our returns.

Small parcels from great distances ship by mail.

Write us and we will give you prices that will astonish you for above goods, and any others that you may have.

We buy Furs the year around.

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Jaeger

TRADE MARK

In Selecting Your Outfit for Camp, Do You Consider the Real Needs of Your Body?

Nature clothes animals in wool (hair or fur) in hot as well as cold climates — never with cotton or linen.

Cotton and linen clothing feel nice and cool when first put on, but —they get wet, clammy and oppressive in a short time, and are very liable to give you a chill. And because they retain the poisonous exhalations of the skin they become uncleanly very quickly.

Therefore do not take any garments of linen or cotton in your camp kit. They become uncomfortable, oppressive, uncleanly, and harmful in hot weather.

Garments made of pure wool are the only ones fit for camp or ordinary use. They do not chill the skin when damp, nor do they become offensive, oppressive and clammy, like linen and cotton.

One woollen garment will keep sweet as long as three or four of linen or cotton.

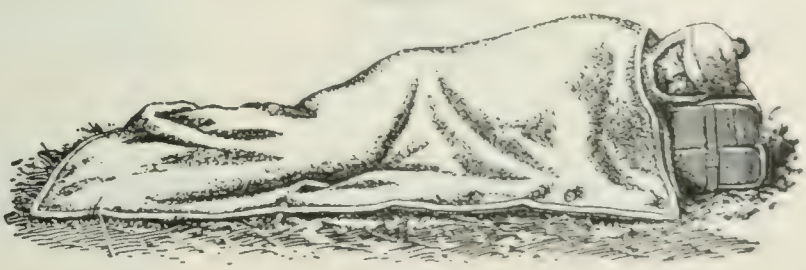
Woollen underwear, shirts and clothing keep the skin pores working freely, removing the feeling of oppressive heat, all fear of chills, and giving a lightness and freedom unknown to those who have not tried it.

Our Catalogue of Camp Wear will interest you. Write for a copy. It describes the famous Jaeger Sleeping Bag, two or three layers; also Golf Coats, Coat Sweaters, Camp Rugs, Stockings, Caps, Socks, Ties, Flannel Shirts, etc.

The needs of ladies and children are equally well provided for. We shall be pleased to fill all orders promptly by mail, or to see you at one of our stores.

Jaeger Goods are sold throughout Canada by best dealers. Look carefully for the Jaeger trademark.

JAEGER



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Reliability and Endurance Demonstrated

AMERICA'S
LONG DISTANCE
CHAMPION!
103.65 Miles.

Palm Beach,
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Average speed, 27 miles per hour. 20 laps—80 turns. 12 entries—3 finished.

COURIER, 1st : Equipped with 100 H.P. Sterling
MESSENGER, 2nd : Equipped with 25-40 H.P. Sterling

Only two Sterling Engines entered—they finished first and second.

The Engine is a wonder. my boat could have started immediately in another 100 mile race and finished.
W. J. CONNORS.

The Courier and my Messenger finished 1st and 2nd in the 103 mile endurance race, both running without a mishap the entire distance. She wins the American Long Distance Championship and the $600 Punch Bowl and the Reed and Barton Cup. G. W. ANDREWS.

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Member National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers.

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AT A BARGAIN

All the body type in this magazine, nearly 1,000 pounds for sale at 15 cents a pound.

Type has been in use three years.

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Best French Briar—Hard Rubber, Removable Stem. The most scientific and healthful pipe ever made. Separate wells for saliva and nicotine, and a bowl device (see cut) whichprevents tobacco from settling in bottom of bowl and becoming soaked or clogged. Cannot possibly become rank like ordinary pipes. THE TOBACCO IS ALWAYS DRY, thus insuring a cool, clean, dry smoke. No biting the tongue. **Price $1.00** postpaid. Your money back if not perfectly satisfactory. Slip a dollar bill into an envelope now.

Easily Cleaned.

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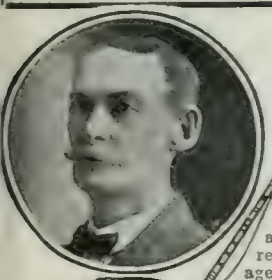

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I'm having my own casting rod made for all fishermen who want it now. It is a two-piece rod with all the resilience of a one-piece—and it's almost as easy to carry as a three-piece. Notice my patent locking reel band. I guarantee this rod against breakage from any reasonable use.

Send for My Free Pamphlet on Bait Casting I've just had printed a new catalogue in colors with several pages of my lessons on bait casting. It gives you some valuable tips based on my own experience. It tells you all about my Dowagiac Split Bamboo Casting Rods. Send for the book. It's free. Write today.

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REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Particularly Desirable after Dinner

YOUR ATHLETE KNOWS the tonic value of Chiclets when engaged in strenuous sport.

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Our Portable Houses, Garages, Bungalows, Boathouses and Hunting Cabins fill a long-desired want.

Two men, a screwdriver, monkey wrench and ten hours is all that is required.

Write us your requirements and let us furnish you quotations.

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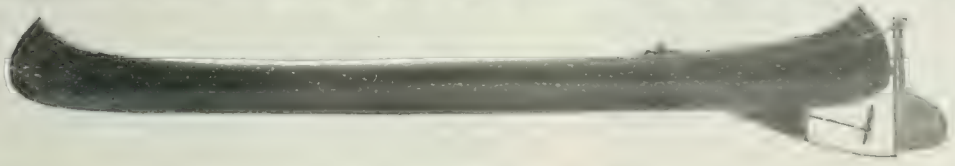
A complete Motor Canoe with two horse power Motor, for $150.

Here's Your Chance

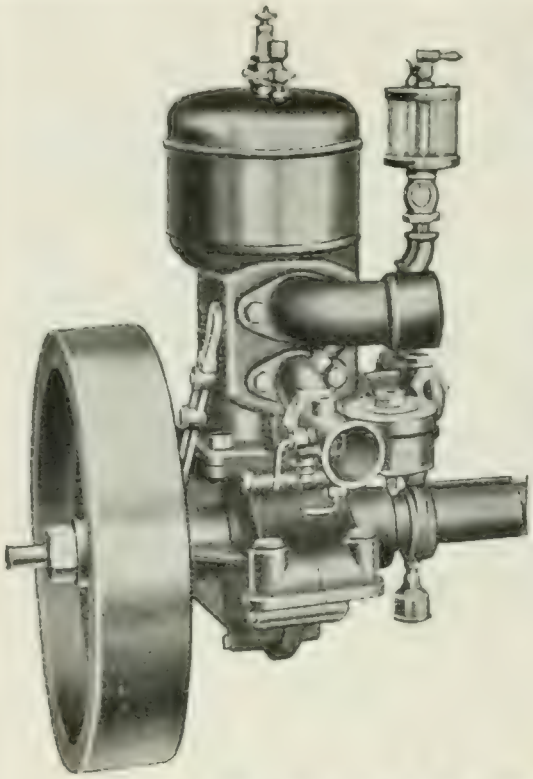


Paddling Canoes $34 and up

My Canoes are lighter and stronger than any other craft afloat, being made of best quality Quebec cedar which is very light and strong, and lasts a lifetime without decay. Fastenings all of copper, brass or galvanized They are covered with one piece of heavy duck, leaving no seams to leak; this is filled and brought to a smooth surface with a hard-drying preparation, and when color and varnish is applied, makes a perfectly smooth and glossy surface.

I aim to have in stock a complete line of paddling canoes from 16 to 20 feet in length: Motor [illegible] feet to 22 feet, fitted with or without motor. Material and workmanship are the best obtainable. Air [illegible] on any model. Send for illustrated literature and prices.

B. S. MOORE, Fredericton, N. B. P. O. BOX 526



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3 H. P.

Single Cylinder for Canoes, Skiffs and Light Launches.

Weight 60 lbs.

Price complete

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Double Cylinder for Speed Launches, Yawls and Pleasure Crafts.

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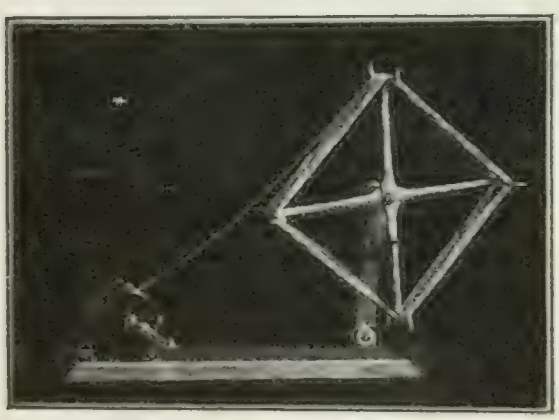
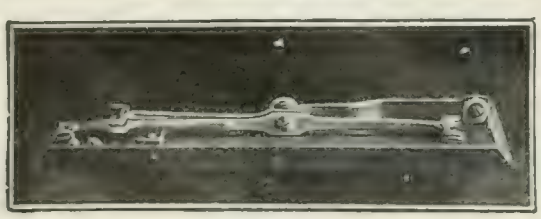


In Use. A Fish Line Preserver and Drying Reel



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Patented Dec. 5th, 1905

If a wet line is placed on an "ANGLER'S FRIEND," where the rays of the sun or the dew cannot reach it, it will dry quickly and with no damage whatever to its strength. By drying the line thoroughly the Angler will derive much pleasure, as well as profit, and avoid the disagreeable experience of getting sand and dirt into the gearing of his reel.

An Angler using good lines cannot afford to be without "THE FRIEND."

Packed in a neat box, 9 1-4 x 3 x 1 1-8 in. Sent postpaid anywhere in Canada on receipt of price **$2.50**

If dealers or jobbers cannot supply send direct to the manufacturer.

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For sale by following dealers—A. K. Routley, Kingston, Ontario ; D. Pike Co., Toronto; Warren & Ellis, Toronto; Fenn & Co., Toronto.

H&R REVOLVERS

The Line is Complete

From the heaviest pattern for sportsmen to the light, dainty revolver for ladies—you will find *the one* just suited to your purpose—whether for pleasure or protection.

Behind every H & R Revolver is over 36 years manufacturing experience—your guarantee of dependability, safety and accuracy.

Rather than accept substitutes, order from us direct. Look for our name on barrel and the little target trademark on the handle.

Our new and beautiful catalog shows our complete line. We want you to have it—write for it.

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HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.
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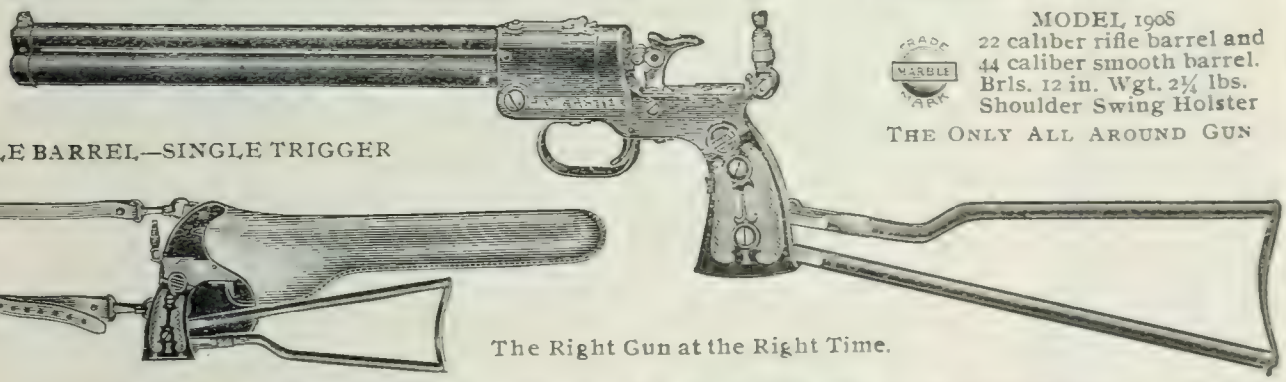
Marble's Game Getter Gun

Target Rifle or Pistol---Big Game Gun---Shot Gun



MODEL 1908
22 caliber rifle barrel and 44 caliber smooth barrel.
Brls. 12 in. Wgt. 2¼ lbs.
Shoulder Swing Holster

THE ONLY ALL AROUND GUN

DOUBLE BARREL—SINGLE TRIGGER

The Right Gun at the Right Time.

This one Gun Shoots .22 Short, Long and L.R., .44-40 Shot and .44-40 Round Bullet

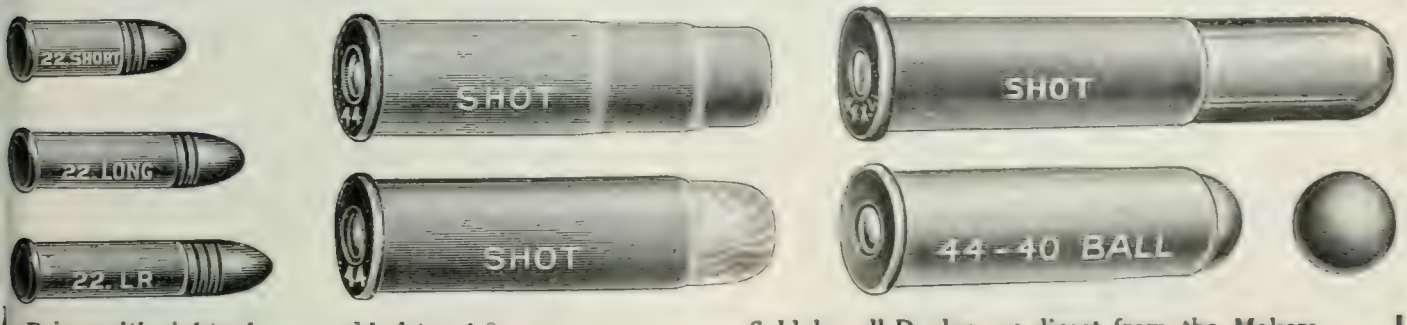
Can be safely used with smokeless powder. The recoil is slight. The .44 barrel is not choked. Gun is easily and quickly opened. Either barrel is used without any change of sight or adjustment. Hammer is instantly set for either barrel or at SAFE. Stock locks at any drop desired. Is easily removed.

An average of 60 No. 8 shot and 120 No. 10 strike a 12 in. square at 50 ft. Number of No. 8 shot in targets, 29 to 70.

A 44 ball penetrates 6 in. of pine at 15 ft. Will kill a deer or black bear at 40 to 50 yards. Most deer are killed within 50 yards.

The 22 barrel shoots as strongly and accurately as any make or length of barrel of its calibre.

The GAME GETTER is fully described in FREE CATALOG of Marble's 60 "Extra Quality" Specialties for sportsmen



Price, with sights shown and holster, $18.00.

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MARBLE SAFETY AXE COMPANY, 101-129 Delta Ave., Gladstone, Mich., U. S. A.

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EDMONTON, ALBERTA

The commercial hotel of the Northwest Capital. Cuisine unexcelled. Excellent accommodation for commercial men, tourists and sportsmen. First class sample rooms. The acme of comfort and quietness.

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Ignition Plugs

Are American Standard Plugs, and have been since 1902.

Double Porcelain and Indestructible Mica Plugs.

Use them exclusively and send for our Perpetual Guarantee.

—THE—

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INCORPORATED 1900

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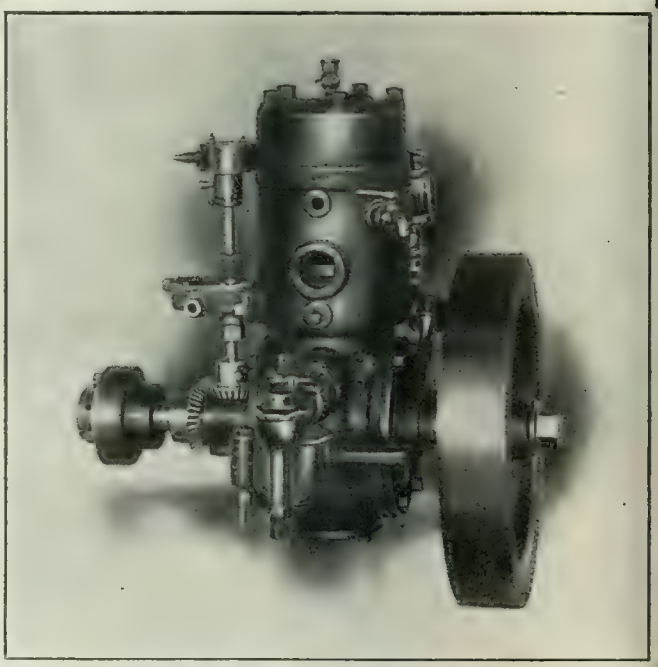
IMPROVE

Is the motive that must guide all progressive engine manufacturers.

There is as much difference between the marine engine of four years ago and that of today as between the old hard-tire bicycle and the present one. Some manufacturers are using the same design today as at the start, but that's not our funeral.

Improvements in design, material and workmanship have made the present-day engine reliable and efficient.

Canadian Beaver



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Are Up-to-date, Efficient Moderate Priced

Two Cycle *Two Port*

Made in stock, four sizes, 4-14 h.p.

H. P.	No. of Cylinders	Bore and Stroke	Engine	Complete Outfit
4	1	4	$ 78.00	$100.00
7	1	5	148.50	175.00
8	2	4	164.00	200.00
14	2	5	310.00	350.00

Write for Up-to-Date Particulars.

SHERMAN-COOPER CO., LTD.
1041 Eastern Ave. - - TORONTO

NEXT MONTH

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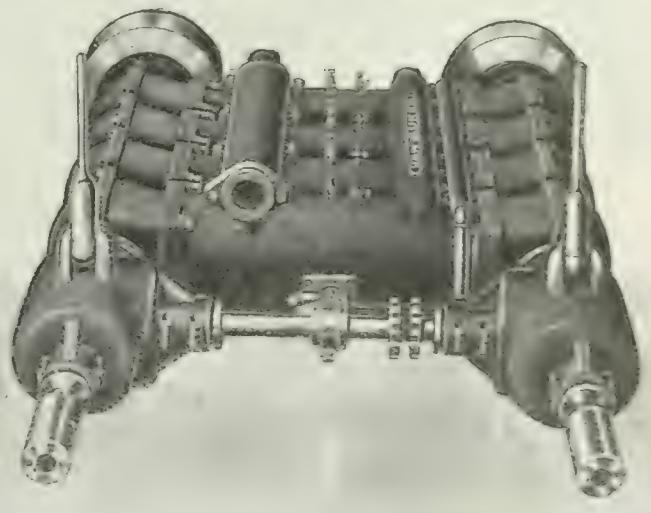
VAN AUKEN

Twin Screw Motors

from 8 to 100 H. P.—and the modern factory from which we turn them out.

Nothing Smaller Than 8 H. P.



4 CYLINDER, 35 AND 65H.P.

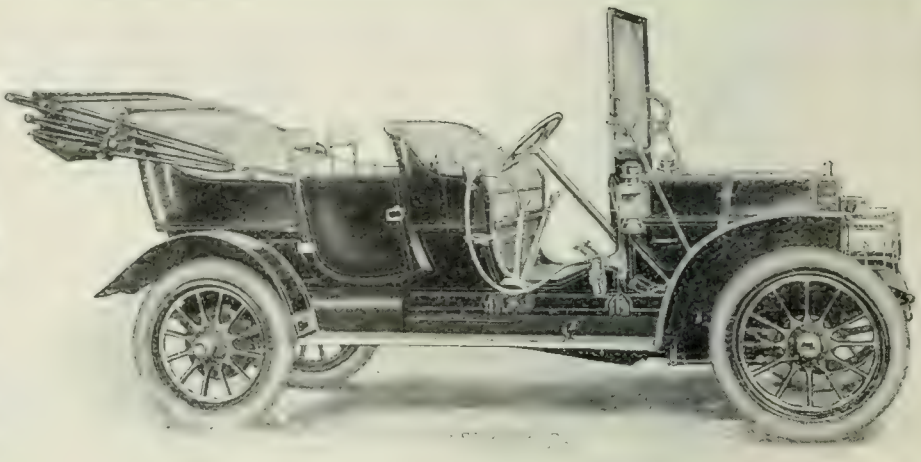
During the succeeding months we shall take up and demonstrate the many advantages of twin screw propulsion as perfected in the VAN AUKEN MOTOR.

Meanwhile we invite correspondence, and shall be glad to send upon request, copy of the prospectus which we have issued as a forerunner of our 60 page illustrated catalogue soon to appear.

Van Auken Motor and Machine Works

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., U.S.A.

A Record



We have sold more RUSSELL automobiles in the past seven months than during the previous twelve months combined.

Why ? Because the RUSSELL is the best built car for Canadian roads. Because our factory is here backing up its product and its real guarantee. Because we have the most complete system of branches and agencies in the country.

Drive a Russell

Our handsome catalogues, sent upon request, show models from $1,500 to $4,500. Runabouts, roadsters and touring cars, 18 to 50 h.p.

WRITE FOR THEM

Canada Cycle and Motor Co., Limited, West Toronto.

Makers of High-Grade Automobiles.

BRANCHES:

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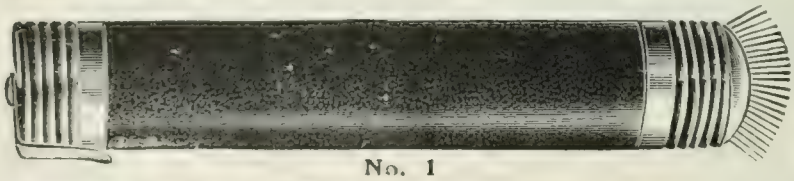
ELECTRIC POCKET FLASHLIGHTS

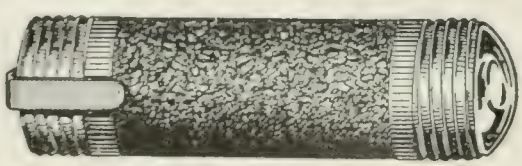
YOU NEED ONE IN YOUR CAR OR MOTOR BOAT for inspection of parts. the only light that is safe around gas, gasoline or any inflammable material. Also very valuable in locating street numbers, street names, and of general use around the car, boat, house or barn. Made in three styles.



No. 1

Very powerful light, size 9 in. x 1½ in. will throw light 100 feet.

Price postpaid . . $1.35
Renewal Batteries . 35



New Wonder

A very economical light, gives more light per battery than any other lamp on the market. Size 7 in. x 1½ in.

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Vest Pocket Flashlight

This is a very popular lamp to carry about in the pocket or ladies' hand bag. The ideal light to locate house numbers at night where ever a light is required for a few minutes. Size 3½ in. x 2½ in. x 1 in. with bulls eye lens

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Same as above, but without bulls eye or lens over lamp 85c. Renewal Batteries 35c.

DRY BATTERIES Eclipse Ignition Batteries. Best battery on the market. 25c.

Send for circulars on these articles. Special prices to Trade.

The Canadian Electric Novelty Co.

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The tight fit of the metal-cased bullets gives increased volocity and accuracy, and when you consider that this 303 Savage has greater killing power at 150 yards than the 45-90 you get some idea of its deadly hitting force.

It is light in weight, has slight recoil, and is capable of grouping shots in a five inch circle at 200 yards. Its accurate range is 1000 yards. It is furnished with steel or rubber shot-gun butt plate without extra charge; is made in 26-inch octagon, half octagon or round barrels; is a six-shot repeater; 303 calibre; also 25-35, 30-30, 32-40, 38-55; 7½ to 8 lbs.; hammerless and beautifully finished—price, round barrel, $18; octagon, $19.50; made also as a takedown, $21.50.

Ask to see it at your dealer's or write us for catalogue.

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TEMISKAMING LAKE

A magnificent Lake bordered by the unlimited Wilds of the Northland. Splendid hunting, fishing or canoe outings. Unexcelled climate—cool nights for rest, recuperation or active life. No Hay Fever.

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Brass Launch Fittings

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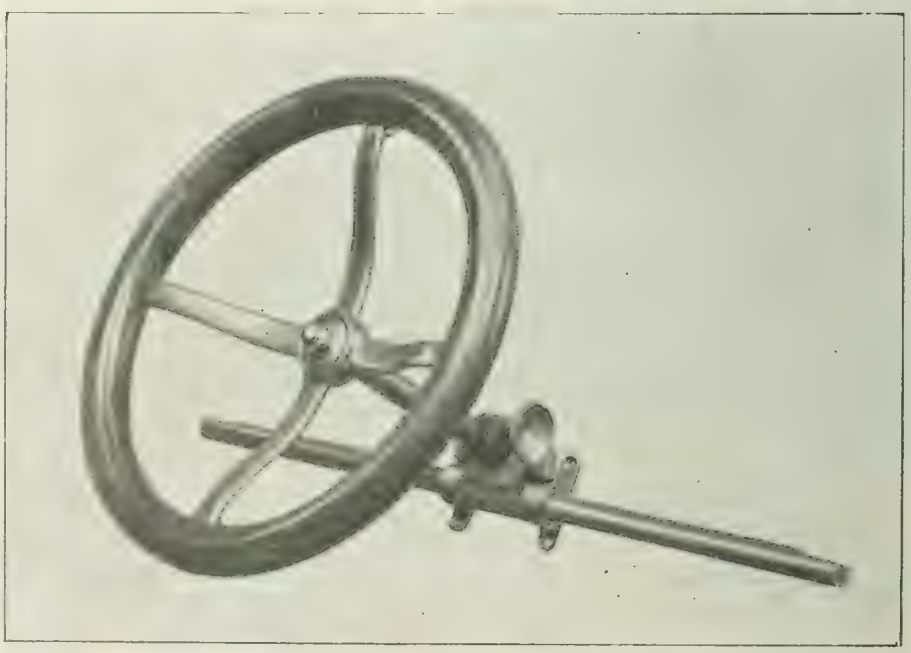

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Advertisements will be inserted in this Department at 2c. a word. Send Stamps with order. Copy should not be later than the 15th of the month.

502 YORK STREET, KENNELS, London, Ontario. Breeder of Deer, Fox and Rabbit Hounds.

FOR SALE—Pure bred Chesapeake retrievers, dog and bitch, registered in both the United States and Canada. Apply H. Knight, Dry Lake P.O., Pincher Creek, Alta.—2t.

SPORTSMEN, come our way for the best hunting and fishing country, on the North Shore of Lake Superior. Moose, Caribou and Bear, numerous; also Trout, Pike, Pickerel, and Bass weighing from 1 to 7 lbs. was caught at our camps last year. Only one day's travel by canoe from the Canadian Pacific Railway. Twenty-four moose seen in twelve days from our camp door in October last year by American sportsmen. We furnish everything. White guides are only employed by us. Write for particulars in regards to our hunting country. Address, Gray and Armstrong, Schreiber, Ontario, Canada, Box 31.

FOR SALE Speckled Trout Fry at Dr. Robinson's Private Hatchery, Silvercreek, Caledon Township. Address O, J. Walker, Supt., Caldwell, Ont

FOR SALE—Large quantity trout fry—very cheap. Caledon Mountain Trout Club, Brantford, Ont.

FOR SALE Good brown motorcyle 2nd hand, 3½ H.P. at a bargain. $125.00 cash. Apply Box W. Rod and Gun, Woodstock, Ont.

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SETTER FOR SALE—Bitch, whelped last July, Bilton with some Irish; nicely marked black and white; two dark ears; a hard dog to break but a dandy when trained. Price $12. Walter Holmes, Clinton, Ont. 1 t

GASOLENE LAUNCH FOR SALE—New and desirable, thirty foot dory, twenty-two foot cock-pit. Nearing completion This is an extra good sea boat, with a large carrying capacity. Just the thing for Lake Cruising and bass-fishing parties—would accommodate as high as thirty fishers or one man can run her. Babbit's patent anchor, one hundred feet of chain; forward and side steering; Canopy top and storm proof curtains. Cabinet closet at stern, good engine by McKeough and Trotter, Chatham, eight miles per hour. Price $850 or for $200 extra, will substitute 15 horse power engine giving ten miles per hour. Preparing to build a 25 footer, with hunting cabin. Look me up. Can save you money. S. B. Cook, Long Point Light House, via Pt. Rowan tf

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FOR SALE.—Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Automatic Pistols, Ammunition, Fishing Rods, Tackle. Greatest bargains in Canada. Very best steel fishing rods, any length, in fitted bag, for one seventy-five. Ten-foot split bamboo Bait Rods, in fitted cover, thoroughly good, better than ordinary two fifty rods, for one fifteen. Latest 22-Winchester Repeater, repeats shorts, long and long rifle cartridges, for nine ninety. Stevens latest double Hammerless Shotgun for eighteen fifty. .351 Winchester Automatic Repeaters, twenty-two fifty. Bargains in all lines. Lyon Mfg. & Sporting Goods Co., 423 Yonge St., Toronto.

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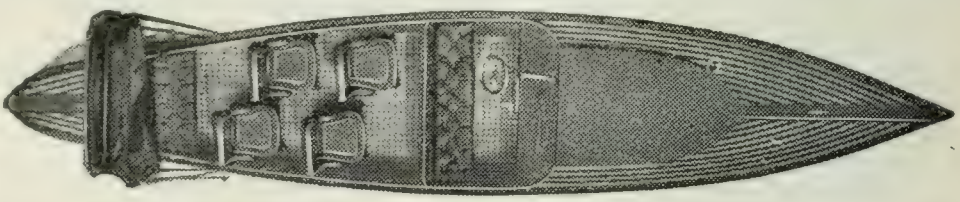
The Mullins' Steel Boats and Launches

After a thorough test on the most Rocky Canadian coasts have proven their superiority in durability, safety, reliability and general comfort.



These superior Boats are fitted with air chambers, making them practically non-sinkable. The material of which they are constructed is non-corrosive and puncture proof. These boats are always dry and clean and ready for use, no leaks or calking.

The launches are fitted with the high grade Ferro engines, which are most reliable and durable. Trolling speeds can be reduced to 1¼ miles per hour.

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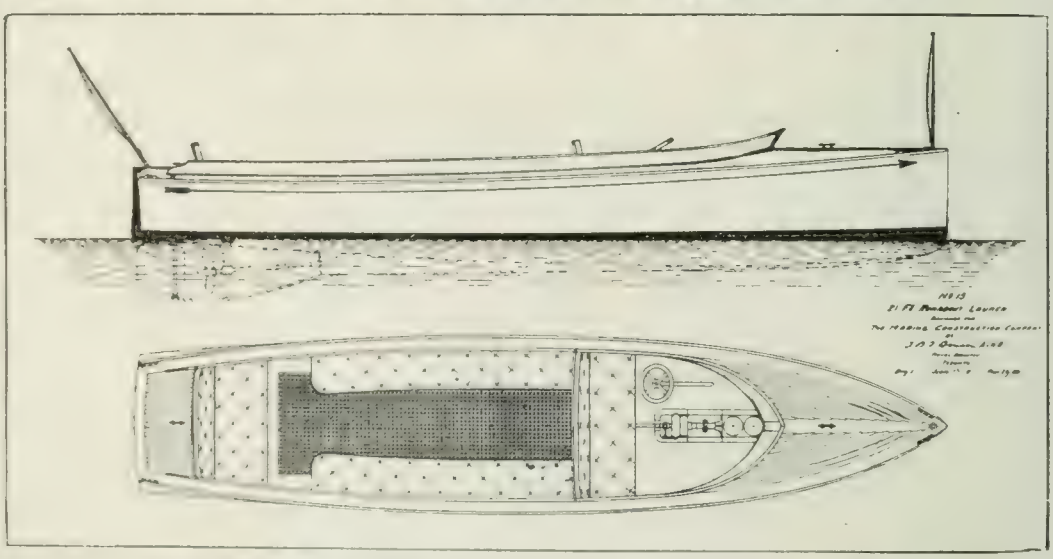

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Special Runabout Launches

18 ft. 21 ft. 24 ft. 27 ft.

Thoroughly **good** in every detail, each designed by a naval architect, powered with an **imported** motor (see list above), backed by an **honest** guarantee and sold at **get-your-business-prices. Better boats** and **equal values** can't be found in Canada. Send for literature and blue prints.

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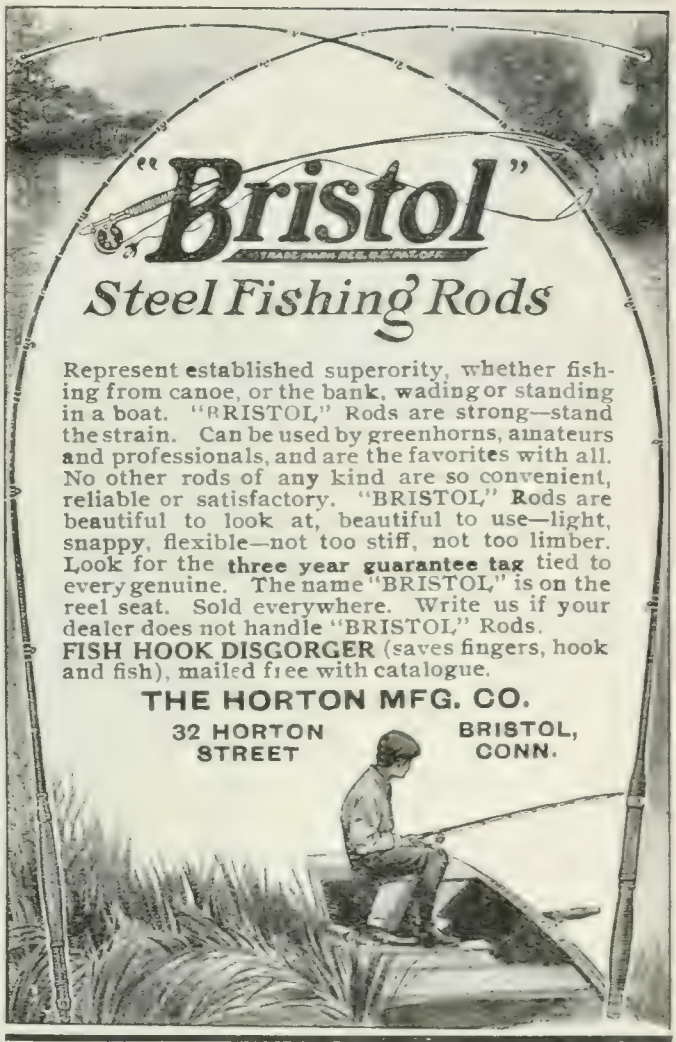
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A tin of Chateau Brand Baked Beans, sufficient for four persons, costs 20 cents.

Eighty-four per cent. of this is straight nourishment.

To obtain the same amount of nourishment from beef would cost three times as much.

Nothing offers a more delicious or more appetizing meal than a tin of Chateau Brand Baked Beans, either plain or with tomato sauce.

Don't judge baked beans by the home-made kind, or by other brands of Pork & Beans.

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In the cooking of Chateau Brand Baked Beans all the particles of the bean are broken up by the extreme and even heat to which they are subjected in our Clark process ovens.

This makes them mealy and extremely digestible.

A good-sized savory slice of choice young pork is found in every tin.

Follow the special recipes which will be found on the labels.

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MARINE ENGINES

are sold on the "square deal" plan. We guarantee to satisfy or replace with a new Engine, without quibbling. You will be satisfied.

Specifications of 2 h. p.: Cylinders, 3 inch bore x 3½ inch stroke, drop forged crank shaft, best babbitted bearings, elevated commutator with gears enclosed. Cylinders and pistons ground to a mirror finish — **Built like an automobile Engine.** Enamelled in Carmine, handsomely striped. **Looks** fit for your boat and **is** fit.

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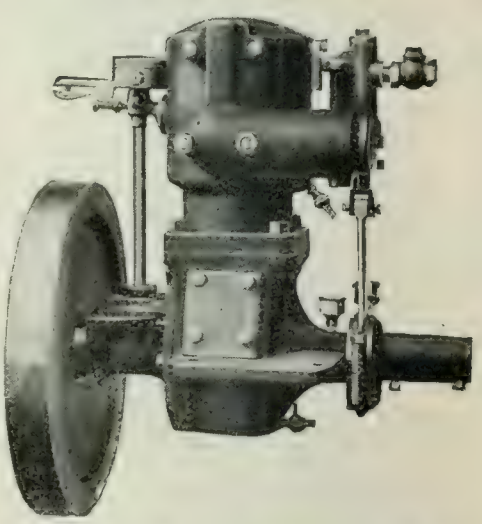

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regulates to your step and registers infallibly the exact distance. It is but 1½ inches in diameter, handsomely nickeled, and so simple and sturdy as to be almost indestructible.

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MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM

TOILET POWDER

and insist that your barber use it also. **It is Antiseptic,** and will **prevent** any of the skin diseases often contracted.

A positive relief for **Sunburn, Chafing, Prickly Heat** and all afflictions of the skin. Removes odor of perspiration. **Get Mennen's**—the original. Put up in **non-refillable** boxes—the **"Box that Lox."** Sold everywhere or mailed for **25** cents. *Sample free.*

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) *Talcum Toilet Powder.. Sample free.*

Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542.

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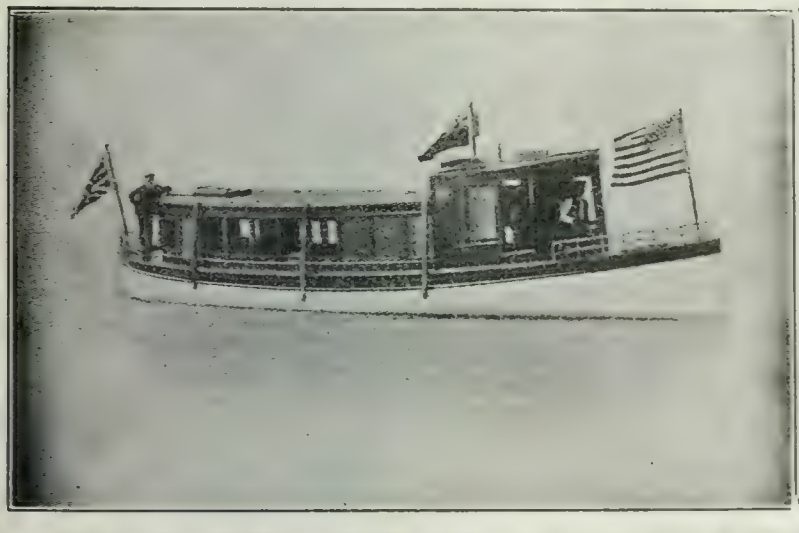

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Injuries to Persons

A Policy protecting the owner against his legal liability for injuries caused by his car to any person or persons, including the chauffeur.

The limits of the policy are $5,000 for injuries caused to one person, and $10,000 for injuries caused in one accident to several persons. All expenses of defending suits, even if groundless, are assumed by the Company.

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Loosens rusted or frozen tires from clincher or detachable rims
Price $3 delivered.

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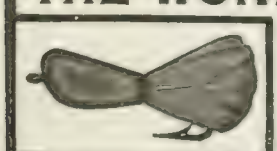

ALMOST ALIVE. NEVER LOSES ITS SHAPE. FLOATS ANYWHERE.
"My guide said, 'these trout don't take flies.' I got 24 on the 'Coaxer.'
"Caught a 15-inch brook trout on the 'Coaxer'—that's the record here."
"I got 17 speckled beauties before breakfast that averaged 12 inches."
"I have caught over 400 trout on one little 'Coaxer' fly."
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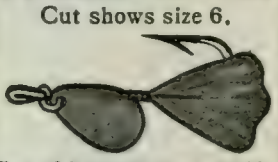
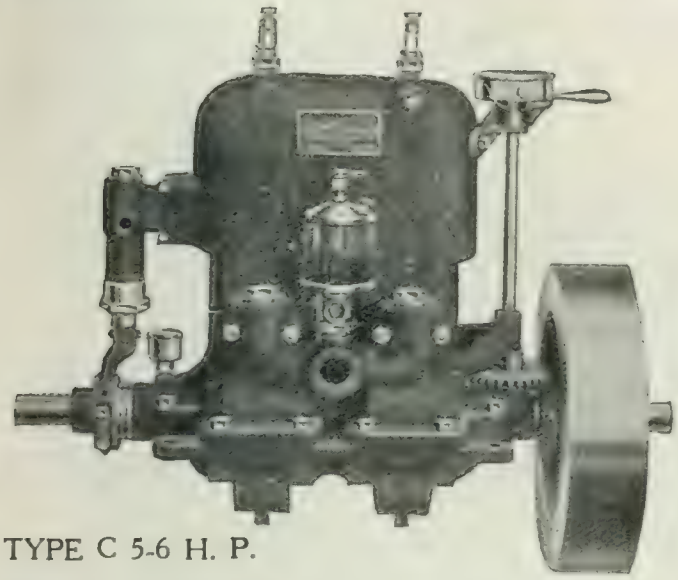
Trout Size, 6 colors, $1.35; 12, $2.60. Bass Size, 6 colors, $1.65; 12, $3.25.
Send Stamp for Booklet of Bass Baits, etc., in colors. **W. J. JAMISON, 1274 POLK ST., CHICAGO**

NEW JAMISON TROUT SPOON
Cut shows size 6.



Set of Four Colors, $1.00.
Made on 2, 4 and 6 hooks.

The Lockwood=Ash Motor



TYPE C 5-6 H. P.

is not the only good one on the market, but it is so MUCH better than the common kind that it is entitled to your MOST SERIOUS consideration.

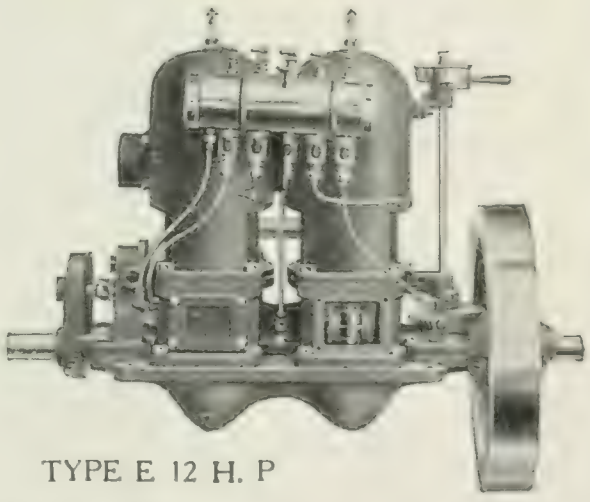
The LOCKWOOD-ASH MOTOR was not designed in a day, or built in a week. On the other hand it is the RESULT of years of experience, the best material and skilled labor obtainable with the simplicity and durability. the main issue.

A balky motor will spoil YOUR pleasure, YOUR disposition and make TROUBLE for the manufacturer.

Trouble for you means trouble and expense for us.

These are good reasons for building well.

Don't stand in your own light longer but write for our catalog to-day; it will give you all the information.



TYPE E 12 H. P

THE LOCKWOOD=ASH MOTOR CO.

JACKSON, MICHIGAN.

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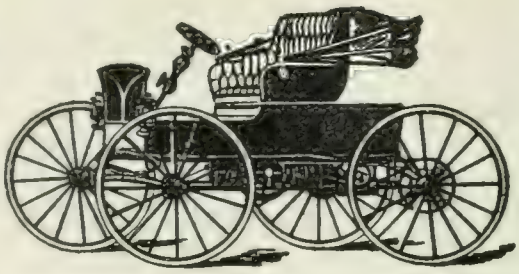

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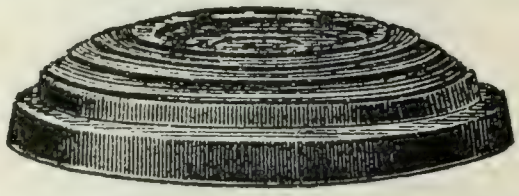

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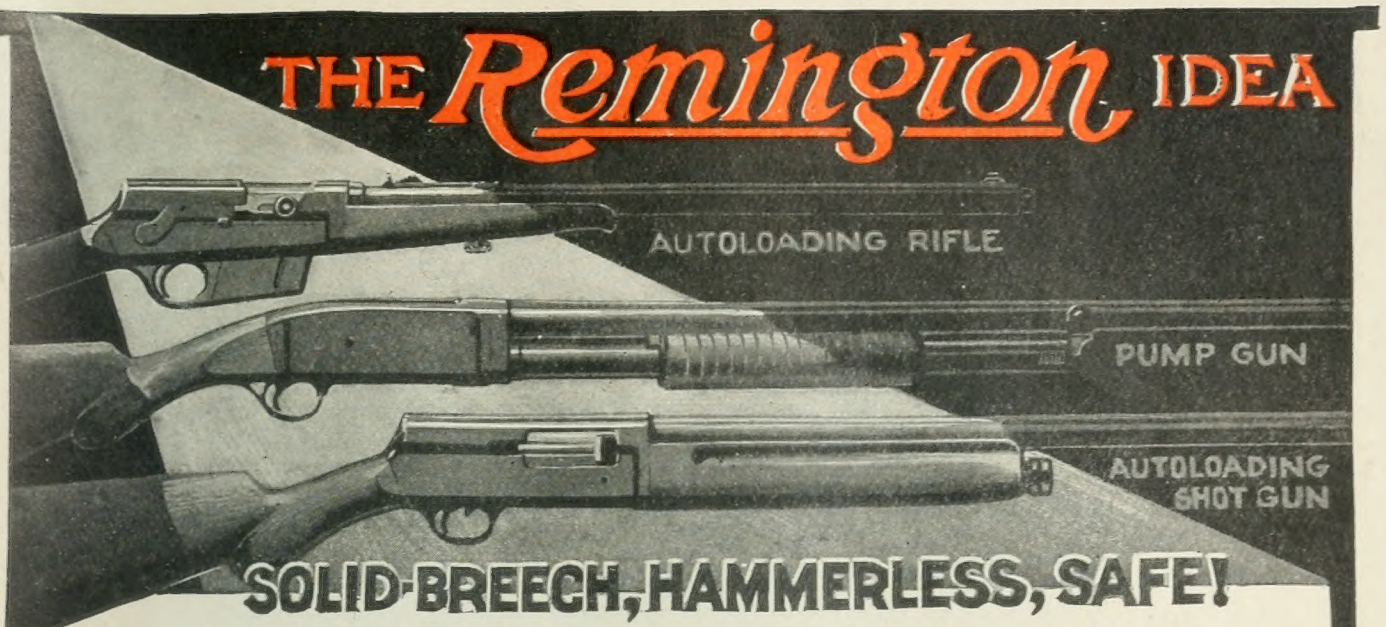

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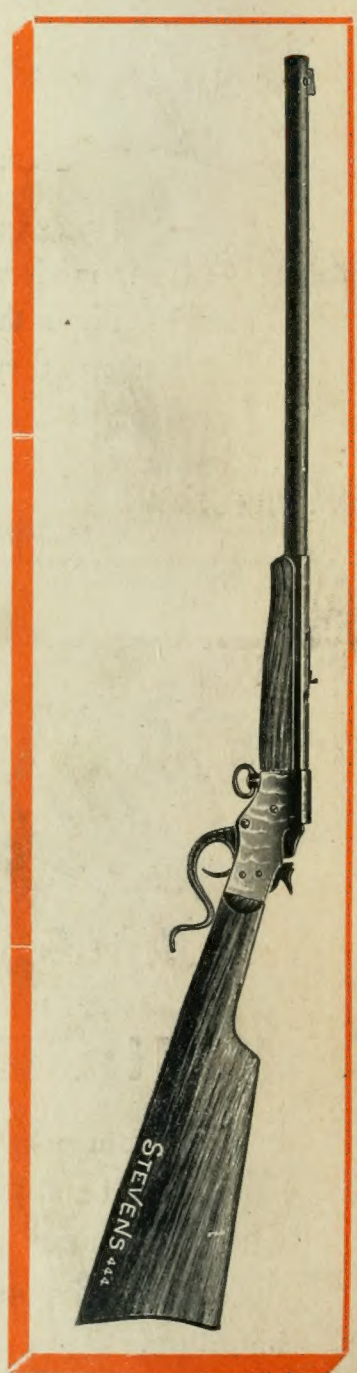

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